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DR. GRANVILLE'S
SPAS OF GERMANY.

VOL. II.

THE
SPAS OF GERMANY.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "ST. PETERSBURGH."



THE SPRUDEL AT CARLSBAD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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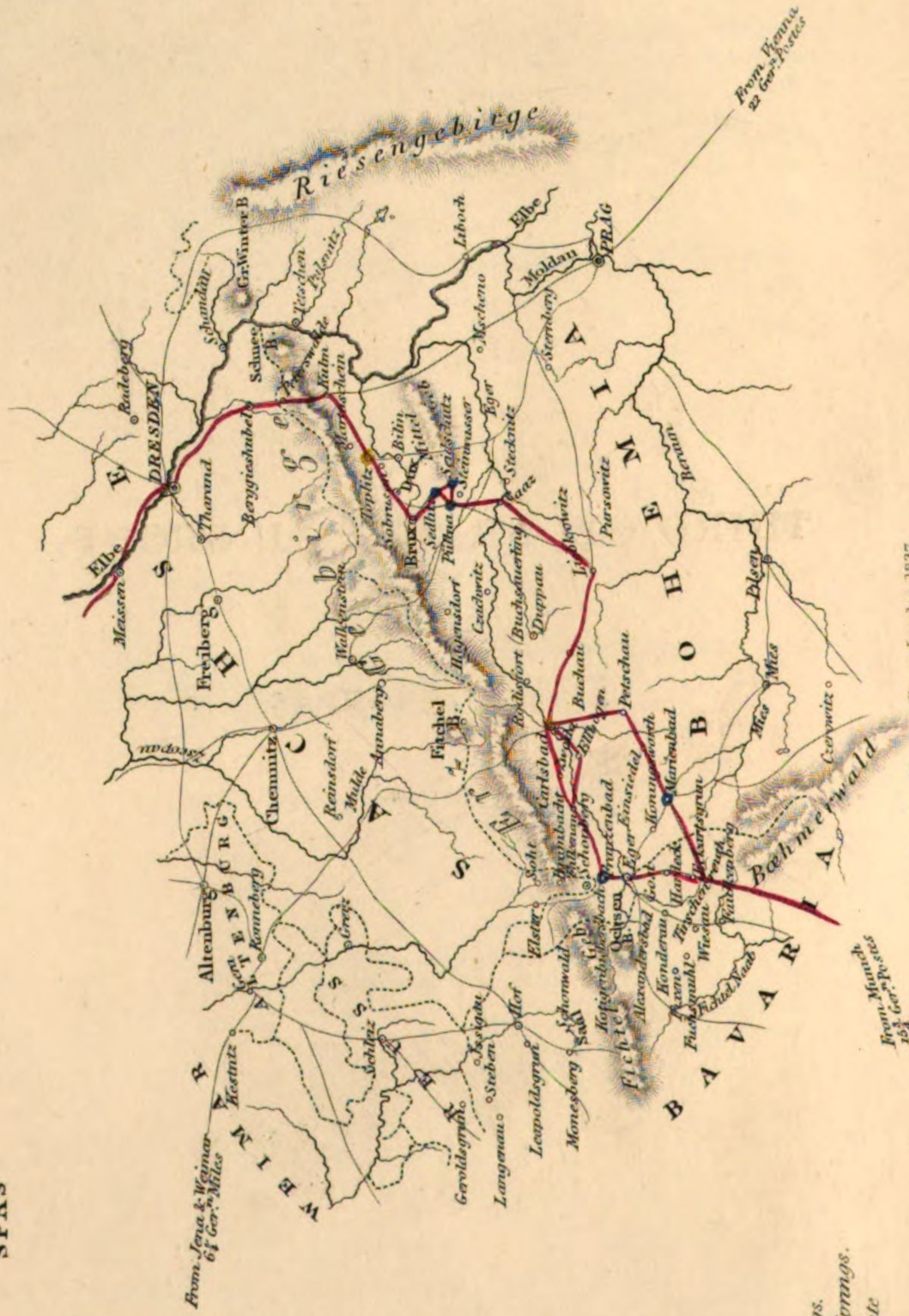
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BOHEMIAN

SPAS



Blue_Cold Springs.
Yellow_Thermal Springs.
Red_Authors Route

THIRD GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

BOHEMIAN SPAS.

BOHEMIAN SPAS.

1. CARLSBAD.

4. PULLNER.

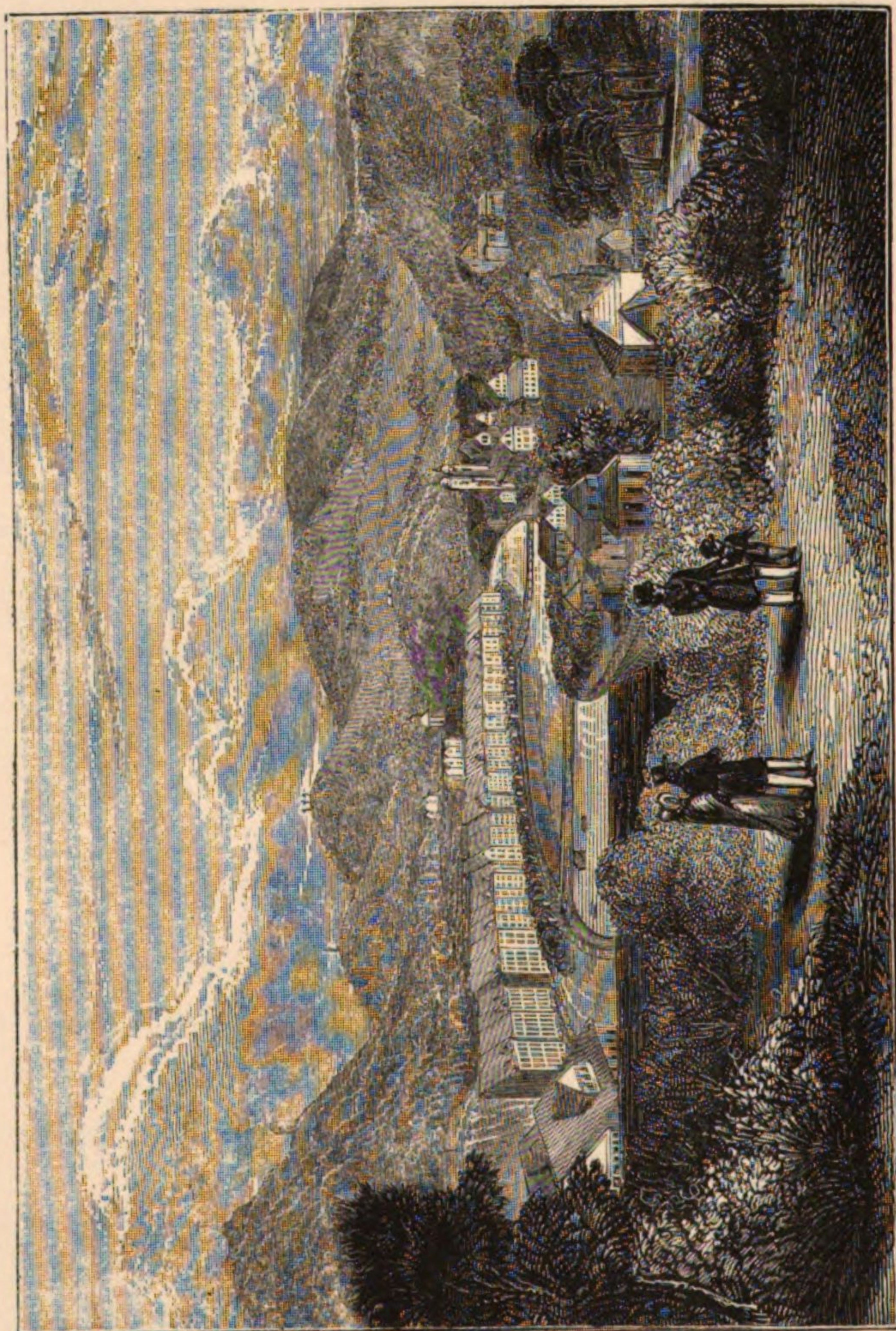
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3. EGRA.

6. SEIDLITZ.

7. TOEPLITZ.



GENERAL VIEW OF CARLSBAD.



GENERAL VIEW OF CARLSBAD.

BOHEMIAN SPAS.

CHAPTER I.

CARLSBAD.

Lord Alvanley—Polyglot ode of Lobkowitz—ROAD from Egra to Carlsbad—Ellbogen—Improvement in the Bohemian Chaussées—First view of Carlsbad—Visit to the SPRUDEL—Mysterious fountain—Central fire—Description of that celebrated spring—Temperature—Chemical composition of the water—Physical character—*Hygieasquelle*—Six other springs—Difference of temperature—Identity of composition—Great subterranean boiler—Aquatic volcano—Carlsbad salt—Amount of soda in the Sprudel—The INVALIDS at the Sprudel—Pavilion and colonnade—*Retraites*—The Nymphs—Visible effect of the water on the drinkers—Humours and grimaces—Overgrown babies—Disease a sad leveller—Democracy of Spas—HÔPITAL DE L'EUROPE—The *Mühlbrunn*—The *Neubrunn*—The *Theresienbrunn*—The *Bernardsbrunn*—The *Spitalbrunn*—The *Schlossbrunn*—Hill of the *Theresienbrunn*—View from its summit—A Band—Effect of music on the invalids—GEOLOGY of Carlsbad—Concretions of its waters—Stone animalcules—PREJUDICES—Proper quantity of water to be drunk—Astounding bibbers—Evening water-drinking—Right season for taking the waters.

“Fountain of health, the poet's honour'd theme,
Say whence thy fervid waters flow;
Rush they in subterranean stream
From where sulphureous tides in Ætna glow;
Or, fraught with healing elements, ascend,
Sent where the Stygian god, in soften'd mind,
Had bid his fires their genial influence lend,
In mercy to mankind?”

ALVANLEY.

How can I better introduce to the notice of
my readers this celebrated Spa—the king of

mineral springs, as Baden-baden is their queen—than through the inspired phrases of an English nobleman, alike distinguished for wit and polished manners? His lordship,—as he himself assured me one morning, while quaffing with *gusto* his seventh beaker of the *Sprudel*,—having, in the course of three seasons, derived very considerable benefit from the waters, thought himself bound to pay a tribute of gratitude to the fountain of health, which had relieved him from tracheal inflammation; and accordingly he changed into English metre the lays of the Bohemian poet Lobkowitz, from whose far-famed ode in praise of Carlsbad (In Thermas Caroli IV.) my quotation of the first stanza of Lord Alvanley's translation is taken. That ode, consisting of eighteen Latin verses—which FLACCUS himself might not have disdained—was written upwards of three centuries ago, and has recently been inscribed on a tablet of black marble, placed in the new building of one of the springs, called the *Mühlbrunn*. Few poems have met with so many and such distinguished and successful translators. Its version into every European, and some of the Oriental languages, render it one of the most interesting polyglot compositions extant; and it has fortunately been made public through the press, by my friend Le Che-

valier De Carro, formerly of Vienna, and now practising physician at Carlsbad during the season.

I had visited Marienbad, and afterwards Egra, when I took the road to Carlsbad, anxious to view and examine with all the attention it deserved a Spa of so much celebrity. The road from Egra passes through *Ellbogen*, which is distant about eight English miles from Carlsbad, and is the only remarkable feature by the way. Here the river *Eger* assumes some of those curious and lovely windings, which often constitute the sole beauty of deep valleys and gorges placed between elevated ridges. To a traveller, just arriving from the grander scenes of the south of Germany, even the ridge of *Ellbogen* would offer but little to attract his attention or command his admiration, were it not that it prepares him for the descent into the hollow in which Carlsbad is seated. The very springs themselves, which have so long been considered as one of the wonders of the world, and give to Carlsbad its importance and celebrity, take their origin from the interior of the rocks at *Ellbogen*.

In one part, after descending a very steep hill, the road terminated at the edge of a wide sheet of water, through which the carriage waded,

and after that, through a second. In winter, or when the river *Eger* is swollen after heavy rain, this road must be impassable, or, at least, difficult. On such occasions the higher or more northern road of Zwoda is used, which is more hilly and fatiguing, and at present little frequented during the summer. But this difficulty is about to be obviated by the suspension-bridge now building over that river. The *Chaussée* between Carlsbad and Egra, through Ellbogen and Falkenau, is of recent construction, and one of the many improvements which have taken place in the Bohemian roads since 1828, and which were undertaken at the expense of the inhabitants of the country, without any assistance from government, in order to facilitate the communication between the several Spas of Bohemia. We employed six hours in reaching Carlsbad.

It was between the twilight of coming morning, and the still splendid but calm lighting up of nature by the moon in her last quarter, that we approached the brink of the precipitous *Berg*, from whence a bird's-eye view of Carlsbad is obtained. The sudden appearance of so widely-extended a town, among rising hills that but a few minutes before betrayed no vestige of so much civilization being centred in their recondite valleys—the lines of houses terraced,

as it were, on the different levels of the acclivities of those hills—the various showy edifices, denoting the situation of the mineral springs by their colonnades and other architectural ornaments, different from those of the more modern houses of residence, and still more different from the older dwellings built in the Bohemian style—the glimpse at an extended range of trees, planted along what seemed to be a public walk,—and the dense and white vapour which, rising from one particular building, curled upwards into the air, and was dispersed after catching the rays of the moon;—all these features formed a landscape of so much interest and beauty, that I bade the drivers stop awhile, in order that I might contemplate it more at leisure, and record my impressions of the moment. The general and profound silence which reigned at that hour heightened, not a little, the vividness of those impressions.

We obtained admission at the “Écu d’Or” (*Zum Goldenen Schilde*), not without some trouble; where I awaited, after the usual ablutions and refreshments, for the very early hour of morning at which all the world, in these unsophisticated retreats of invalids, is up and stirring. Scarcely had the sound of a musical band, not far from our hotel, announced that

the daily bustle at the principal hot spring, called the SPRUDEL, was just commencing, when I hurried towards that most extraordinary phenomenon of nature, with all the impatience of one who is eager to satisfy himself by ocular demonstration, of the truth of what seemed almost fabulous in description. And yet, at the sight of that celebrated fountain, to which the curling vapours that hovered over its colonnaded temple directed me without a guide or a question,—I felt that all the descriptions I had read of it had failed to convey the impression I received. The sudden view of the violent, lofty, constant, and prodigal up-pourings of hot water out of the bowels of the earth, foaming in the midst of its clouds of vapour, within 45° of the boiling point, on the very margin of a cold, placid, and sluggish stream, the Teple,—rivetted me to the spot for some moments. Although pressed on all sides by the increasing throng of water-drinkers, I felt myself alone, absorbed by this striking object. I stood contemplating it for a few minutes, foolishly imagining, that the next moment would reveal the secret of this natural magic. But the crowd of eager invalids who surrounded it, keeping at a respectful distance from its scorching spray, seemed to look for health in the

spring, without ever thinking of the two great agents combined, heat and water, from which they were to obtain it. What is it, that imparts to this mysterious current, that violent impulse, which makes it spring from the bosom of the earth, with an upright jet of eight or nine feet elevation from the aperture in the rocky crust underneath the building raised over it; and which at times, even, propels it, with convulsive and vehement throbs, more than one foot above the height of the spectator, who stands on a floor five feet higher than the lowest level of the source? A central fire! One must see the SPRUDEL to be a convert to that doctrine. In times of darkness and superstition, man would have fallen prostrate before, and adored, this unquiet and relentless agent; filling the atmosphere with hot vapours, and impetuously overrunning all the bounds by which art has vainly attempted to restrain its endless throes.

The name of *Sprudel*, given, in more modern times, to this marvellous spring, which ancient authors have called *Brudel*, *Prudel*, and *Springer*, signifies, properly, "bubbler." It is applied to one only of the seven streams which flow from the natural source or basin whence the Sprudel has its origin. That stream, bursting through a calcareous crust,

enters a number of concealed pipes, made of hard wood, and escapes from the centre of a singularly shaped vase, in the form of several *jets d'eau*, launched, as I before stated, at an elevation of several feet. The spouting column of hot water sometimes assumes the solid form; at other times it is *éparpillée*, as if formed of many jets, which in falling back with graceful curves, assume the semblance of a liquid weeping willow. In size, height, and appearance it is for ever varying; and, in its upward and downward course, it is accompanied by a noise combining that of the splashing of a falling cataract, and of the boiling of a vast caldron of water—a noise which, like the stream of water it accompanies, has ceaselessly continued for unnumbered centuries. Its effect in the stillness of night, when every eye in Carlsbad is closed in sleep, and every lip dumb, is particularly impressive on the newly-arrived stranger, watchful of every object around him.

The *Sprudel* is placed near the centre of the town, on the right bank of the narrow river called the Teple, already alluded to, at the foot of a steep hill, crowned with the great church, to which an ascent of one hundred steps led me, after my first visit to the *Sprudel*. The view from that elevated spot

is one which I should recommend to the visiter, immediately after his arrival, if he be desirous to acquire a quick and correct knowledge of the topography of Carlsbad.

The temperature of the water, as it emerges at the *Sprudel*, is 167° of Fahrenheit, and sometimes a degree or two less. Its prominent chemical character is that of containing a large proportion of soda in three different states of combination, namely as *Glauber salt*, *carbonate of soda*, and *common salt*. Of thirty-one grains and a half of solid substances, found in one pint of the Carlsbad water, according to Berzelius, the most recent and the best authority on the subject, not fewer than twenty-eight are sodaic salts. The proportion of iron in the same quantity of water is exceedingly small, and may be represented by $\frac{1}{6} \frac{3}{2} \frac{5}{5}$ parts of a grain. It contains more carbonic acid gas than the hot springs of Baden-baden and Ems.

If we may rely on a much more recent analysis of this water, made by M. Creuzburg at Carlsbad, independently of the several ingredients discovered by Klaproth, and after him Berzelius in 1822, we must add to their number, iodine, bitumen, a species of organic soapy substance, and sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Professor Pleischl, of Prague, claims the merit of a similar

discovery in this water ; and M. Nentwich, apothecary at Carlsbad, is said to have detected the same elements. My observations, short as the time was in which I could make any, do not enable me to decide this question. I stated, elsewhere, that the usual tests do not detect the gas, mentioned above ; and I know from experience, that nothing is so easy as to commit errors in tracing the presence of iodine by the ordinary test of starch. Not so with respect to the organic substance mentioned by Creuzburg, which I am inclined to believe is actually present in this, as in almost all the other thermal waters, and which I believe to be of an animal nature. In the immediate vicinity of the *Sprudel*, the water seems to have a sort of animal smell, which it retains, in some degree, even when drunk out of a glass. Its taste is saltish at first, and rather *medicinal* or alkaline afterwards, owing, no doubt, to the quantity of Glauber salt present. Indeed, it is somewhat singular, that the peculiar taste of the latter ingredient should not be more prevalent in the water. It is so, if the water be suffered to cool—when, from being colourless and transparent, it is found to become turbid, and to assume a somewhat yellowish tint, arising from a yellowish-brown sediment which it throws

down, if exposed to the action of the air. I have just stated that some persons believe the Carlsbad water to contain sulphuretted hydrogen gas; but Berzelius positively denies this statement. Neither by the smell, nor by the usual tests, could I discover any such gas at the well.

On the 2d of September, 1809, the *Sprudel* suddenly ceased its action, and the jets of boiling water sprung up in another place, some thirty or forty feet distant from it. Here the phenomenon continued to exist for ten years, during which period a small and elegant temple, with a reservoir, was erected around the new source, and the name of “Fountain of health” (*Hygieas Quelle*) given to it. In 1819, however, the old *Sprudel* resumed its functions with increased vigour and activity—leaving to the *Hygieas Quelle*, in its immediate neighbourhood, a small and thread-like stream of hot water, in memory of its short-lived period of glory. A few of the visitors consider it a matter of duty to taste of this fountain of health; but its principal use is to supply the vapour-bath with the necessary steam.

Besides these two sources, there are four others at Carlsbad, which, according to their importance and reputation, may be divided into two classes. In the first are the *Mühlbrunn*, the

Neubrunn and the *Theresienbrunn*. In the second, the *Bernardsbrunn*, the *Schlossbrunn* and the *Spitalbrunn*.

The temperature of the first three varies from 132° to 147° of Fahrenheit, and they are consequently endowed with a *maximum* of heat several degrees lower than that of the *Sprudel*. Their composition, however, according to the same philosophical chemist, is identical in every respect with that of the *Sprudel*. In the water of the *Theresienbrunn*, Berzelius detected, in addition, one per cent. of azotic gas. Klaproth, and before him David Becher, had also ascertained this perfect identity in the composition of the water of all the springs in Carlsbad, the specific gravity of which, moreover, is also the same in all, namely 1005 nearly—distilled water being 1000.

This undisputed similarity in the composition of the water of all the other springs, with that of the *Sprudel*, has led to the inference, that they all emanate from one and the same source; and that the difference observed in their respective temperatures, depends on the loss of heat sustained by the water during its course, from the great *foyer*, to the different orifices through which it emerges at the surface of the earth where it is collected for use. These several orifices, or springs, are all situated lower down and on the

opposite bank of the Teple, under the bed of which the hot mineral water makes its way to them. Of the great subterranean reservoir which supplies not only all these various sources, but also partial and private springs to be found in some of the houses in the town, Doctor De Carro has given so clear an account in his little English manual on the mineral waters of Carlsbad, that I shall take leave to quote it for the information of my readers.

“The great reservoir or boiler, which supplies them all (the hot springs of Carlsbad), formed by the mineral sediments of the water itself (the fragments of which are called *Sprudel-stones*), has a depth, thickness, extent, and ramification, which no human eye can scrutinize; and the enormous clouds of hot vapours escaping from every accidental or artificial opening, will probably baffle all attempts to ascertain the dimension of that wonderful laboratory. Such trials were made in 1713 and 1727, after a rupture of the Great Boiler had taken place. The various borings and probing instruments penetrated through the calcareous crust, from one cavity to the other, till they reached, at last, an immense reservoir, the boundaries of which could not be attained by thirty fathoms' length of poles, joined together, directed towards the market-place

and the Hill called the *Hirschensprung*. That a great part of the town stands upon these cavities, is sufficiently demonstrated whenever the foundation of a new house is laid. Copious streams of carbonic acid gas are, moreover, incessantly seen bubbling in the river near the Wells."

Carlsbad, indeed, stands upon an aquatic volcano, the covering crust of which has occasionally burst, or has been broken by blocks of ice or by timber coming down the river; as was the case near the *Sprudel* at the bottom of the Teple, sometime since; the bed of which river, when dry or partially so, exhibits the spots where the mighty fractures had taken place. Had not these been quickly closed by large flags of stone, bound down with iron bars, they would soon have drained the spouting spring of its water.

The waste water from the *Sprudel* is not suffered to escape altogether into the Teple, but some of it supplies the *Sprudel* warm baths; a large quantity of it also is conveyed, by lateral pipes, to an evaporating apparatus, where the famous Carlsbad salt is prepared. The operation is very simple, and open to the inspection of every one who is curious to witness it. The water is evaporated to dryness in large kettles, dipping into the hot *Sprudel* water, like unto a

huge *Bain-marie* constantly renovated, by means of which the necessary heat is supplied for driving off the moisture, and leaving the dry salt behind. This first sediment is purified by a second operation, and pure crystals are thus obtained. The salt so prepared is used by some on the spot, who find the Carlsbad water not sufficiently operative. It forms also an annual revenue of some importance to the town, being exported under the town seal in boxes of various sizes. It consists principally of Glauber salt.

Of the quantity of the latter salt, and of carbonate of soda, which the *Sprudel* alone by its seven orifices might yield,—if, instead of suffering five of them to waste their supply into the river, the water were submitted to appropriate operations,—several calculations have been made from time to time. It is stated by Klaproth that the *Sprudel* throws up, in a year, a quantity of mineral water containing 1,132,923 pounds of Glauber salt, 746,885 of carbonate of soda, and 238,209 pounds of common salt! But another German chemist, Gilbert, in more modern times, thinking the basis of Klaproth's calculation to be erroneous, estimates at 200,000 quintals the Glauber salt, and 300,000 quintals the carbonate of soda. If this be so, it is a matter of surprise that, in a

country like Bohemia, celebrated for its glass manufactory, so enormous a quantity of soda should not long ago have been husbanded instead of being wasted.

The eagerness with which the different people at Carlsbad, of both sexes, rush towards the *Sprudel*, at six o'clock in the morning, to partake of its salutary waters, is an interesting sight. In its appearance the motley throng is quite theatrical, and the many-shaped and many-coloured costumes worn by them form a living illustration of geography. The multitudinous faces of which that throng consists—their divers modes of drinking the hot mineral fluid—the various effects produced by it on their countenance—the accumulation or sum total of individual cases of disease concentrated under one roof, among which the eye of a medical man quickly detects not a few disorders that are cankering their victim, and proclaim how vainly the *Sprudel* is had recourse to for a cure, or even a prolongation of life ; all these things I saw and felt at my first visit to the *Sprudel*, more than I had yet done at any of the other Spas of Germany.

The company assembled was very numerous. The colonnade in front of the source was full. The restless multitude moved to

and fro in every part, and in every direction of that covered promenade, which runs between a narrow parterre of flowers on the one side, and the sluggish and dirty Teple on the other. Every seat was occupied. The building, which is of wood, and not in the best condition, is further disfigured by the clouds of constantly ascending hot vapours corroding and discolouring the paint. But what disfigures this place still more, are the inscriptions in French as well as German, affixed in large letters, over two contiguous doors, situated at the furthest extremity of the promenade, towards which every one, who walks, must necessarily look a hundred times, and which, by their incessant opening and shutting, proclaim the active influence of the saline beverage on both sexes. Could not these "*Retraites pour les hommes*" and "*Retraites pour les femmes*" be placed out of sight, as well as out of the reach of the olfactory organs?

The *Sprudel* rises in the centre of a square and lofty pavilion, contiguous to the end of the colonnade or covered walk just alluded to. Beyond it, and about fifty yards distant, is the small temple formerly mentioned, containing the *Hygieasquelle*; and between these two buildings passes a public street, which,

coming from the foot of the hill on which is seated the great church, leads to a narrow foot-bridge of wood across the Teple. Over this bridge the throng is seen incessantly to pass on, from the *Sprudel*, towards the other popular springs, carrying in their hands their porcelain or glass measure, with which every visiter ought to be provided. Even in these trifling articles luxury, expensive taste, and extravagance have often been exhibited. Innumerable shops in Carlsbad offer to the passer-by a choice of these elegant goblets, many of which, made of the finest porcelain, or of Bohemian glass, bear the coloured impression of some of the finest views of the town, or some smart and appropriate device. Those viseters who are not particular about matters of this sort take, from the public stand in the pavilion, the first glass or beaker they find disengaged, and use it for the occasion.

As early as five o'clock in the morning the little nymphs of the *Sprudel*, smart, lively, young lasses, the daughters of poor citizens of Carlsbad, are in attendance to distribute, with critical impartiality, the bounty of their spring. They are all dressed alike, in green dresses in the morning, and in light-coloured robes in the evening: for many invalids attend the *Sprudel* and the other springs at evening also. Standing

at a little distance from the boiling jet, and holding in their hands a stick, four feet long, with a cup-holder fastened at one end of it, these damsels extend the latter towards any one whom they see approaching with his beaker—receive it in their cup-holder—and plunge it within the smoking column of water. From this it is immediately withdrawn quite full, and presented to the same individual again, who, with what relish he may, disposes of its contents. I went through this ceremony with becoming gravity for two or three successive mornings, and quaffed each time half a dozen beakers of the scalding liquid, without making a wry face. Not so with many of those by whom I was surrounded. There were some who sipped, with pigeon sips, the salutary elixir, giving only a gentle shudder as they drank it; and they were ladies. There were others who, more adventurous, swallowed half a beaker-full at once, with only a slight pursing up of the lips, and looked round for approbation; and these were your *esprits forts* and your dandies of the place. My Lord A—— and Sir J. L—— looked grim, when disposing of their dose, and declared it had no taste. Here I detected one, who thought himself unseen, bringing slyly out of his large *beniche* a lump of sugar, which he kept in his left hand, ready to pop

into his mouth the moment his beaker had quitted it; and he was one of the subjects of Mahmoud, who had not yet exchanged the turban for the ugly and tasselled red cap. There I noticed another, who had just received his beaker-full of the *Sprudel*, from the fair hand of one of the nymphs (who eyed him all the time with a malicious meaning), retire quickly into a corner, his face turned to the wall, where he swallowed in secret the noxious draught; and he was a Polish Jew, by his dress. In this manner I watched the ever-varying modifications of the human countenance, produced under the influence of one and the same agent; and I could not help saying to myself that men are but overgrown babies.

But how humbled and subdued are such *babies* under disease! Look at the air which inward suffering gives to the various individuals here assembled—how meek and unpretending in general! How different would the gait of some of them be, were they in health; and with what difficulty would others bear (were they not made all equal by malady) the temporary association with *every body* and *nobody*! Many of them look pleased or unoffended, who would have leered superciliously, and annihilated with a scowl, their jostling neighbour, a Jew from Frankfort, or the bearer of a *Plica*

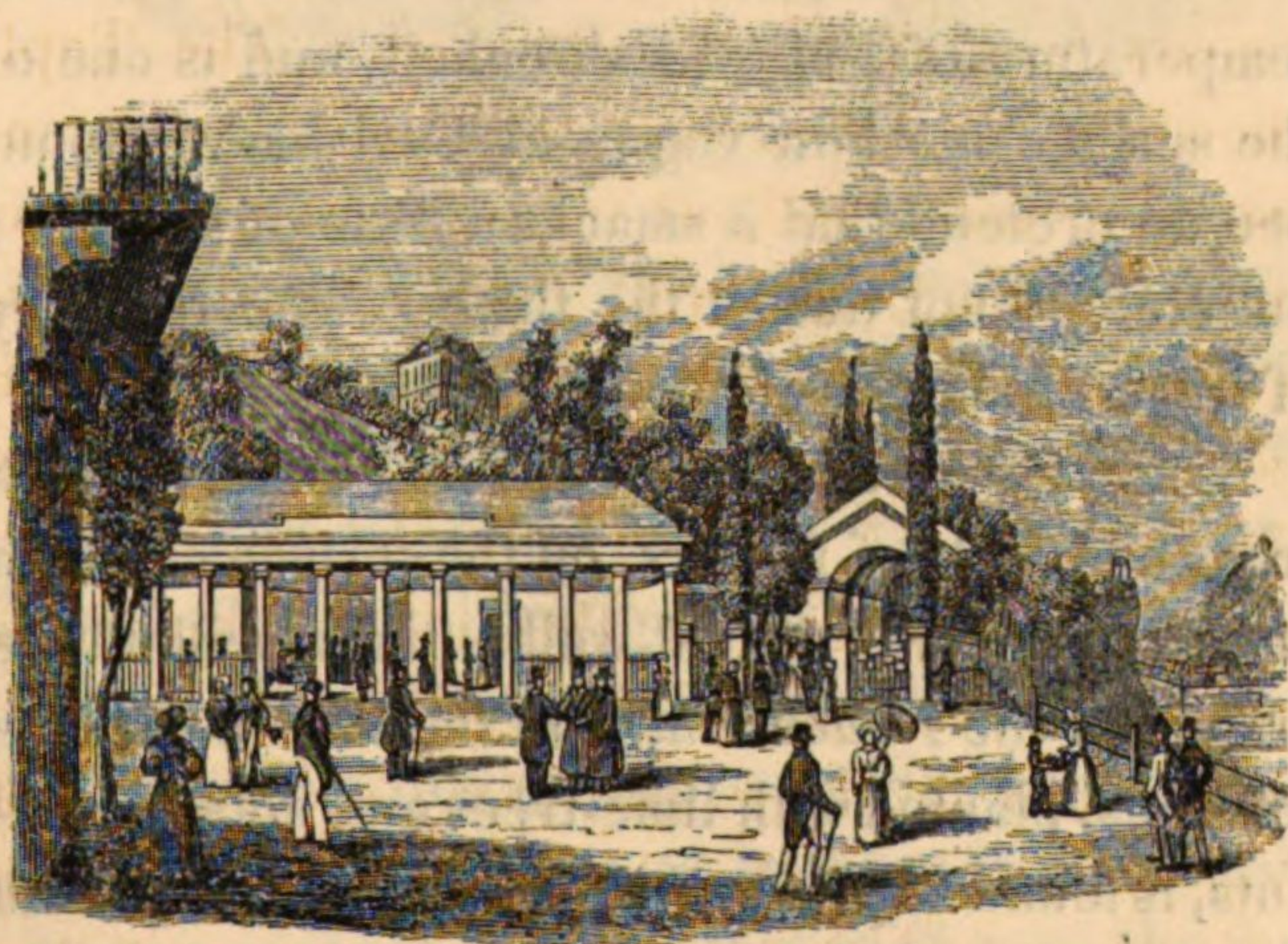
Polonica, from Cracow, who was led about by his servant in a complete state of blindness,—so often the concomitant of that disgusting disorder! Instead of this, all seem to go through their hour of trial at the spring together, and harmoniously; envying each other only in proportion to the more or less rapid progress they witness among themselves, towards that restoration to health which they all equally desire. A glance at the vignette of the title page of this volume will convey, probably, better than my words, a true idea of this *tableau-vivant* of the SPRUDEL, unique of its kind in Europe.

A band was performing in the middle of the parterre. The assemblage of visitors kept increasing until the narrow bounds of the promenade could hold no more, and they then scattered themselves in the neighbouring streets, and on the bridge. Unluckily the filthy state of the bed of the river, with a shallow and scanty stream in it during very dry weather, is no inviting feature. Were it otherwise, the situation of the *Sprudel* on its bank might be made considerably more attractive, by erecting a quay parallel to the present colonnade, and by extending the latter as far as the stone and carriage bridge, nearly opposite to our hotel, the *Goldenen Schilde*. An attempt was made by the

burghers at one time, to raise the level of the water in the Teple, throughout the town district, by means of wears; and it succeeded admirably. Instead of a shallow rivulet, there was then a body of deep and clear water in front of the springs, like that which lies between two locks of a canal; and this was let out from time to time, to purify the bed of the river. The sad eyesore of the Teple in its primitive state was thus removed. But some Doctor or another—not De Carro, certainly—sounded the alarm at this innovation, and pretended that such stagnant water would produce typhus fever; and the wears were instantly removed. The Teple, however, is not always an humble and scanty stream; for it will, at times, assume a threatening aspect, and roll its increased and increasing waves over the borders, inundating the streets which line its banks;—as was the case in 1821.

One would imagine that all the visitors at Carlsbad were to be seen at the *Sprudel*, each in his turn drinking its water; so great is the concourse of people which, at the height of the season, crowd that spring. As none of them drink of its water without some motive, or the instruction of a medical adviser, so vast a multitude of invalids has stamped the character of

Carlsbad as *l'Hôpital de l'Europe*. But when we wander from the *Sprudel* to the *Mühlbrunn*, and its close neighbour the *Neubrunn*,—both equally crowded with invalids, quaffing the water of those springs more readily, because less hot, and in many respects different in its effects ; and when we proceed a little further and higher up the hill, behind those two springs, to the gay rotunda in which the ladies principally assemble to sip the *Theresienbrunn* ;—we must admit that the appellation of hospital is fully deserved by Carlsbad.



THE MÜHLBRUNN.

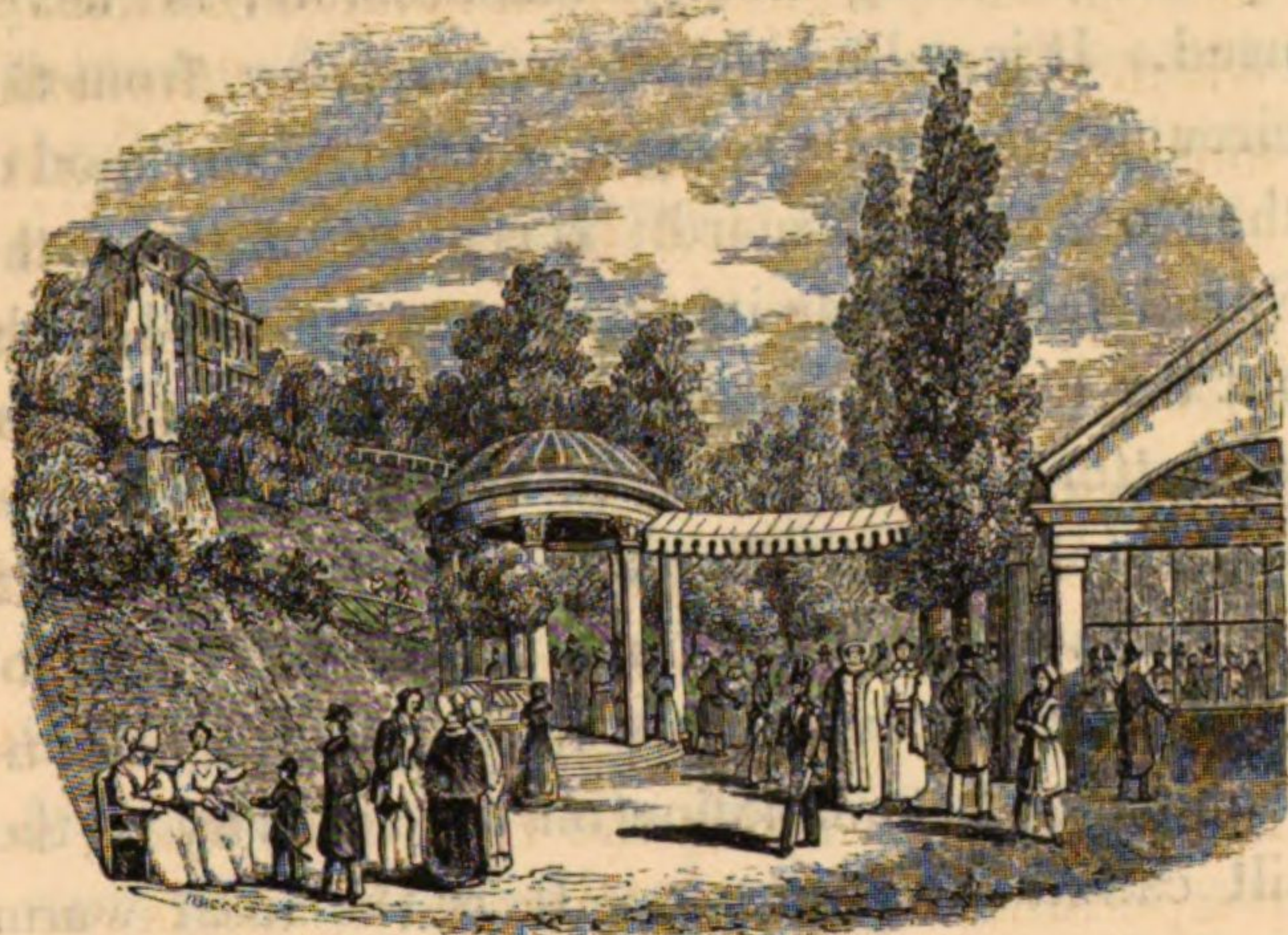
The *Mühlbrunn* has a temperature of 138°. The celebrated Frederick Hoffmann preferred it

to all the other springs, and recommended it to his patients. Its taste is less decided than that of the *Sprudel* ; it suits a great number of stomachs which will not bear the hotter water of the latter ; and the increasing number of those who use it in consequence, has led to the embellishment of the source, and to the erection of a long portico in front of it, where the visitors may drink it under cover.

The large arched entrance by the side of the *Mühlbrunn*, marked in the vignette, leads to a covered walk or arcade, at the end of which the *Neubrunn* issues from the Hornstein Rock, at a temperature of 144° of Fahrenheit, and is one of the springs most in vogue at Carlsbad. Some people pretend that it smacks a little of sulphur ; but I could not detect the taste. The quantity of water it supplies is considerable.

A hill cut out in terraces, and covered with trees and beds of flowers, on the surface of which meander several gravel-walks, rises behind the arcade of the *Neubrunn*. On the lowest of those terraces, planted with lime-trees and horse-chestnuts, is found a spring of a lower temperature than the preceding (being only 134°), and with scarcely any taste, which was formerly called the *Gartenbrunn*, from its situation in the garden of a private individual ; but to which the name of *Theresien-*

brunn, already alluded to, was given in 1798, in honour of the Empress Maria Theresa. Baron



THERESIENBRUNN.

Carlowitz, a Saxon, who had drunk at this spring with great benefit to his health, erected over it the rotunda seen in our engraving, at his own expense, and established the several promenades on the hill, the cultivation of which is *très soignée*. I have already stated that the ladies in particular are partial to this spring, probably because it is in the midst of a garden, or because it is dedicated to one of their sex. Be that as it may, the three springs just described, are the only sources which people *comme il faut* use at Carlsbad.

Of the three remaining springs, constituting

the second class mentioned in another part of this chapter, one,—the most abundant after the Sprudel,—being nearly inaccessible, is never used. It is called the *Bernardsbrunn*, from the circumstance of its rising in the neighbourhood of the Rock Saint Bernard. It is nearly as hot as the Sprudel, and made its appearance in 1784, without the least influencing the quantity of water in the latter. The second, called the *Spitalbrunn*, is used for the patients of the Hospital of St. Bernard. The third has borne the name of *Schlossbrunn* ever since its discovery, in consequence of its situation on the acclivity of the hill called *Schlossberg*. It is the least warm of all the springs, being only 122° , and is little, if at all, frequented. It holds a larger quantity of carbonic acid gas in solution, and is much more agreeable to the taste, than all the rest of the springs at Carlsbad. When the Sprudel ceased its labours so suddenly, in 1809, this spring also became dry; and its stream did not reappear until 1823—four years later than the reappearance of the Sprudel. This fact, and the great difference of level between the *Schlossbrunn* and the Sprudel, and indeed the other springs, induce me to doubt the reality of an identical source, and communication among them all. The *Schlossbrunn* may be said to be entirely ne-

glected. There it stands, at the corner of a house on the steep acclivity of the Schlossberg, undorned and unattended ; although, judging from the taste of the water, and its effects afterwards, I should be inclined, with its learned historiographer, Doctor John Pöschman of Carlsbad, to consider it as a spring of peculiar value.

Of all the springs enumerated in Carlsbad, the *Theresienbrunn* is the most favourably situated. Placed nearly at the foot of the hill from whence it seems to flow in a scanty stream, its votaries, instead of pacing monotonously to and fro, along a covered building of wood, between each glass of water,—spread themselves on all points of that side of the hill which looks towards the town, and by means of zigzag easy walks, cut along that side, and enlivened by plants and flowers, ascend to its very summit ; where a splendid and first-rate hotel, called the *König von England*, has very recently been established, commanding a view of the whole valley. From a seat on this eminence, with the sun on my left, barely above the edge of the north-eastern rock, and the lower end of Carlsbad at my feet, I enjoyed, early one morning, the excellent bands of wind and string instruments, playing, at the distance of some hundred feet below me, in the upper room under the arcade of

the *Neubrunn*, many exquisite pieces of Beethoven, and dear Rossini. These harmonious sounds, I could perceive, appeared to add to the power of the waters, in enlivening the dull and dispirited,—in cheering the discouraged and the hypochondriac. Their effect was as visibly depicted on the countenances of some of the invalids, as that of the water they drank, though in a much more pleasing manner. To souls truly adapted to the enjoyment of good music, this addition of an excellent corps of performers, to the use of the springs, is of the utmost importance, and must quicken the salutary power of the water drunk at sunrise. And then the fresh, delightful, dear breeze which at that hour I felt, and saw waving the grass-blades and the flowers of the parterre before the *Theresienbrunn*, as well as those among which I sat on the lofty terrace I had selected,—cools the parched lips and fevered brow, and gives to the whole scene an influence truly invigorating.

All the hills which rise on the banks of the Teple, and form, as it were, the lowest steps of those elevated granitic ranges by which Carlsbad is surrounded, consist of granite also, but of a much finer and more minute texture, with the mica in clusters instead of being disseminated; and with here and there a crystal of black

schorl. Veins of *hornstein*, the thickness of which varies from the tenth part of an inch to two inches, shoot often across some of the finer varieties of this granite-rock, and contain in themselves nodules of granite,—showing, evidently, that the two substances were formed at the same time. At other times the *hornstein* is enveloped by a thin layer of calcareous spar. This last variety of granitic rock contains pyrites, and is subject to desintegration; in which case, from being of a fine and whitish texture, it becomes coarse, and assumes a ferruginous tinge. The *Schlossberg*, and the loftier mountain behind it, called the *Hirsch-sprung*, are composed of this rock, out of which issue all the mineral springs of Carlsbad.

Every one of these thermal waters, without exception, deposits a large quantity of calcareous matter, which forms stalactitious concretions, assuming many, and often singular appearances. There is a strikingly beautiful variety of these concretions, which, for diversity of colours, and the fine polish it may be made to assume, may be considered as one of the prettiest objects in mineralogy. The general name of *Sprudel-stein* has been given to those concretions which are obtained directly from the water of the Sprudel,—out of which all sorts of *bijoux*, snuff-

boxes, tops of walkingsticks, &c., are made and sold to the visitors of Carlsbad. In order to increase their value, the natural objects themselves are often placed within reach of the Sprudel, where they become, in a very short time, incrustated with the lithic sediment or deposit already mentioned, and are afterwards polished. Flowers even, and fruits, have been exposed to the action of incrustation with the greatest success; and, when the exposure takes place in the open air, the colour resulting from it is of a reddish hue, whereas it is white, if incrustation be obtained in places to which the external air has no access.

GOETHE, the immortal bard of Weimar, who published the praises of Carlsbad, from which he had often experienced signal benefit, has given a spirited geological description of that mountainous district, and indirectly entered into the consideration of the morphyic concretions formed by its waters. The fact of these abundant depositions taking place at the Sprudel, under the very eyes of those who attend daily to drink the water, has, occasionally, deterred some of them from pursuing further the use of it; from an apprehension, that either in the intestines or on the teeth, similar incrustations would take place. This prejudice, which has

been often combated by the superior reasoning of Hoffmann, Becher, De Carro, and others,—will vanish at once, when it is known, that upon no one animal substance, purposely subjected to the action of the water in the Sprudel, has the least concretion been obtained; except when the animal substance so exposed had a calcareous cover, as in the egg-shell, or the teeth. DE CARRO placed some human teeth in the middle of the spring, and found them, after a short period of time, covered with the reddish incrustation; but this was broken off readily, and the enamel beneath it was found to be unhurt. To prevent all possible incrustation of the teeth while drinking the waters, some people rub them well with the crumb of stale bread, or with a leaf or two of sage, after each beaker. This fashion (for it is nothing more) is common at all the other warm mineral Spas in Germany. However, none need be apprehensive of an intestinal concretion (even had not the preceding experiments on animal substances demonstrated the phenomenon to be impossible) from the water of the Sprudel, or of any other thermal sources at Carlsbad, when it is considered, that the calcareous principles contained in the largest quantity of the liquid usually drunk in the morning, cannot amount to

more than fifteen grains, and that many of the inhabitants of Carlsbad are in the habit of drinking three or four glasses of the mineral waters every day in the year, without any inconvenience whatever.

The mention of these calcareous depositions in the Carlsbad mineral waters, again reminds me of the novel and curious views taken of them by Professor Ehrenberg of Berlin, to which I alluded in speaking of Dr. Werneck's microscopical observations on the animalcules found in hot mineral springs. The professor, who has examined this subject minutely and repeatedly, communicated the results of his microscopical discoveries, a year or two ago, to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin. He contends that the mineral springs of Carlsbad contain living fossil infusoria, of the same species as those met with on the French coast of the Atlantic, and in the Baltic. The professor did not visit Carlsbad himself, but made his observations upon specimens of the water sent to him at Berlin. He also discovered the same species of animalcules in the peat-bog of Franzensbad, of which I shall have occasion to speak in another chapter, as well as in the Wiesenerz (meadow-earth), near Billin, not far from Toeplitz,—a place which I have also visited. In all these

specimens, Ehrenberg detected moving fossil bodies, of eighteen different species, but all belonging to the family of the *Bacillariæ*,—which have hitherto been considered by botanists as forms of plants—particularly by those naturalists who examined the *confervæ thermales* of Gastein and Carlsbad. Professor Ehrenberg has published the figures of these fossil animalcules,—among which I recognised several of the figures of the moving bodies submitted to the action of the great microscope of Dr. Werneck, at Salzburg, taken from the specimens of water I carried thither from Gastein, for the purpose of examination. Ehrenberg assigns several powerful reasons for thinking these bodies to be *fossil animalcules*, and considers that they are constantly reproduced, and form many of those stratifications on the earth's surface which have hitherto been looked upon as the remains of extinct series of marine animals, left after great geological commotions. The calculation of the number of such animalcules required to make up a given quantity of these fossil stratifications, entered upon by the professor, are curious, and will deserve the attention of geologists. For Ehrenberg is firmly persuaded that these animalcules, which are generated every moment, form, after death, entire rocks

and ought, therefore, to be taken into consideration by those who endeavour to explain the structure of the globe. He states, that twenty-three millions of these animalcules would make up a cubic line of the rock, and are, in fact, contained in it. Now as there are 1728 cubic lines in a cubic inch, the latter would, of course, contain nearly forty billions of such animals, the siliceous body of which, the professor states, must weigh about $\frac{1}{187}$ millionth part of a grain! As to the size of these animated beings under a fossil shell, the professor has ascertained it to be just $\frac{1}{6}$ of the thickness of a human hair!

It is a curious fact, that the hot springs of Carlsbad were never used otherwise than as baths, from the time of their discovery to the first part of the sixteenth century; when their internal use was much recommended by Wenzel Payer. From that time until the year 1828, bathing, and drinking the waters, went on simultaneously; the former, however, prevailing. But of late years bathing has become a mere auxiliary, to which few only of the invalids have recourse; the rest, or the major part of them, visit Carlsbad for the sole purpose of drinking the waters.

The quantity drank every day was in former

times prodigious. As the virtue of the waters was then deemed to reside in their purgative quality, a large proportion of them was recommended to be drunk, in order to ensure that effect. But since it has been ascertained, that the sanatory properties of the Carlsbad waters consist in their slow deobstruent and alterative action on the system, immoderate drinking has given way to the present moderate doses of from five to six (or at the very utmost seven and eight) beakers. The capacity of one of these may be estimated at about six ounces, or a little more than the third of a pint. This daily quantity is drunk, according to the custom of all the Spas in Germany, in the course of an hour and a half, or two hours ; there being a prescribed interval of fifteen minutes between each beaker. This interval the invalids employ in various ways; either in walking alone or in company with others, or by standing in groups, conversing; sitting down and observing;—while most of the ladies are occupied in reading, working, or discoursing on the concert and the ball of the preceding evening. Such as prefer quiet to bustle during the drinking-hours, ascend to the *Salle du Sprudel*, erected by the side of the flower-parterre, and there enjoy a very agreeable sheltered promenade, in a room of elegant proportions, divided by pillars into three open

compartments, lighted by eleven large windows, and decorated with looking-glasses and arabesque paintings. This *salle* is furnished with ottomans and chairs, and the whole floor, about a hundred feet long, is inlaid with polished wood.

With a view to prevent all chance of forgetting the number of glasses taken, or which remain to be taken, many of the invalids carry about them a small instrument like a watch, marking with a hand any number, from one to twenty; and a large clock is suspended in some public part of the Spa room, for the same purpose. Even in modern times, examples have not been wanting of prodigious bibbers of the Carlsbad waters. De Carro mentioned to me a Hanoverian physician, labouring under an affection of the liver, in 1828, who used to drink every morning twenty-two goblets of the *Sprudel*, and eight more in the evening, without any visible inconvenience. There is an honest burgher of Prague, Janus Braunes, sixty-four years old, who has been a constant visiter at Carlsbad for the last eight years, and who drinks, during a period of five or six weeks, from thirty-five to forty goblets of the water of any of the springs indiscriminately, every morning, and again eight or nine in the evening. To prevent mistakes he puts forty copper coins in one of his breeches-pockets

when he leaves home, and transfers one of them to the empty pocket of the other side, at each goblet of water he swallows. He is subject to obstinate obstructions of the bowels, experiences at times acute pain in the liver, and his breathing is laborious. On his arrival at Carlsbad he is not able (in consequence of the latter symptom and an excessive corpulency, which he contracts during the winter at home, and which makes him unwieldy) to take any walking exercise; but, before the expiration of the cure, he can ascend all the hills in the neighbourhood, and the circumference of his body diminishes not less than ten or twelve inches.

From ten o'clock till six in the evening all the springs are deserted; and, to a stranger just arrived, the effect of this contrast, of crowding multitudes, and desert air, in one and the same place, within a few hours of the two periods, is singularly striking. As I passed across the pavilion of the turbulent and boiling *Sprudel*, at noon, one day, I could not help stopping to look at it, wasting its salutary stream without a single witness of its power—he who, but four hours before, had been surrounded by hundreds of eager and admiring worshippers!

In the evening the different springs become again the *rendezvous* of a small number of in-

valids; but their assemblage seems more like the result of curiosity and the desire of chatting, than of a wish to add to the power of the cure.

The season for drinking the waters at Carlsbad begins in May and ends in September. In the course of that period two distinct sets of visitors—two companies I might say—frequent that place. Bustle, high living, expensive lodging, brilliantly crowded concerts, balls, and incessant and noisy gaiety, prevail with the one, from the middle of June to the middle of August. Tranquillity, comfortable life, cheap house-room, and cheaper living, with a quiet and pleasing society, are enjoyed only from the 1st of May to the middle of June, and from the middle of August to the end of September, with the other. The *cure* lasts generally from five to six weeks—seldom more; at the end of which time many of the visitors transfer themselves to Marienbad or Eger, or to some more distant mineral drinking water Spa in Bavaria and Nassau.

CHAPTER II.

CARLSBAD—*continued.*

The WIESE—*Steinehaus*—Countess of J—y—Breakfasts *al fresco*—Grand Monde—The English at Carlsbad—a Right Honourable Earl—Catalogue raisonné of 1094 *sommités* and *célébrités*—Princess Helena P.—La Comtesse C. de G.—Madame Trembicka—The fair authoress of “Body, Soul, and Spirit”—An Honourable M. P., Brasseur and Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi—Milord George Bridges—Thistlewood—La Haute Société—Countess Potemkin—Affable aristocracy—WORKS ON CARLSBAD—Germany and the Germans—MALADIES cured by the Carlsbad waters—The author’s experience—The spleen peculiarly affected in women, cured at Carlsbad—Lord A——’s cure of asthma—The hypochondriacs—Their number at Carlsbad—Biliary and other calculi—IMMEDIATE EFFECTS of the water—Erroneous notions—Effects on the author—Mob at the Mühlbrunn—Sir Joseph De C. L.—Action on the skin—Carlsbad salts in the perspiration—The Carlsbad water injurious or inadmissible in certain cases—WARM BATHS—Vapour bath—Application of it to the eyes and in *tic-douloureux*—REGIMEN and DIET—Expenses of the cure—List of arrivals—Doctor De Carro—Physicians of Carlsbad—Remuneration—The Lord Chief Justice J.—Precious ignorance.

“I AM sitting before my window (I find it so written in my note-book), at the ‘Golden Shield,’ looking across the Teple, which is now conveying filth and drainage, with a slow current and little water, together with the waste from the

Sprudel and other hot wells on its banks, smoking and smelling strong. On the opposite bank is the celebrated *Wiese*, or prater of this Spa, lined with short tufted trees, planted before a row of low and small wooden shops, not unlike booths, which have their backs to the river. The *Wiese* itself, a moderately wide and long street forming a gentle curve, is in front of them; and on the opposite side of it, are the most *recherchées* houses of residence, for those who make a lengthened séjour in this place; also some of the *magasins de librairie, sucrerie, mantua-makerie, and diablerie* (though in justice to Carlsbad I must say that there is very little of the latter in it)."

Here, among many other ostentatious dwellings, is the *Steinene Hof*; so called, because it was the first house which was built of stone in Carlsbad, and which, during part of the season of 1836, was honoured by the séjour of the engaging English countess whom a certain political party claims as its own, but who is alike sought by all parties in society. Her ladyship might often be seen like the rest of the great and the gay at Carlsbad, after the hour of water-drinking, seated at a breakfast-table placed under the trees opposite to her house, sipping *al fresco*, her *café à la crème*, or

her chocolate, with the luscious *brezen*, scrutinized and scrutinizing. The sight of these little tea-parties (for there are many such) is amusing, and to a stranger just arrived, curious. When the repast is finished the table is often converted either into a working or into a reading table, and a coterie—the composition of which changes as often as the society of a fashionable *belle* in her box at the opera varies during the evening—is often established around it for two or three hours, both morning and evening. From all parts of the town, and from all the lodging-houses and hotels, people of all nations, rank, colour, and age pour into this great focus of public resort, which at a particular time of the day, throughout the week, presents the spectacle of an assembly perhaps unequalled in any city in Europe. Two successive emperors of Austria—almost all the other reigning sovereigns of Germany—the princes royal of every imperial and royal family in Europe—ministers without number—countless dukes and marquises—innumerable counts, viscounts, and barons—superior officers of the army, titled and without titles—prelates, illustrious poets, and writers—ladies “in every radiant grade conspicuous;” in fine, all possible *sommités aristocratiques* of which society in the most civilized countries of

Europe can boast, have, at some period or other, fretted their hour on the Wiese at Carlsbad. To such of my readers as feel anxious to dive more deeply, than I have leisure or inclination to do in the present work, into these courtly matters, I recommend the perusal of a pleasing, useful, and agreeably-written little annual which Doctor De Carro publishes at the termination of each season, under the title of *Almanach de Carlsbad*. They will find there not only the number of all the *sommités aristocratiques* and *célébrités littéraires* who have frequented the hot springs, but their names also, and long list of titles. In his *Almanach* for 1836, there is a curious *catalogue raisonné* of all the *personnages marquants* who have visited Carlsbad in the course of the last ten years; a list which would be perused with astonishment by an English reader who, from the very imperfect knowledge he has hitherto had an opportunity of acquiring touching Carlsbad, and from the very little intercourse that has hitherto existed between England and that Spa, can form no idea of such a *galaxy* appearing in any one spot, to drink hot water for a period of six weeks. I learned from De Carro that the English visitors at Carlsbad in 1826, amounted to about twenty in number only; and that in the course of ten years they had in-

creased to about one hundred,—among whom were reckoned many very illustrious characters, as well as not a few odd characters, and some who did not exhibit the fairest side of the English character. The Carlsbad visitors of 183.. will not easily forget the eccentricities (bordering on deeds cognizable by the local police) of a Right Honourable Earl——, who, from a major of militia principally residing on the sacred territory of Westminster road in his early life, became, by lateral descent, invested of a barony, the title of which recalls a great diplomatic era; and at the death of his father found himself earl and peer of England. His *fracas* about a wife, a maid, a child, and a doctor, was a subject of regret to his countrymen; the more so as the concourse of royal and other illustrious personages at the time, including the Queen Pauline of Würtemberg, the Princess Augusta her daughter, and the ill-fated *Dauphine* of a declining dynasty, with her royal consort, witnessed the freaks of that nobleman.

In analyzing this curious *catalogue raisonné*, I find that in the course of ten years, there have been at Carlsbad, for the benefit of the waters, fifty-three Princes and Princesses of sovereign families; thirteen of the highest dignitaries of the church; sixty-seven statesmen and diploma-

tists; twenty-seven Austrian, sixty-six Russian, twenty-one Prussian, ten English, six French and eight Polish general officers, with nineteen general officers of other nations. One hundred and eighteen is the number assigned to what De Carro styles "hommes de lettres, poètes, médecins, *et autres savans*;" among whom four only are ladies—the Princesse Helena Poninska, author of a romance called "Superstition"; the Countess Choiseul de Gouffier, who wrote "Souvenirs de l'Empereur Alexandre"; Madame Trembicka, to whose pen is ascribed "Le dernier des Gibelins"; and a Miss Charlotte Anley, known (says the compiler of the catalogue) for her musical compositions, and an "*Essay on the distinction between body, soul, and spirit.*" In looking over this last section of his catalogue, it must be admitted that my friend De Carro has not been over strict in assigning a part, in this garland of worthies, to some whose pretensions to that honour must be considered as very slight. I am sure that "L'Honorable Guillaume Long Wellesley" must feel somewhat surprised at finding himself transferred to this "immortal legion of intellectual beings," on the back of his "Mirror of the Court of Chancery."

De Carro, in his *catalogue raisonné*, has given

the names of those physicians only who are authors at the same time ; but the number of medical men who have visited Carlsbad during the same period, either in company with their patients, or with a view to find a cure for their own complaints, and who are not known as writers, he has calculated at six hundred and forty-five. In addition to all these *illustrissimi*, the writer of the almanac enumerates twenty-seven “*artistes*,”—among whom I find Wilkie, Hummel, Paganini, Lafont, and the “Son of Mozart!” and he gives a list of fourteen “*personnages remarquables*,” in which I observe “Le Prince Alexandre de Hohenlohe, chanoine” (whose prayers, as sanative agents, must have failed in his own case, as he drank of the *Sprudel*), placed between “Monsieur Frederic Hodgson, Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi, Membre du Parlement Britannique, grand brasseur de Londres, celui de tous qui expédie le plus de bière aux Indes orientales et occidentales”—and the *ci-devant* Lord Mayor of London, “M-lord George Bridges, très distingué par sa conduite, en 1820, dans la fameuse conspiration de Thistlewood contre les ministres.” Here then, we have an official return, as minutely descriptive as any which a certain M.P. could desire, of not fewer than one thousand and ninety-four

personnages marquants, who have frequented Carlsbad—who have sipped, at the Mühlbrunn and the Theresienbrunn, the *suave* fluid that was to prepare them for the more potent *Sprudel*, so as to eradicate the several disorders which they had brought thither—who have promenaded *de long en large* the very walk I was endeavouring to describe when I entered into this long digression—and who, therefore, if as invalids, they have stamped Carlsbad as “*l’Hôpital des Grands*,” as *grandees* they have converted it into, “*Le Salon de l’Europe*.”

To this *Salon* the democracy of disease does not extend its influence. Once out of the precinct of the springs,—where the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the Jew and the Christian, partake alike, and *pêle-mêle*, of the bounty of nature, suffer with the same feelings, and sigh for health with the same hope,—the mighty distinction of rank, the no less important distinctions of character, and even the distinctions of reputation, resume their restrictive and exclusive power; and that *ton*, which so peculiarly marks *la haute société*, separates into groups at the promenade and in the evening *reunions*, the singular social amalgam of the morning. The tall, *svelte*, pale, and interesting Countess P—k—n, for example—whom every

one admires, as she paces, with graceful gait, the new and wide granite trottoir of the *Wiese*—might be seen at the earliest hour of the morning, modestly clad in her slate-coloured silk *redingotte de matin*, and drawn bonnet, vibrating, like many others, between the *Sprudel* and the *Mühlbrunn*, jostled by livery-servants, and walking, unnoticed, through the groups of peasants, Jews, and mechanics, who are mixing with the daily throng under the colonnade of the mighty spring. But here, on the *Wiese*, every one notices and pays homage to her, even among the highest, for her *distingué* look and lofty bearing, in spite of her sufferings from illness.

Notwithstanding all this *exclusivism*, however, much affability, and a species of cosmopolite urbanity, mark the intercourse of the several principal groups, no matter how different their respective stations; and seem to convert the great and the noble, from the different and most distant countries in Europe, into one and the same nation, during the short season of the waters. This appears to have been the case at all times at Carlsbad. “On me parait, en general,” observed Gellert, a celebrated German writer, as he returned from Carlsbad in 1764 (I quote from De Carro’s French translation), “plus affable aux eaux qu’ailleurs, et plu-

sieurs personnes y sont, sans le savoir, métamorphosées en ce qu'elles ne sont pas en réalité. Ceux qui se sont arrachés aux affaires, ou à leurs soins domestiques, sentant la liberté, deviennent plus souples et complaisans. Les orgueilleux qui, sans affabilité, s'y trouveraient privées de société, se montrent plus modestes. La plus part, pensant que leur apparition sur cette scène fugitive ne dure que trois ou quatre semaines, se font violence pour jouer leur rôle avec applaudissement, et se conduisent bien. D'autres tiennent leur passions en bride, parce que la cure l'exige, et que la crainte d'empirer leur mal a toujours sur eux le plus de pouvoir."

If no other evidence existed of the efficacy and salutary influence of Carlsbad, than this uninterrupted series of distinguished visitors,—who most unquestionably do not go thither to amuse themselves (as people do who frequent Baden), but to seek health from its mineral waters, under the advice of the principal and most able physicians in Europe,—its character as a Spa of great power in the treatment of disease, would yet be sufficiently established. Fashion might for a few years lead the great, who are generally the most credulous in medicine, to a Spa, even of the most inert character, (as occurred with regard to Schlangenbad, dur-

ing the last three years, from its having been so much extolled by a layman, who had seen none of the principal and really important Spas);—but in such a case fashion will also desert it. Carlsbad, on the contrary, increases in reputation with increasing years, and has never been deserted: a proof that the majority, at least, of those who had expected benefit from it, had not been disappointed.

From the time when the celebrated ode of Lobkowitz was written, to the termination of 1836, a period of three centuries and a quarter, not fewer than one hundred and ninety-eight works have been published on Carlsbad and its springs. What other Spa in Europe can make a similar boast? Will it be believed, that not one of these is from the pen of an English author? and that no full account exists of that watering-place in the English language? Dr. Gairdner, formerly of Edinburgh, has mentioned the subject in his general treatise on Mineral Waters. Mr. Lee of Cheltenham, in a recent small volume entitled “An Account of the most frequented Watering-places on the Continent,” has given five pages on the waters of Carlsbad,—which he does not seem to have visited lately, as his account contains some important errors respecting the temperature and composition of the water.

In a still more recent publication, containing, within the space of 230 duodecimo pages, an alphabetical list of all the continental watering-places, with "An Account of the Medicinal Virtues of their Waters, and the Diseases in which they are employed,"—we find Carlsbad (the baths of which are called *Caroline Baths*, no one knows why) despatched in thirty-eight lines. But even in the course of that short space, I am sorry to add, there occurs at least seven very important mistakes, of temperature, name, and locality.

One or two English tourists have touched incidentally on Carlsbad in their volumes. This has been the case in particular with the author of an interesting work entitled "Germany and the Germans." The observations of these writers being necessarily very brief, cannot be satisfactory. Mistakes also have been committed by them in describing places and objects connected with that Spa ; so that their account of it cannot, I apprehend, be taken as a guide.*

* I have in my possession a MS. copy of the answers and notes which the author of the *Almanach* has prepared to the article on Carlsbad, in the English work last mentioned, and which he purposes inserting in his volume for 1837. Although requested to do so by Dr. De Carro, I shall decline the task of pointing out, on the strength of the document intrusted to me, certain errors, and one especial mistatement, said to be contained in that article.

The maladies for the cure of which Carlsbad has been long celebrated are many. Hufeland, one of the most illustrious practitioners in Germany, who died a few years ago at Berlin, full of years and reputation, being asked by me, during my first visit to that capital, for the reason of this undiminished celebrity of Carlsbad, answered, "C'est qu'il guérit des maux rebelles à tout autre moyen curatif." There is not a single medical man of eminence in Germany who does not entertain the like opinion. It would be out of place in a work like the present, which I purposely design for the general reader (although even the physicians of this country will find more information in it than he can obtain from any other English work on the subject at present extant), were I to enter into a detailed statement of the disorders for which the waters at Carlsbad have been successfully recommended. It will be sufficient for my purpose to state generally, that those waters exert their principal sanative action, 1st, on all chronic affections which depend on debility of the digestive organs, accompanied by the accumulation of improper secretions ; 2dly, on all obstructions, particularly of the abdomen, which, as Becher, the oracle of Carlsbad, observes, they resolve and disperse ; 3dly, on the acrimony of the blood, which they

correct, alter, and evacuate, or drive towards the extremities and the surface of the body ; 4thly, on calculous and gravelly deposits ; 5thly, on many occult and serious disorders, the nature of which is not readily ascertained until after the partial use of the waters.

Looking to this general classification alone, it is impossible, even for the most uninstructed, not to see at once, that nearly two-thirds of the diseases which man, in his civilized state, is heir to, under a lingering, chronic, and often painful form, may find relief in the use of the waters of this Spa ; and the reports of all the medical men who have practised at Carlsbad, or have sent patients thither, or have, like myself, visited the place for information, are replete with examples illustrative of the truth of this assertion.

My own experience warrants me in commending the Carlsbad waters in all obstinate cases of induration, tumefaction, tenderness, and sluggish action of the liver ; in obstructions of the glands of the mesentery, and in those engorgements of the spleen and distended state of the splenic vessels, which are much more common (as I proved in another publication) in females, especially of the better classes, than medical men appear to be aware of. Physicians, in this country, nowadays, seem to have for-

gotten that such an organ as the spleen exists. They have directed the whole force of their batteries against a larger and more important organ, the liver: every sin and iniquity is laid at its door, and for them it is made to suffer. However just this view may be with regard to male patients, who,—from a greater and more frequent exposure to all the morbid causes that can affect the liver—such as vicissitudes of climate, excessive gluttony and high living, immoderate potation of strong liquors, violent exercise of the body, intense thought, and an anguishing state of the mind (as was the case with that illustrious victim of diplomacy, whose name will never perish)—present too often the afflicting picture of hepatic disorders,—it is not less true, also, that in female patients the spleen is oftener affected than the liver with obstruction and enlargement, for reasons that are equally peculiar to the constitution and the habits of their sex. This distinction is of the utmost importance, and in the course of twenty years' practice in this metropolis, during which period some hundreds of cases of female complaints have come under my notice, that distinction forced itself, as it were, on my attention, and I had reason to be thankful that I never after lost sight of it. Well

then, these very obstructions of the spleen are essentially benefited at Carlsbad—sometimes by the warmer, at other times by the less warm springs, according to the degree, intensity, and peculiar cause of the indisposition. Being aware of this fact, I never hesitated sending those of my patients who could afford it, to Carlsbad, where they have all found that relief which drugging had never given to them in London. In saying this, I do not mean to insinuate that no other warm mineral springs than those of Carlsbad will be found equally useful in the same class of complaints. The contrary is the case, as may and will be seen in other parts of this work.

The power of the *Sprudel*, in dissipating adhesions, has been mentioned with confidence by some physicians. The testimony given me of this fact by one of the patients on the spot, would seem to corroborate the statement. Lord A——, whom I found one morning sipping the *Sprudel* at 60°, assured me that he had tried it for three seasons, and had, through it, lost a pleuritic adhesion under the *sternum*, or breast-bone, the consequence of neglected inflammation in the chest, which had annoyed him for a long time, and had resisted all the curative means adopted in England. The complaint used to

make him short-breathed in ascending hills, and gave him a sort of sensation of dragging or *tiraillement*, whenever he sneezed; all which symptoms have since disappeared. His lordship appeared to be quite serious, and not as usual, epigrammatic, on *this* subject.

It is the despondent, dejected, misanthropic, fidgety, pusillanimous, irritable, outrageous, morose, sulky, weak-minded, whimsical, and often despairing hypochondriac,—for he is all these, and each in turn,—made so by continued indigestion, by obstinate and unremitting gout, by affections of the nerves of sympathy and of the gastric region, and by other equally active causes,—that Carlsbad seems pre-eminently to favour. Hence it is, that the living picture which every morning presents itself at the *Sprudel*, exhibits a larger number of these unfortunate beings than I have seen congregated any where else, except in the Hypodrome of Constantinople, among the sallow and deathly *Teriakys*. “Nulle part,” observes De Carro, “on voit l’hypocondrie sous des formes plus variées ni plus bizarres qu’à Carlsbad; nulle part on a de plus fréquentes occasions d’observer l’influence du physique sur le moral. Les traits de misanthropie, de desespoir, de pusillanimité, les transition soudaines de l’espérance à l’abatte-

ment, de la mélancholie à l'exaltation, y sont innombrables."

Closely allied to this class of disorder is the formation of biliary concretions. Innumerable cases of this sort have been recorded as cured at Carlsbad; and I am acquainted with an eminent foreign physician, whose case I alluded to in my work on St. Petersburg, who owes to Carlsbad the complete recovery from one of the most inveterate affections of this sort that man can suffer under and live. With respect to gravelly and calculous depositions, the single case of Dr. Bigel of Warsaw,—who—after having submitted at Berlin to the new operation of lithotripsy on account of a large calculus in the bladder, of which he was suffering, at the age of sixty-four—was obliged to have recourse to the waters of Carlsbad, which smoothed, diminished, and lastly expelled, from time to time, all the remaining fragments, until he quite recovered,—forms the strongest evidence of the great efficacy of the Carlsbad waters in such complaints.

Dr. Bigel, who is himself an experienced and veteran practitioner, although an *homœopathe* (but of this anon), has given a well-written and interesting history of his own case, which he had watched with great care and minute attention, in a letter addressed to De Carro. That physician,

all joy at his deliverance, entreats his friend to publish to all the world, that the waters of Carlsbad possess the property “d’attaquer la substance des graviers, de les polir, de les user, et de leur communiquer une friabilité qui en favorise l’expulsion.”

A few of the immediate effects of the Carlsbad waters are nearly the same in all individuals ; but in general, patients, on first drinking it, are affected differently. Excitement, and a species of *erethismus*, or fever, are the preliminary symptoms produced by almost all the springs. This observed fact has frightened people into the belief, that their use would produce congestions and fulness of blood in the head, and has led patients, as well as physicians, to begin with what have been called the *weaker* waters, and gradually to ascend to the *strongest*, the dreaded *Sprudel*. These expressions are erroneous, and have led to the propagation of false notions respecting the degree of power possessed by the different springs, which have done harm ; because, being entertained by physicians of distant countries, through hearsay, or vague information—particularly by those in England and France—their inexperienced opinion has swayed patients, who have either been deterred from going to Carlsbad, or have been told to begin with a par-

ticular spring, and to abstain from another. The different waters at Carlsbad have a greater or lesser degree of heat; but they are not *weaker* and *stronger*. Now, in as much as common heat, when combined with any water, is of itself an exciting agent—as every one may ascertain by swallowing quickly a goblet of pure water heated to 140° or 150°—it is in that sense alone that the *Sprudel* may be considered as more exciting than the *Neubrunn*—this latter more than the *Mühlbrunn*—and the last named more than the *Theresienbrunn* or the *Schlossbrunn*. I drank of all the springs; but I attacked at once, and in quantities of several goblets, the *Sprudel*, without experiencing any very marked feeling of uneasiness in the head; and yet I had been cautioned in England by medical men who *had heard* of such things, that the *Sprudel* would affect my head, probably with severity, considering my liability to fulness in that part. The excitement of the general system, which many other modern physicians—Weld, Harless, Kreyzig, Bomberg, Bigel, and others—have described, as arising from the ingestion of that water, I experienced in common with them; but the condition of the system which followed was always one of comfort.

Neither nausea, nor vomiting, nor any other unpleasant symptom, excepting a few eructations,

is ever produced by the Carlsbad water. Its taste I have already mentioned. Once arrived in the stomach, it produces an exhilarating sensation, which spreads itself to the intestinal canal generally. The latter, after the full ingestion of the prescribed quantity, becomes in many individuals distended with wind, and sometimes affected; but purgation does not always follow the use of the water. Here again prejudice has established a certain notion, that one spring is more purgative than another; and the highest merit of the kind having been assigned, without any reason whatever, to the *Mühlbrunn*, it is curious to see the crowds which hasten in the morning to that source. I am assured that during the height of the season, it is impossible for the less bold and the timid, who desire to partake of that famed water, to stem the positive mobs by which the portico and space before the *Mühlbrunn* are besieged; and that they are compelled, much to their detriment and annoyance, to rise from their beds at four o'clock, in hopes to find their favourite spring accessible. But as there is more fashion than truth in the opinion of the superiority of the *Mühlbrunn*, which certainly does not purge more than the rest of the springs; and as abundant purgation is not necessary to the success of the treatment;

it may be expected that in a few years the crowd will shift their quarters to the more elegant temple of the *Theresienbrunn*,—which, by the by, is gaining daily in the estimation of visitors. I was rambling through its plantations after drinking sufficiently of its almost tasteless water one morning, when I met with an acquaintance and learned physician, Sir J. De C—— L., who had just returned from Marienbad, where he had drunk of the cold *Kreutzbrunn*, at the recommendation of Heidler, and had felt so ill from it that he thought he must have been bled. Here, on the contrary, he was taking but three goblets of the *Theresienbrunn*, which agreed with him, and proved moderately aperient.

Copious secretions of the kidneys, and perspiration, are much more frequent effects of drinking the Carlsbad water than purgation; and it is curious that the salts of that water are detected in both those excretions. Some drops of the perspiration produced after drinking the *Sprudel*, when examined by the microscope, exhibited crystals of those salts. One of the inconveniences more or less common to all mineral waters when taken internally—*borborigmus*, or rumbling in the intestines, particularly if the patient has foolishly eaten of vegetables—is not so frequent with the Carlsbad water.

My appetite was sharpened after the several goblets I had swallowed, without any consequent distention. On one or two occasions I fancied I felt the beating of the vessels of the head more loudly ; and the action of the heart was certainly disturbed. Altogether the immediate effects of the Carlsbad water show its potency, and warn patients from attempting to use it, either under the advice of physicians personally unacquainted with its nature, or without any advice at all. "Whoever has experienced at Carlsbad," says De Carro, "a regular crisis, will never more question the power of its waters, the revolution they cause in the whole system, nor the artificial disease excited by such perturbations. The Germans call it very properly a *Bad-sturm* (bath-storm)."

It is not enough, when we speak of the power of any mineral water, that we should know to what particular disorder it has proved beneficial. In order to be masters of the subject, it is equally important that we should also be acquainted with the class of diseases and constitutions in which any particular mineral water is likely to disagree, or be decidedly hurtful. Carlsbad is not a *panacea*—nay, it is an unquestionably dangerous remedy in several complaints and temperaments,—such as consumption, dropsy, scor-

butic affection, plethoric habits of body, tendency to losses of blood or hemorrhages, distinct diseases of the heart, aneurism, and erotic disorders. Mistakes, often followed by very serious consequences, have been caused by the imperfect knowledge of the effects of the Carlsbad waters possessed by physicians practising in this country, who have recommended those waters to patients who ought to have been sent elsewhere.

Drinking the mineral waters is not the only, though it be the most general mode of their application, to cases of disease at Carlsbad. Baths have also been recommended; and at one time, bathing in the hot springs, as at Baden-baden, Gastein, and Toeplitz, was the only process adopted in the use of these waters. At present, on the contrary, bathing forms a secondary object. Still, ample accommodations have been secured for that purpose, both at the *Sprudel*, where the bath-rooms are quite new, and at the *Mühlbrunn*, the primitive baths of which have been renovated and enlarged. The water which supplies the latter baths is a combination of that archipelago of springs as De Carro calls it, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the *Mühlbrunn*.

Besides the common baths, Carlsbad boasts of a mineral Vapour-bath, both general and topical.

These, which are neatly arranged in a building immediately over the *Hygieasquelle*, from which the necessary steam is obtained, are occasionally employed; but I doubt whether they can be of much more use than vapour-baths of common water. The steam at such a temperature, must differ little from that of uncondensed distilled water; and, accordingly, we find that, in the analysis made by Nentwich of the said steam, nothing but pure water, atmospheric air, and a small proportion of carbonic acid gas were found. If, therefore, any sensible effect was ever produced by these vapour-baths, beyond the effect produced by the ordinary vapour, it must be ascribed to the presence of the carbonic acid. That the application of this gas to the body is an effective remedy, has been proved at other Spas, and is in the course of being experimented also at Carlsbad,—where the proper apparatus for that purpose is not wanting, as well as some for the mud-baths—which, however, are a *decided failure*. They are inferior even to those at Marienbad—and that is no eulogium. Professor Ryba has written an essay to show in what consists the efficacy of the vapour from the *Bernardbrunn*, which, from immemorial time, has enjoyed the reputation of curing diseases of the eyes; and Dr. De Carro has

communicated to me some cases of tic-douloureux, which he states to have been cured by the vapour-baths of the *Sprudel*.

Of the regimen and diet necessary to be observed at Carlsbad, I shall say nothing here; referring the reader to my general observations on those two points, contained in the Introduction; which every person interested or likely to be interested in the subject of mineral waters in Germany, should peruse, in order to acquire the essential knowledge of all preliminary matters touching their use. The physicians at Carlsbad are very strict in their instructions regarding diet; and such patients as do not possess the resolution to adhere to them, had better spare themselves the trouble and expense of a journey thither.

The expense of the cure, as far as the drinking or using of the water is concerned, and the remuneration to the physicians, are regulated by law in the one case, and by custom in the other. A tax of four florins is laid upon all strangers arriving at Carlsbad, if they remain over the fifth day. This is the only contribution demanded for drinking of all the springs. The damsels who so dexterously dip your cup into the stream, and hand it to you, perhaps eight or ten times every morning, are remunerated by each of those

who drink the water, at the termination of the cure. The use of the key for the *Retraites* costs fifteen kreutzers weekly, or a quarter of a florin (5*d.*), besides a deposit of twenty kreutzers. The prices of the water, vapour, and gas baths, are equally moderate.

Here, as in all the German Spas of consequence, a list of arrivals and departures is published daily, forming a large volume, and a curious one to boot, at the end of the season; the subscription to which, for the season, is one florin and twenty-four kreutzers of good money, with a trifle to the person who delivers it at your house. Every *kurgast*, as the strangers are called, pays, on inscribing his name and abode in that list, half a florin or ten pence. At the head of the list stand the names of the two imperial inspectors appointed by the Austrian government for the season, and those of the physicians authorized to practise in Carlsbad. I have so often had occasion to mention the name of one of them, in combination with the titles of several of his works, his experience, his observation, and long standing in the profession, that my readers will at once judge of the opinion I entertain of his talents and his acquirements. Having received his medical education in Scotland, he speaks and writes the English language fluently.

I regret exceedingly having missed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the four or five other physicians practising during the season at Carlsbad, of whom report speaks favourably. The surgeons and *pharmaciens* are likewise mentioned in the list. There are at Carlsbad two *pharmacies*, where I found some excellent drugs.

The manner of remunerating the medical attendants is not regulated by the number of visits or by bills; but is left to the inclination, feeling, and means of the patient. The amount is either forwarded or given at the conclusion of the cure, just as the patient is about to leave Carlsbad. The invalids do not expect to be visited daily, but only as necessity requires. Each physician is certain to see all his patients at the wells, and there the inquiries and consultations often take place, which suffice for the occasion. In this manner only those physicians, who have a large number of patients to attend to (like Heidler at Marienbad, for example, who sees 300 patients every morning), can accomplish that object. I could not help expressing to the latter, as well as to De Carro, at Carlsbad, the pleasure it gave me to witness the simple, quiet, and *sans-façon* manner in which this daily intercourse between patient

and physician took place at their respective Spas. How different from the stiff, starched, and aristocratic style of the medical visits in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor and Belgrave Squares!

The mode of remuneration just alluded to cuts both ways, to use a common expression; as the following anecdote will prove: The Lord Chief Justice J——, from the “sister island,” was among the *kurgäste* of Carlsbad of 1833, and attended by my friend De Carro, whom he addressed, at the end of the season, in English, with all the gravity of a judge, thus: “Doctor! as to my feelings of gratitude for your successful aid, they are written in my heart, and I need not repeat them. Of what concerns pecuniary matters, I am, I confess, in the deepest ignorance; but if, in the sum which I beg you, herewith, to accept (putting fifty ducats into De Carro’s hand) I have committed any mistake, I pray you not to hesitate a moment to enable me to rectify it.”—“My lord!” said as gravely the Doctor, “your lordship’s *ignorance* is to me more *precious*, than the full *knowledge* which many of the visitors at these springs possess, and I am thankful for it.” Upon which the gravity of the judge relaxed, and off went my lord in an *éclat de rire*.

CHAPTER III.

CARLSBAD—*concluded.*

HOTELS—The *Goldenen Schild*—A Countess-cook—Three other golden hotels and Paradise—Prices—Carlsbad no cheap bargain—MAISONS À LOUER—Great number of them—Signs and appellations—Lodgings and lodgers—Interiors—High rent—Cautions—A word in time—Welcome to visitors—Fanfare and *trinkgeld*—CLIMATE—Winds—Improvement in the streets—Night police—The *Sächsische Saal*—The *Böhmische Saal*—*Magnum bonum* of gastronomes at Carlsbad—Affluence of grandees to the Restaurants—A dissected table d'hôte—Advantages and disadvantages—A DINNER—The price—Drinking dearer than eating—Public cheaper than private dinners—Tyrannical vigilance of the doctors—Sprudel soup—AMUSEMENTS—A theatre from salt; or, attic wit and Carlsbad salt—Absence of gambling—Blacklegs at discount—PROMENADES—Hirschenstein—Fabulous tradition—Peter the Great's monument—Shaded walk—Votive tablets—Great Chaussée to Prague—*Promenade à quatre heures*—The three imperial sisters—Findlater's temple and obelisk—*Posthof*—*Freundschaft Saal*—Belvidere—Panorama—Contretems—DEPARTURE.

It is high time that I should lead my readers to less serious subjects, and show how three or four thousand visitors (for their number is increasing yearly) are lodged, fed, and amused at Carlsbad during the season, after having stated in what manner they are cured.

I have already mentioned the hotel in which I took up my temporary abode. It is a large double house, situated at the confluence of two streets (one of which leads straight to the *Sprudel*), and nearly opposite a carriage-bridge leading to the upper end of the *Wiese*. The Teple flows under its windows, between which and that river there is a garden. Some of the apartments are tolerably, but the greater number of them are indifferently furnished. Men as well as women servants wait on the strangers; but the most preferable plan, if a long residence be contemplated at an hotel, is to secure the service of a valet-de-place, of whom there are several in Carlsbad, natives of the place, and who speak French. Except in the case of a numerous family, it is better not to be encumbered with a domestic, unless a courier travels habitually with the party. This hotel (*Zum Goldenen Schilde*) is considered the first in the place, and its *restaurant* has enjoyed a certain reputation, more from the circumstance of the fair cook being also the mistress and proprietress of the hotel and its extensive appurtenances, than for any consummate skill which she possesses in the mysteries of the art of Ude and Carême. This lady is one of the objects of curiosity in Carls-

bad. From a *cuisinière* she became, by marriage with a Bohemian nobleman, Madame la Comtesse de Bolza, and has a large family. This sudden elevation did not cause any difference in her condition, in which, on the contrary, she has chosen to continue ever since. Her children are all counts and countesses, by the most legitimate of rights, that of descent; and she herself is equally entitled to that distinction; but here she is cook and *maîtresse d'hôtel*, and nothing more. Her ladyship is a stout, good-looking woman, of whom every body speaks well. Her eldest son is an officer in the Austrian service. These social anomalies are less strange in Bohemia than elsewhere.

The Golden *Lion*, the Golden *Ox*, and the Golden *Swan* (the Carlsbadian innkeepers have a right to a little tinsel), and, I believe, the *Paradise*, as a climax, are the next important hotels in the place. I have already mentioned the newest establishment of this kind, on the summit of the Theresian Hill. It has not been in operation long enough to show its merits or demerits; but nothing can be more grand or inviting than its exterior, and the preparations for every species of interior accommodation.

As few, if any, visitors choose to continue in-

mates of these hotels during the whole season, if they can procure lodgings; it follows, that on their first arrival thither they are made to pay rather smartly for the accommodations they require. If all the hotels in Carlsbad charge as much as I had to pay to Madame la Comtesse—although that much be not any great amount, except as compared with other watering-places in Germany—I cannot commend them for cheapness. Still a frequenter of hotels in England will smile at what I deemed a subject of grumbling, and will be inclined to think that two florins and a half (4s. 2d.) per day for two rooms, forty-four kreutzers (about 1s. 4d.) for a breakfast, and one florin and sixteen kreutzers (2s. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.) for a very moderate dinner *à la carte*, are not exorbitant charges. On looking at my bill, however, I find my impression of the whole concern to have been unfavourable; and I recollect well, that a friend of mine, the nephew of a late eminent philosopher, who, with his amiable lady, was visiting the Spas of Bohemia, and lodged at the Golden Shield also, entertained the same opinion. Perhaps I had been spoiled by the splendour of the hotel at Marienbad, which I had just left, and its very reasonable charges; or was put out of humour by the wanton breaking of an

essential part of my carriage, while emerging from under the gateway, at a foot's pace, to convey me from Carlsbad—an accident which looked much like a desire to retain us a little longer. But for these two circumstances I should probably not have noted on my “recknung” at the *Goldenen Schild* thus: “N. B. The most extravagant house on our road through Germany. Badly appointed, worse cookery, and no attendance. The bill has the merit of being signed autographically by the Countess de Bolza (*Grafinn Bolza*).”

But it is to the *maisons particulières* and lodging-houses that the stranger generally looks for a permanent asylum; and of these, fortunately, there is no lack in Carlsbad. There is scarcely a private house which may not be considered, during the season, as a “*maison à louer*.” These may be reckoned at about five hundred, and every year many new ones are added to the number. The latter are built of stone, while the larger number of the rest are still of wood, a circumstance which has made Carlsbad very liable to accidents by fire. So often have the inhabitants suffered from such accidents, that a watch is kept constantly on the great tower, adjoining the *Rathhaus*, who, after

striking the hour of the night, walks round the gallery to see if in any part of the town the smallest symptom of fire appears, in which case he immediately gives the alarm.

The interior, as well as exterior, of the lodging-houses is kept in a state of great cleanliness; the furniture is plain and modern, and a sufficient supply is in general to be found of both table and bed linen, as well as of all those other conveniences of a *ménage* which are considered as included in the bargain for the rent. The largest number of lodging-houses will be found on the *Weise*. Each has its distinctive sign, as well as appellation; and, oddly enough, many of the exalted personages who have occupied them, have been observed to niche themselves, by a species of instinct, in dwellings the sign or appellation of which might, in some cases, have been considered as their own device or distinguishing mark; while, in other instances, the very contrary has been the case. Thus a fair countess, whose peaceable demeanour contrasts with the *structure* of her lord's title, deposited herself at the "Fair Queen;" and a less tractable and much greater lady of fashion, whose flinty heart must have resisted many a rude shock, was truly housed in the "*Steinen Hof*," or Stone House. "A large Whale," vomiting forth

a decrepit, hoary, and long-bearded Jonas, stands as a sign outside of the dwelling of Prince G——, whose indigestions are proverbial; and another sign, representing Perseus in the act of delivering Andromeda, adorns the gateway which leads to the apartments of my Lord ——, who never troubled himself with the defence of woman's best and dearest ornament. I will not assert positively that it is a *Perseus*. It may be a St. George on foot, or some one else; for I was running to make the most of my time, while examining the lines and situation of the several lodging-houses;—and the mythology and saintology of Carlsbad are not such as “he who runs may read.” But that the sign in question is something of the sort is indisputable, and *j'en appelle aux habitués*.

The prices of these lodgings are extravagant in the month of June, July, and August, but not so in May or September. “On comprend (says, with great naïveté, the author of ‘Carlsbad et ses Eaux minérales), que la plus part des habitans devant vivre toute l’année du produit de la saison de la cure, les logemens ne peuvent pas y être à bas prix:”—which means, in plain English, that the visitors must expect to be smartly taxed. Excellent apartments, however, may be procured for a single person,

or small families, at prices nearly similar to those mentioned in my description of Baden-baden, to which I refer; and a family of distinction may here secure a whole house, in some of the best situations, at the rent of four, five, or six hundred florins for six weeks; but for much more if in July and August. The difficulty of obtaining any accommodation, as well as the better sort of lodgings, during these two months, should induce persons intending to visit Carlsbad at that period to apply in time for it, by letter, addressed to a friend, or the physician to whom they are likely to be recommended, and who will often perform that act of urbanity. They must also take care to specify very minutely all that is required, the time of the arrival of the party, and the intended length of residence. At all times, and in all parts of the world, bargains and agreements between lodgers and lodging keepers have been a source of dispute and bickering; and nowhere more so than at Carlsbad.

One of the first calls made on the purse of the newly arrived, either at a private lodging or at an hotel, is the *pourboire* or *trinkgeld* to the watchmen stationed by day on the lofty *Stadtthurm*, from which they descry the approach of new visitors at a considerable distance, when they sound a *fanfare* of trumpets, to announce and

welcome their arrival in Carlsbad; and this is followed by another philharmonic *bien-venu*, in the shape of a serenade under your windows, executed by Bohemian or German performers—to be paid for, of course.

The position of the town in a long narrow valley, and the arrangement of its streets, which are often close, crooked, and their atmosphere oppressive, demand that people should be careful in the choice of their lodgings. Carlsbad is exposed to the north-westerly winds, which in Bohemia, according to the testimony of Doctor Held, are the most injurious to health. The frequent alternations of cold and damp which take place, during the hot summer-months, in Carlsbad, after sudden showers of rain, exert a very baneful influence on the organs of respiration, and, above all, on the larynx, even of the most healthy people; but particularly on invalids drinking the waters,—in whom the cutaneous system is in a constant state of activity.

Speaking of situations—after the *Wiese*, both the old, or more fashionable, and the new—I should recommend another very nice part of the town, which seemed new to me, lying between the Markt-platz and the Neumühlgasse, where some excellent houses of a more pretending structure exist, not far from the *Mühlbrunn* and *Theresien-*

brunn. The hotel of the *Goldenen Schlüssel* (Golden Key) is one of them. But the situation must be rather close in summer, and it has no view to the hills. The principal streets, within the last two years, have been improved, their pavement ameliorated, and new and wider *trottoirs* of flags of granite laid down in many of them, especially in the *Wiese*. The general improvements of the town, indeed, which have taken place within the last ten years, at the expense of the inhabitants, have cost upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand florins. At night, six policemen parade the town in all directions, from nine o'clock until five in the morning, who are relieved by two other sets of an equal number. They carry an halberd, and whistle the hour; an improvement upon their previous lugubrious cry,—which was found to shake too much the nerves of the hypochondriacs who are so numerous at Carlsbad.

In enumerating the Hotels or Inns properly so called, I omitted mentioning the names of the two *Grandes Restaurations* the *Sachsische Saal* and *Böhmische Saal*, because they are more especially eating-establishments. They both stand very convenient at the furthest end of the *Wiese*. I was told, on the very best authority, that in the fullest of the season the former of those

establishments is the *magnum bonum* of gastronomers—or rather, to speak more plainly, and perhaps more truly—that there never is at Carlsbad any thing better in the way of eating than what can be found at that far-famed hotel. There are numberless eating houses in Carlsbad *à tout prix*, and for all ranks of society; but with the exception of the *Blaue Hecht* on the *Wiese*—which sends out the best dinners before the full season commences—no Restaurant can vie with either the Hôtel de Saxe, or Hôtel de Bohême; the one *censé* to be served by Saxon waiters, the other by Bohemian servants. Even the grandees from Prague and Vienna; the many princes from Russia and Poland; the infinite variety of counts and barons of the confederation; not forgetting the lords and the ladies who never trouble themselves with engaging a *cuisine*, as a part of their lodgings for the season;—all these and a large sprinkling of people of less importance from all corners of Europe, found during the last season, at the Sachsische Saal, the only *nec plus* in the way of dinner which they could attain in Carlsbad. The price is fixed at one Austrian florin per head, or two francs, *vin à part*; but, *en revanche*, *pain à discrétion*, and what is still better, *argenterie*: that is—absence of pewter spoons and steel forks, so

common in Germany. People wishing to dine at this place engage in good time in the morning, a private table, of which there are several in a very spacious, airy, lofty, and well lighted saloon, with an orchestra and a profusion of chandeliers used on the occasion of balls. There is no positive *table d'hôte* (such a thing is not known in Carlsbad) in the *Saal*; but as the tables are all served alike, though separately, and generally at the same hour, the arrangement amounts to much the same thing, and may be called a *dissected table d'hôte*: a sort of puzzle, which you may form into a table d'hôte, if sufficiently clever. One prime ingredient of a German table d'hôte is present, even in this singular arrangement, namely, that of having to wait about ten minutes between every two dishes. But another more agreeable ingredient of a table d'hôte is absent, namely, the facility of picking up an occasional acquaintance, or a chat with an opposite or an elbow neighbour. It is therefore no improvement, in my humble opinion, upon Chabert's system at Baden-baden, to which establishment the *Sachsische Saal* has been very inaccurately compared.

Well then, being now seated, three of us—say between two and half-past, P.M.—we found that by three o'clock (witness my watch), we

had disposed of a *bouillon d'orge* (good), and three out of six slices of *bouilli* (very tender), with a dark sauce, meant to be *piquante*, but neither greasy nor nasty, like the black sauce which was served up to the old man of the Bubbles at Schwalbach. A dish of *poulet* fried, and *panné*, with some cauliflowers, *au beurre blanc*, came in due time after,—followed by some slices of a light well-made pudding, with currants and a frothy custard over it; and thus we jogged on until a quarter after three o'clock. At last our appetite was tickled with *trois demie-perdrix rôties*, escorted by a dish of a sour *compôte de pruneaux*, the acid taste of which we attempted vainly to qualify by means of two light savoy biscuits, weighing altogether a feather. *Et c'est fini*, just as the clock struck: “half-past three o'clock,” and a clear head, for we had only partaken of a bottle of St. Julien among three, for which a charge was made of two silver florins, or nearly four shillings.

Thus, for a sum of something less than half a guinea, three guests, at one of the tables of the *Sächsische Saal* at Carlsbad, were supplied with what would have cost in any other part of Germany about five shillings: for most assuredly in no other part of that country would such a slender series of tiny *portions* have cost more

than 48 kreutzers per head, with another of those coins for the wine.

The dinners of the great, then, we may safely assert, are not cheap at Carlsbad, although their amount would be trifling compared to what the Earl of J——, or the Countess *François-Antoine-Kolowrat-Liebsteinsky*, or the Count *Graboswsky* would have had to pay, had they *fait cuisine* at home. I noticed that all ate of the same things, and that very slight changes indeed were made in the dishes the following day. After all, it is but an invalid fare, and I learned that Dr. De Carro exercises tyrannical vigilance over this and every other public dining establishment. He is a perfect and relentless informer, as he himself assured me; and were he to see a gasthof-keeper daring as much as to offer a salad to his guests, a denunciation to the police against him would immediately follow. This I can understand; and therefore it is, that, what with the sorry cheer, the absence of gambling, and the non-existence of more private iniquities, this Spa has been deserted by the idle, the vicious, and the mere loungeur, and is become a real retreat for invalids. To one of the former, who had strolled as far as Carlsbad in hopes of another Baden-baden, and was disappointed at finding little fun and still less to eat, and who complained

that the "Salon de l'Europe" was kept in a state of starvation; my friend De Carro retorted, that Carlsbad "n'était pas le Salon, mais l'Hôpital des Grands de l'Europe!" and, in good truth, the remark fits the description of the place to a T. In point of diet, therefore, it will not be any great sacrifice to the most gastronomically inclined, to adhere with patience and regularity to the strictest principles; for Carlsbad, says a witty observer, "n'est rien moins qu'un pays de bonne chère; et au lieu d'y-vivre pour manger, on n'y-mange que pour vivre."

But with all my respect for diet, there is a medico-Carlsbadian dish which I should not be tempted either to try or to recommend to my patients. One of those whom I sent to Carlsbad last year, Mr. P——, a descendant of the celebrated poet, described it as a dish once in great vogue, and of which he had partaken. The reader will scarcely expect me to allude to a *Sprudel-soup*; yet so it is, and the thrifty housekeepers of Carlsbad, by throwing into some of the Sprudel-water, a little butter, flour, and salt, and the yolk of an egg, with slices of bread, cook you up the said soup in the twinkling of an eye.

Of the amusements at Carlsbad, I witnessed none; my time was differently occupied: but

I understand that there is no lack of them. There is a theatre (*cela va sans dire*) with representations of *Attic salt*, no doubt, in the inside—as the external inscription is “*E fructibus salis*,” i. e. erected with the proceeds from the sale of the Carlsbad salt. There are concerts of every kind—some of the *premières célébrités en musique*, being attracted to this place by the vast assemblage of the great. There are *Réunions* and balls, which are given in the *Sächsische* or *Böhmische Saal*. At these balls the agile Bohemian fair whirl with astonishing rapidity through the *Raidowák*, a sort of national waltz, that makes one giddy to witness. There are, in fine, ventriloquists, escamoteurs, Tyrolean minstrels, rope-dancers, Indian jugglers, fire-kings, and Jew money-lenders, without end, who keep the ball alive, and contribute to *chasser l'ennui* from the inmates of this great hospital.

But the one thing attractive for the rogues who wander from Spa to Spa—the *roulette*, and the *rouge et noire* table—is not admitted at Carlsbad, else the number of visitors would be double what it now is. A few years ago, some well-known blacklegs made their appearance amongst the noble throng at Carlsbad, in hopes of obtaining permission to establish

a regular gaming-table, as at Baden, Wisbaden, Aix-la-Chapelle, &c. But they had scarcely completed their preparations, when the commissary of police, watching the moment they were absent from home, called upon them and simply left his card. The hint was understood and taken (for there is no trifling with the police in Austria), and they decamped.

The true and healthful diversions, however, are the promenades, both near and far, of which the simple enunciation alone would occupy more space than I can afford for such a subject in the present work. Carlsbad, in this respect, is more favoured by nature, and has been more benefited by art, than any other Spa in Germany. For many, and, I believe, the very first promenades established on the borders of the river, through the valley and on the verdant acclivities of the surrounding hills, the Carlsbadians are indebted to the late Earl of Findlater, who frequented this Spa during the last nineteen years of his life. There is a temple which bears his name, built by him, commemorating his gratitude to the waters of Carlsbad; and, in return, a granite obelisk was erected in the neighbourhood of it by the inhabitants, to the memory of their benefactor.

The *Hirschenstein*, on the lofty summit of which

a huge cross stands planted on the barren rock, that peeps above the thick forest of fir-trees covering its sides—is one of the walks more frequented by those who have good lungs, on their first arrival. Peter the Great ascended the rock, in 1711, when no track or footpath existed, and the expedition must have been one of danger. He inscribed four initials on the cross, which have been interpreted as *Manu Sua Petrus Imperator* ; and this cross, with the letters in gold, was renewed in the year 1835. It may be seen from all parts of the town, and is indicated on the left of the general view I have here given of Carlsbad. The *coup d'œil* from this summit is superb.

It is this spot which mendacious tradition has fixed upon, as the one from which the hunted stag leaped into the Sprudel, when pursued by the hounds of Charles IV. of Germany, and thus discovered that spring by its howling upon its being scalded. It is always to some such adventure as this that the discovery of hot springs in Germany has been attributed.

At the termination of the Weise, after leaving the *Salle de Saxe*, and the Böhmische Salle, with the Puppsche Allée, on the right, a shaded narrow walk proceeds along the banks of the Teple, ascends that river, and penetrates the

inner dells and recesses of the valley. On the right, a wooded hill rises to a considerable height, exhibiting in many places massive rocks, on the flat portions of which numerous grateful patients have recorded, in votive expressions, the acknowledgment of their cure. One of these effusions, probably composed after quaffing sundry goblets of the *Sprudel*, which trouble the head by swelling the stomach of the poet, is, as a matter of course, written in an *inflated* style. It stands impressed in golden letters, on a tablet of tin, japanned black, and begins with—**VENI! BIBI! RESPIRAVI!** The votary had been before asthmatic, or broken-winded.

Opposite is the almost perpendicular Berg, on which the late Kaiser, Francis I., ordered a grand *chaussée* to be made, of which the good people of Carlsbad are justly proud. A magnificent and very commodious line of communication has thus been established between their town and Prague, where before the approach was steep and dangerous, and fit only for the woodcutter and the chamois. There remained still a *desideratum*, in order to complete this line of easy access; namely, the alterations in a street at the end of the *chaussée*, leading immediately into the town, called the Street of Prague,—which was so steep that most of the

travellers preferred leaving their carriage and coming on foot down the path and steps cut across the hill. Those alterations were about being completed when I left Carlsbad. On a lower rock, forming part of that Berg, a singularly-formed cluster of crags is seen, on which there is a seat called the Böhmischesitz.

Immediately before us, the shaded walk expands into an open space. On the right, a winding path ascends to an ancient oak-tree, on which a tablet tells the pilgrim that the proper hour for a shaded walk through the hilly forest, which begins at that spot, is four o'clock. Hence the name of this walk is "*Promenade à quatre heures.*" The first seat found on ascending it is surmounted by an inscription in golden characters, commemorating the visits of three illustrious sisters, Pauline, queen of Würtemberg; Maria, archduchess of Austria; and Amelia, grand duchess of Altenburg. They visited this spot in 1833 and 1834, and met, after having been long separated, each in her exalted station. Further, and higher up the hill, is Findlater's Temple, with the obelisk already alluded to, celebrating a name which every Scotchman strives to forget. At length the path descends into the hollow of the valley, where is located one of the principal seats for

rural amusements, dining, and dancing, called the Posthof; and beyond it is the Freundschaft Saal, an agreeable sort of private and rural club for the summer. Some people extend their walks beyond this *amenum locum*, to reach the porcelain manufactory of *Hammer*, a little village, where many of the goblets used at the wells are made, according to the fancy of each bibber.

I pursued all these various paths, and made my way to the several points of interest, during the best part of an afternoon, with a brilliant sky overhead, and extended my excursion to a late hour of the evening,—contemplating the many beauties of the scene, lighted up by the silver rays of the moon, and inhaling the fresh perfumes which every little breeze wafted to me from the surrounding forests.

One of the spots near the town, whence a most interesting view may be obtained of Carlsbad, is the *Belvidere*, a small wooden rustic temple, placed on the summit of the farthest range of rocks west of the greater valley. A sweep, like an immense amphitheatre, of small hills, *adossés* one to the other, so as to form a large C, is seen to encircle the triangularly-shaped town, covered to their very tops with forest-trees. There was a feeling of quiet

luxury excited, as I stood gazing on the broad green bosoms placed here and there among the barren rocks, and followed with my eye the woodlands, high in the air, nodding at the fresh gale which swept over the valley, and made their foliage quiver in the yellow sunshine. Within the cup or bowl formed at the foot of these hills, so disposed, rises another hillock, smooth and round, on whose acclivities, as well as on those of the terminating hills right and left of the great semicircle, which advance towards the Teple, are scattered the houses of Carlsbad. Among these it is not difficult to discover the *Theresian* and *Neubrunnen*, the great church, which overlooks the *Sprudel*, and most of the other principal objects in the place. The lower valley seems choked up with buildings. This vast panorama wants a river, like the *Salza*, the *Mourg*, or the *Isar*, to give it the character, of which it is certainly destitute, of freshness and romantic grandeur.

I now prepared myself for bidding farewell to this unique place, which I shall ever hold in pleasing remembrance. Having taken a cordial leave of my kind friend, the physician, who had been my almost constant companion and guide ; and of three or four of my patients and acquaintances, who proposed lingering be-

hind during the remainder of the season ; I took the high road to Prague, over the zigzag and magnificent *chaussée* before alluded to, on my way to the upper Spas of Bohemia—Pullna, Seidshutz, Seidlitz, and Toeplitz.

My readers must now vouchsafe me the same privileges which they allow to more inspired writers,—those, namely, who address themselves to the mere imagination, and seldom to common sense ; they must permit me to leave the present scene of action, with a promise to return to it anon, in order to accompany me, at once, to Marienbad and Egra. The first of these Bohemian Spas I happened to visit, after crossing the frontiers of Bavaria, before I reached Carlsbad. That I preferred giving an account of the latter more important place, before I mentioned any thing touching the two former Spas, was quite natural, and I explained the reason of it in another place. My proceeding to Marienbad and Egra first, may be explained also by the fact, that the road I was then travelling upon, being of recent construction for carriages, and indeed scarcely finished, and consequently little frequented, I acted without due and previous information, following the district maps in my possession, and making arrangements which, I admit now, caused some un-

necessary *détour*. Those of my readers, therefore, who, happening to be at Munich, might feel inclined to see all the Bohemian Spas mentioned in this volume, will do well to go first to Egra, thence to Carlsbad, afterwards to Marienbad, and so on to Pullna, Seidshutz, Seidlitz, Bilin, and Toeplitz. They will thus save time and distance, find excellent roads of communication to and between each of those places; and view the Spas, perhaps, in what may be considered by some as a more natural order. With regard to myself I may be permitted to say, that, as a medical man, I was not sorry at having seen Marienbad before I had visited Carlsbad. But there were other weighty reasons for my *détours* into the more rural districts, which it was my paramount object to examine, and with which my present readers can have no concern.

In all parts of the world travellers must make up their minds to meet with accidents and *contre-temps* on the road, impeding their progress, and it is better to bear these meekly. But it would ruffle a Trappist to see a wilful accident, concocted just as you are about to step into the carriage, at a stated hour, in hopes of reaching your destination at an equally stated period. Yet, this is what befel us at Carlsbad; and I

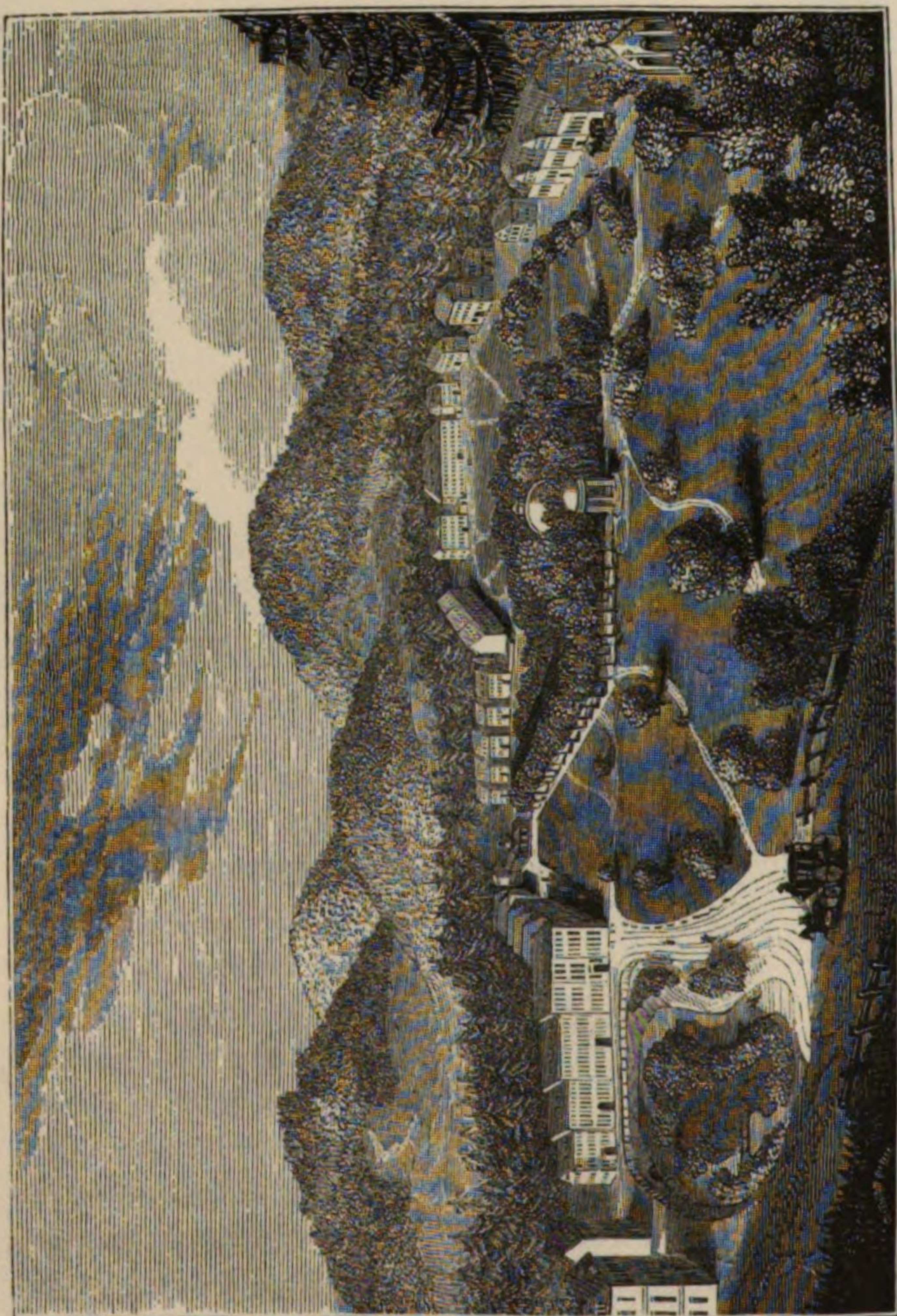
relate the anecdote, not because I attach any importance to it, but because it may serve to put some of my readers, who may chance to visit that Spa, on their guard against imposition.

After some pretended difficulties, made by the people of the inn, about our passport being returned to us properly *visé*; and also, as it turned out, about a pretended scarcity of horses; we were, at last, told that every thing was ready for our departure; when *smash* went the splinter-bar of the Britzchka, which the postilion deliberately ran against a curb-stone under the wide gateway. To proceed in that state was out of the question. One of my sons, who had witnessed the occurrence, was convinced that it had been the result of a wilful act of the postilion; and the inspection of the part, when I came out to ascertain the cause of the *fracas*, equally convinced me and a friend of mine of that fact. On being accused of this the fellow pretended to be either drunk or an idiot, but certainly not in his senses. I appealed to the people of the hotel, who, as a matter of course, allowed me to vapour away my ire, without affording me the smallest hope of redress. At length I succeeded, by applying, in person, to the postmaster at his office, to bring an inspector of that establishment with me to the hotel, when it was discovered *that the horses*

had never been regularly ordered at the post-house as I had desired ; and that, when the people of the inn found me quite determined to leave Carlsbad, they had procured a pair of horses from the country, with a common peasant to drive them, who, either through malice or ignorance, had contrived to put me in a condition to be obliged to remain at the “Golden Shield,” and there swell the already extravagant bill. On asking for the attendant who had received instructions from me, early in the morning, to order *regular* post-horses for the afternoon, and who had reported that he had done so, that person could not be found, although but three minutes before he had received the amount of my bill. I claimed next the assistance of the sundry members of the establishment present, one by one,—including one of the youngster counts De Bolza,—to get me out of my dilemma ; but they respectively shrugged their shoulders and exclaimed, “*Je n’ai rien à faire à cela !*” The Imperial Royal Cesarean inspector, however, soon settled the question, by sending for the best *carrossier* in the place, who, after examining the fracture, proposed binding it up with splinters and iron clamps ; an operation which, being ordered to be forthwith done, was so skilfully performed that its good effects lasted me, without any sub-

sequent trouble, through the remainder of my long and often rude peregrinations of more than two thousand five hundred miles ere I again reached England. A wink of the imperial officer to my lady proprietress of the hotel, and a whisper into the ear of *Mine Herr* the *carrossier*, after he had finished his job, with a “Bon voyage, monsieur, vous n’avez rien à payer,” to myself—as I entered the carriage—showed unequivocally the opinion which that officer had formed of the transaction, as well as his sense of justice.

This little *contre-temps* ; the extravagance of the charges ; the very bad attendance ; the confusion which seemed to prevail in the whole establishment ; and the *mesquine* manner in which the apartments are furnished, induce me to exclaim,—Oh ! if ever I visit Carlsbad again, *shield* me from the “ ECU D’OR.”



GENERAL VIEW OF MARIENBAD.

CHAPTER IV.

MARIENBAD.

Road from Carlsbad to Marienbad—The Abbey of Teplé—
Discovery of the spring—Origin of the Spa—Road from
the Bavarian frontier to Marienbad—Iron macadamizing
—The country and the peasantry—The valley of Plan—
Manufacturing of *cruchons*—A stone bottle soon made—
First view of Marienbad—The garden Spa of Bohemia—A
Grecian-doric temple—*Klinger's Gasthof*—Hotel at Ma-
rienbad—Their relative position, size, and accommodation
—Baden and Marienbad contrasted as residences—Pure
not better than blue gilt—Principal hotels in Marienbad—
Prince Murawiew's—Description of *Karlowa's*—Expenses
—Over Marienbad—Second-rate hotels—Lodging-houses
—Shops—Dr. Harnack—His character—Reception—
General view of the Marienbad waters.

If the traveller, on quitting Carlsbad, wishes
to visit Marienbad, which lies at the distance of
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IF the traveller, on quitting Carlsbad, wishes to visit *Marienbad*, which lies at the distance of little more than twenty English miles, he does not follow the great *Chaussée* mentioned in the last chapter, but takes another road more directly south. This, after accompanying for a while the river Teple, reaches a small town called

Einsiedel, placed on a considerable eminence, from whence there is a most interesting view of verdant hills, villages and small towns, many of them picturesquely located. On the summit of one of those hills, the Abbey of Teple rears, at some distance on the left, its monastic walls and towers; while the patrimonial chateau of Prince Metternich (Königswarth) appears on the right, and immediately beyond it MARIENBAD.

The once powerful and now still opulent Abbot of Teple, is the lord of Marienbad. In 1807 an experienced and observant physician, who resided in the monastery, and had for many years witnessed the salutary effect of the water which the peasantry in the neighbourhood used to draw from particular sources in the valley between *Teple* and *Auschwitz*, undertook a more accurate investigation of it, and satisfied himself of its great efficacy in many diseases. The abbot, at his suggestion, first erected a building for the reception of patients; but this proving quite insufficient to contain all those who flocked to the spring in consequence of its rising fame, other buildings were quickly erected, which were likewise immediately occupied.

As at this time, bathing was the principal mode of application of the water in question—a

bath-house was constructed in 1810 for that purpose. In 1812, several more dwelling-houses were added; and warm mud-baths, together with the internal use of the water from one particular source, were introduced with excellent effect, as part of the treatment of such invalids as visited this place. Until then, however, the world generally continued in total ignorance of the existence of these mineral springs.

It was not till 1813 that Doctor NEHR, the physician alluded to, made them known to Europe, under the name of Marienbad-waters. The numerous cases of successful cures effected by them, which he related in his book, caused many patients to repair to the spot; but such was the condition of it for some time, with regard to accommodation, that even in 1817, the worthy doctor recommended to his invalids to bring their own bed to Marienbad.

Soon after, the Count Francis Kolowrat Liebstensky, great Bourgrave, through his own exertions, and that of many friends who like himself took an interest in the establishment of this Spa, was the means of converting this little colony into a large and important village, and the number of buildings in it not only increased rapidly, but were erected with peculiar taste and elegance.

Such was the commencement of the Spa of Marienbad, whither I have been conducting my readers from Carlsbad, and where I found myself after a long and tedious, though at times interesting journey, from the little frontier-towns of Tirschenreuth and Mehring, in Bavaria.

Marienbad then is a watering-place of the other day; and yet it may be said to vie already with the principal Spas of Germany, for the beauty of situation and embellishments, the great affluence of strangers to it from every part of Europe, and the tried efficacy of its springs.

As some of my readers may desire to know something respecting the road I took to reach this Spa, from the time of my leaving Bavaria, I will go back to the spot where,—after having gone through the ceremony of a minor custom-house station, placed in the centre of one of the great smelting districts so common in that portion of the great Bohemian Forest (Böhmerwald) belonging to Austria, we proceeded at a slow pace down into the great valley of Plan, where the road is of recent construction.

Nothing can be more scientifically or technically combined. Advantage has been taken of the immense quantity of iron slags derived from the smelting furnaces, which are pounded

or triturated into a sort of coarse sand, by a mill erected for that purpose, at the foot of one of the lesser hills in a romantic dell, watered by a mountain stream. The surface of that part of the road had acquired all the compactness, as well as the colour, of a cast-iron plate, which, as it caught the rays of the sun, twinkled in a thousand places with pleasing and variously tinted lights. The road is wide enough for three carriages abreast, and the trees of the forest have been cleared away at least thirty feet from its margins. Should the Austrian Government continue, as intended, their own part of this road as far as Marienbad, in imitation of the portion already finished by Bavaria, the *trajet* from Tirschenreuth to that place will be as agreeable as, and more commodious than, the road already alluded to, from Tirschenreuth to Eger. As it is, however, after quitting the mine district, and leaving the mountain range behind us, we had nothing but difficulties to encounter; and it required a strong-built carriage, dragged by four horses, to withstand the jolts and shakes of our foot-pace journey.

The country is rich in fruit-trees, and the fields were covered with heavy crops. Cultivation seems to have been carried, as in the valleys of the Mourg and La Salza, into every crevice,

or wherever the least semblance of soil or *detritus* afforded a chance for the development of the seed. Abundance of food and fuel appears evident in the interior of every cottage; although the exterior of them, and of the villages generally, are any thing but inviting.

Here again I could not help noticing the very favourable appearance, and the fine and excellent complexion, of the women and children, particularly of the latter. At the sight of them, and of many of the men whom we met in the fields—and whom I sought in their farms during this entire day of peregrination—a doubt darted across my mind,—which I should like to be able to solve by appropriate researches,—whether these portions of the Bohemian wald were not colonized, in years far gone, by people from other regions of Europe. Nothing can be more strikingly different than the physiognomy of the people whom we met and conversed with in that *bandeau* of the forest through which we passed, or among the ravines and narrow mining valleys belonging to it, or on the plains nearest to them—and that of the true Germans, through whose country we had been travelling for so many days, and whom we had just left.

The extensive valley of Plan lies between the

first range of the *Böhmer Gebirge*, from which we had just descended, and the next and more easterly chain of it, on which Marienbad is situated. The small but limpid river *Mies* waters it, and the road winds through extensive corn-fields with which this plateau is covered. At Kутtenplan the road takes a sudden turn northwards, and leaving the villa of Count *Berchheim*, and its lofty, elegant summer kiosk, which is an object of attraction to the visitors of the Spa—proceeds towards a well-wooded hillock, by which the temple of health we were seeking is screened from view. The panorama of the several hills in this place is pleasing, but has none of the severer character of mountainous districts.

We had now once more gained the high road, which we had left some time before we reached Kутtenplan, and were within half an hour's drive of Marienbad; yet nothing announced the approach to that place. Herds of very small cows were met, driven in different directions by fine healthy-looking peasants; some of whom were escorting light carts, laden with the produce of the field, to which were yoked a couple of oxen of the same small breed. These animals resemble in size the Welsh cows, but they have a far prettier head and prettier limbs, and their coat is of a uniform rich brown tint, sleek

and shining. Here and there a group of peasants, of both sexes, might be seen walking, invariably barefooted, through the stubble fields and over the pebbled road; and, certainly, nothing around us seemed to indicate that we were within a few minutes of an assemblage of gentle blood, crowded in gay saloons, or dispersed through groves and gladsome promenades.

This observation, made at the time to my young travelling companions, had scarcely escaped my lips when, by a turn in the road, an object came suddenly in view, which bespoke what was to follow. That object was the large building in which the *cruchons*, for the exportation of the Marienbad waters, are manufactured,—with its adjoining furnace for burning them, and, as an auxiliary, a light gay-looking refreshment-house, much frequented by the visitors of Marienbad. We alighted to see the establishment, and, for a *zwanziger*, ($1\frac{1}{2}d.$) were admitted to witness the various stages of the operation, which well repays the half-hour spent in seeing it.

The establishment is situated near an extensive pond, on a clay soil. Several men are seated on a form, around a square room, twirling most dexterously, and with incredible

rapidity, with both their feet, a horizontal stone wheel, having a shaft of wood, which rises from its centre, and supports a much smaller wheel, at an elevation of about two feet and a half from the ground. The smaller wheel, which is of wood, serves as a stand for the lump of prepared clay, which the hand of the artificer is to convert into a tall bottle or *cruchon*. The size, shape, and colour of this lump of clay remind one of an exactly similar lump of dough, about to be changed into a threepenny loaf. This lump being once placed on the *rondelet*, or small wooden wheel, the workman twirls, with his feet, the lower one, in the manner alluded to, while he, at the same time by the force of his fingers, and sometimes his thumb, pressed now inwardly, and now outwardly, and upon various points of the lump of clay, converts it first into a hollow cylindrical cup, then elongates it upwards, then gives to it an external shape, then smooths it by the application of a small wooden tool, and lastly, cuts it off the stand, from the bottom, and the *cruchon* is created. It is by pressing the two thumbs within the mass, which has exactly the consistence of dough, while it goes rapidly round, that the workman makes the hollow of the bottle, pulling the materials at the same time upwards. The whole operation oc-

cupied precisely one minute by my watch ; and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred couples of *cruchons* are thus manufactured daily by a single workman.

The fixing of the short handle to the bottle is the duty of another workman, who does sixteen of them at a time. This number of *cruchons*, taken from those which have been exposed for some time to the outer air to dry, is placed before him for that purpose, arranged obliquely, on a board eight by eight. Having got his long flat bits of clay ready, the operation of fastening them to the neck and shoulder of the *cruchon*, cutting off the projecting end of the bit, and impressing the stamp of an M underneath the stag's horns, (which constitute the mark of this Spa,) are the work of an instant. Thus prepared, the bottles are soon after sent to the furnace to be burnt.

The clay is taken from some deep quarries in the immediate neighbourhood. It is properly mixed with water ; kneaded with the feet, by a powerful man, for a long time ; spread out afterwards into large sheets, of an inch and a half in thickness, which are divided into slips, and rolled up, as slips of turf are ; and out of these the properly-sized lumps, weighing two pounds and three ounces, are cut for the artificer.

Not a few of my readers who may have been

for a season at Marienbad, will, on reading this description, recollect the pleasant half-hour they have passed in the manner I did, as one of the customary *distractions* of the place,—which is not rich in artificial amusements.

What appeared to us to be an immense garden, or *parterre*,—a sort of enclosure in the Regent's park, surrounded by lofty, gay, and Italian-looking buildings—but with a far more enchanting and inspiring scenery in its immediate background, than that region of famed London can boast of,—presented itself at last, below the level on which we were travelling, over a straight, wide, well-gravelled, and well parapetted road. It was MARIENBAD, which, as originally intended, is arranged in the form of, and resembles, a very large garden, and may properly be styled, the “Garden-Spa of Bohemia.” The first impression is quite delightful, and we stopped for some minutes to enjoy its contemplation.

Immediately before we descended into the valley, we passed the higher Spring, called the *Ferdinands Brunnen*; towards which elegant Grecian-doric edifice (consisting of a circular temple placed over the spring, and two square symmetrical *corps de logis* with neat porticos united by a running arcade with the centre building), numbers of gaily-dressed people

were directing their steps, along a shaded and serpentine walk. This spring,—one of the most *achalandés* after the principal source,—is placed at the foot of a range of rounded hills thickly wooded, and at the termination of a smiling *prairie*. The pretty footpath just alluded to, leads to it, and also to the village of *Auschwitz* near it,—following the course of a small rivulet of that name, from Marienbad, through the valley. As we descended into it, along the carriage-road, the smiling plain appeared more and more studded with dwellings; while the high grounds on each side and in front presented dense masses of oaks and fir-trees to their very summits.

Having once reached the level of the expanded plantation or great garden of Marienbad, our postilion dashed along the centre road which crosses it, and deposited us under the gateway of a magnificent-looking hotel, facing the entrance into the village (for I know not whether I should style it a town), and called KLINGER'S *Gasthof*.

As I am on the subject of hotels,—which in a place like Marienbad, form an object of nearly equal importance with its waters,—I may as well dispose of all I have to say respecting them for the information of my readers. Marienbad is in reality an assemblage of hotels, and little else,

around three or four mineral springs. But of such hotels—both with regard to the buildings and their interior accommodations and decorations—no place in the world, except Berlin and Frankfort, presents the like. Having all been erected within the last seven or eight years, and with a view to receive exclusively *la crème de la haute société*—at a particular season of the year—no expense or ingenuity has been spared to make them truly worthy of such guests.

Some of the principal of these establishments stand in a long line at the north side of the great centre garden, facing the entrance into Marienbad from Egra and Bavaria; and our own enjoyed, equally with many of them, the finest prospect. From our window on the second floor (having declined occupying some of the state apartments on the principal story, into which I had been ushered at first, but from which I quickly withdrew with modest dread) our eyes rested at once on almost every part of the colony, with the exception of the principal source, and what is called Ober Marienbad,—which lie too far behind to be seen from our apartment. The wide opening or entrance into the valley, in front of us, showed a distant horizon, shaped by the undulating line of the great range of the Böhmerwald, in which the majestic *Pfauenberg* rears

its towering head, crowned with a ruined castle; and between the horizon and Marienbad stretches, to a distance of several miles, the flat and highly-cultivated country, watered by the *Mies*, which we had just traversed.

The effect of this favourable situation on my feelings, and of all I saw around me, bearing the imprint of a yesterday's creation, and enlivened by the loveliest nature imaginable, was quite refreshing to a wearied and jaded traveller. I could not help reverting to the sensation I experienced at Baden-baden, and acknowledged at once the vast difference between a *rural* and a *town* Spa. I would rather pass two months at Marienbad, physically speaking, than a week at Baden. You feel that you want room to breathe, in the latter place. You expand your lungs here, with freedom and elasticity. The air is lighter, purer, and more ethereal; and when, after a summer's shower (not uncommon in this place), the heat of day is partly quenched, and the dusty drives made more pleasant, the renewed freshness of the atmosphere, carrying on its wings a balmy fragrance from the surrounding forests—and the deeper green with which the white Grecian and Roman looking buildings of this lovely place are intermingled in profusion,—add to the beauty of the scene, and

almost convert it into one of enchantment. This of itself, would, I feel convinced, cure many of those vile stomach-disorders which, in London, medical men hope and strive in vain to cure with that eternal and never-varying *blue pill*, and its *sable* follower "the draft in the morning."

In the same range of houses with us are the hotels called the *Römer*, the *Falken*, the *Goldenen Adler*, and the *Teples-haus*. The same extensive plantation, with its many winding footpaths and the wide carriage-road, alluded to before, lies stretched in front of them all. At right angles with this row of houses, on the right hand, and by the side of a wide carriage-road, which runs between it and the centre garden, stretches another long line of first-rate modern buildings, interrupted only by a new road, which leads, in zigzag lines, to one of the distant objects for a promenade in Marienbad, called *Jagerhaus*, on the summit of the *Schneiderrang*. Most of these buildings are first-rate hotels, among which are the White Swan, the Golden Anchor, and the Berlinerhof. One is the Post-office, and the rest private houses, of two of which Prince Metternich is the owner. In one of these, which has an extensive range of *stables*, his highness resides

during the season. The other he lets, and he is wise in so doing. All these buildings have an eastern aspect—pleasant enough in summer. They are erected on level ground, like the hotels on the north side, forming, as it were, two sides of the great centre garden or square in the middle of Marienbad. They enjoy a full view of the various buildings on the opposite side; including the several *quellen*, the baths, and the promenade. These are placed on different points of the declivity of a lofty hill, called the *Mühlberg*, whose forested sides screen the village, in a beautiful amphitheatre-like style, from the east wind, adding a pretty feature to the landscape.

I consider *Klinger's* Gasthof as not only the first hotel in the place, but as a perfect model of what a vast hotel for the higher classes of society ought to be, in any part of Europe. Judging from what I saw of it, I must say that the trite observation, so often and so complacently made and repeated in England, “that in leaving home for any of the watering-places abroad one must bid adieu to all comforts of a domestic nature, and still more so to luxuries,” if totally inapplicable to Baden, is even less applicable to Marienbad, which surpasses it, as it surpasses also Carlsbad in that respect, *longo intervallo*.

At *Klinger's* we find not only spacious and profusely furnished apartments (indeed many of them on the principal story are fit for potentates), but a cleanliness, and a precision of appointments and attendance not surpassed, and I doubt if at all equalled, by the best hotels in London and Paris. The furniture is of the very best description, and in the best style; the beds are excellent; there is plenty of good linen; and the oak floors are kept polished and unstained. There is a method of discipline and arrangement among the male and female attendants, which I have never seen in any other part of Europe, and which is worthy of imitation. The establishment is immense. It consists of two lofty principal stories, besides the *Rez de Chaussée*. It contains fifty apartments, composed of bedrooms and sitting-rooms, and there are four kitchens, (how the *gourmands* will rejoice at that!) and accommodation for twenty horses and thirty carriages. I need hardly say that the hotel is always full during the season.

Another very large building, at the western extremity of the same row of houses, which I have called the *Teple-haus*, is an edifice looking very much like a palace, three sides of which are just completed. It belongs to the monks of the Abbey of Teple, and is divided into chambers,

which are to be let at various rents, from two to ten florins a week. The style of architecture of the building is in good keeping with the fine edifices near it. One would imagine that it was intended to stand the shock of ages to come,—so solid are the materials of which it is built—principally red sandstone—the same material with which nearly all the other houses are built, and which is brought from no great distance.

I take up *Mine Herr* JOHANN ALBERT KLINGER's *Rechnung*, and I find that I paid him thirty kreutzers per head for a breakfast, forty kreutzers for supper, a florin for dinner, without wine, and two florins and a half a day for two sleeping-rooms and a sitting-room, including wax-lights at night. At the table d'hôte in this house the price of the dinner is still lower. I know not whether in the full of the season mine host Klinger would be as moderate in his charges; but of this I am certain, that in no other part of the world can one expect to live so cheaply in such a palace; nor would one grumble to pay even a little more to live in it. I must add, in justice to the master, and to one, if not two (for I forget the number of the individuals, though not the impression of their urbanity) of his fair daughters, that I have never met with more *empressement* or graceful civility than I received at their

hands. I wish them all the success they richly deserve.

I imagine that almost all the principal or first-rate hotels are conducted, with regard to prices, much in the same manner; at least, I know that such is the case at two or three other hotels, at which some of my friends were staying; so that *Marienbad* may be set down as not only an extremely agreeable, but also as a very cheap place to live at—much more so, infinitely so, than Carlsbad in the latter respect.

That part of the town which, as I hinted before, is called Ober Marienbad, and which I have not yet described, for it is not seen from any of the points I have been delineating, contains likewise, right and left of the principal source which occupies its centre, several minor hotels, and some lodging-houses. It is here, also, that the few permanent shops are to be met with—one perhaps of each trade—but with no great display of merchandise. As is the case with the larger hotels, the prices of the apartments and the repasts in these minor places are also fixed; and an invalid knows at once, by inspecting the list, what expense he will incur, according to the choice he has made of his dwelling, and the manner in which he chooses to live.

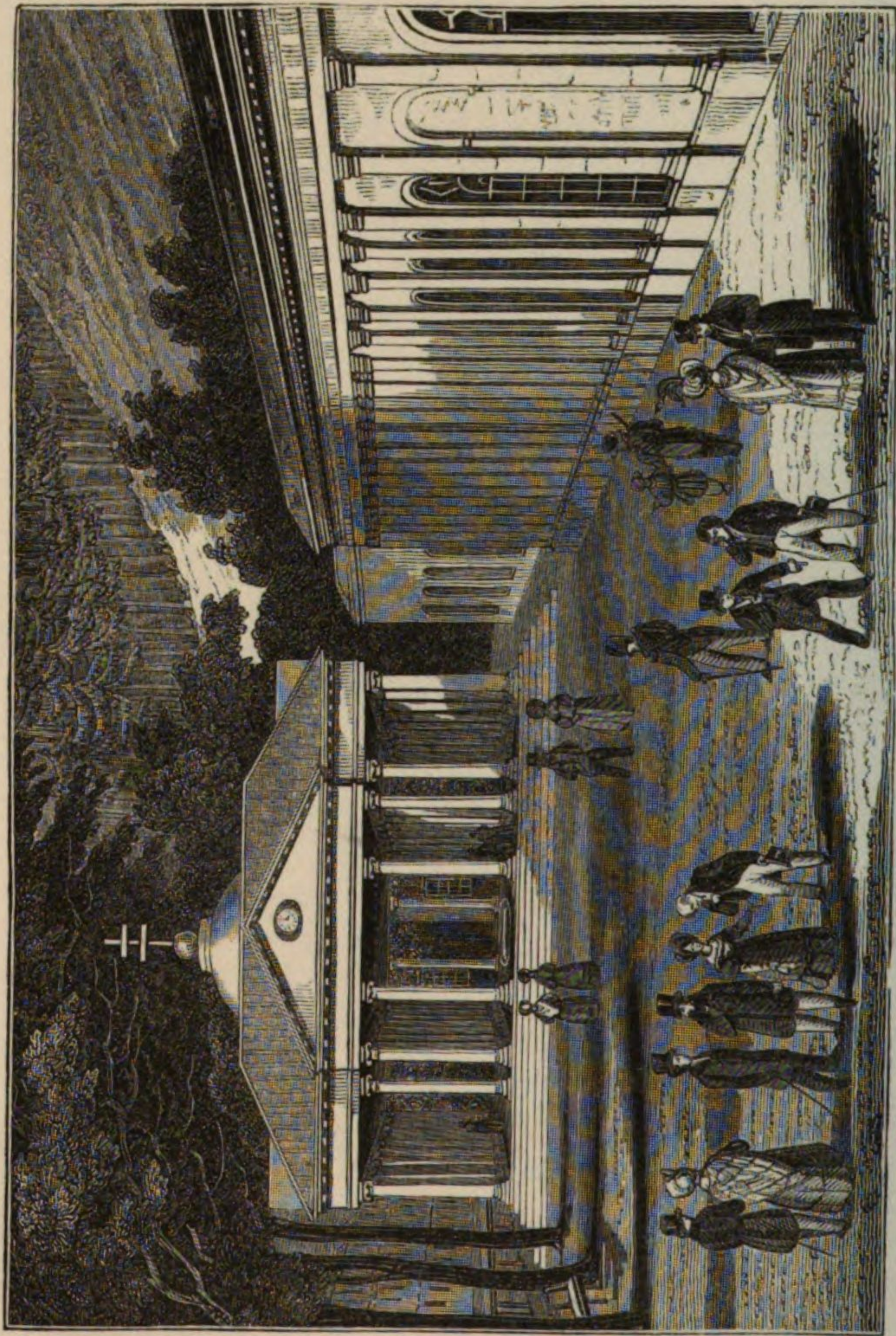
Having disposed of this important part of my investigation at Marienbad, which has enabled me to collect information that will not be received with indifference by those of my readers who may contemplate a trip to that Spa, let me introduce them into the *cabinet des consultations* of Dr. Heidler, at the end of a neat suit of rooms on the ground-floor of the Römer hotel.

Dr. Heidler is the royal and imperial inspector of the mineral waters of Marienbad, and the leading physician of the place. His reputation as such is grounded on various valuable works he has published, in German as well as French ; which latter language he speaks with fluency. Many of those works concern Marienbad, and may be consulted with advantage by those of his brethren who wish to become acquainted with the medical efficacy of the Brunnen in that garden Spa. Equally versed in some of the branches of natural sciences, Dr. Heidler is on the eve of publishing a catalogue of the collections of plants and geological specimens peculiar to Marienbad, formed and presented to him by two illustrious visitors to that place, Prince Frederick of Saxony, and Goethe ; to which he has added not only appropriate descriptions, but many more specimens

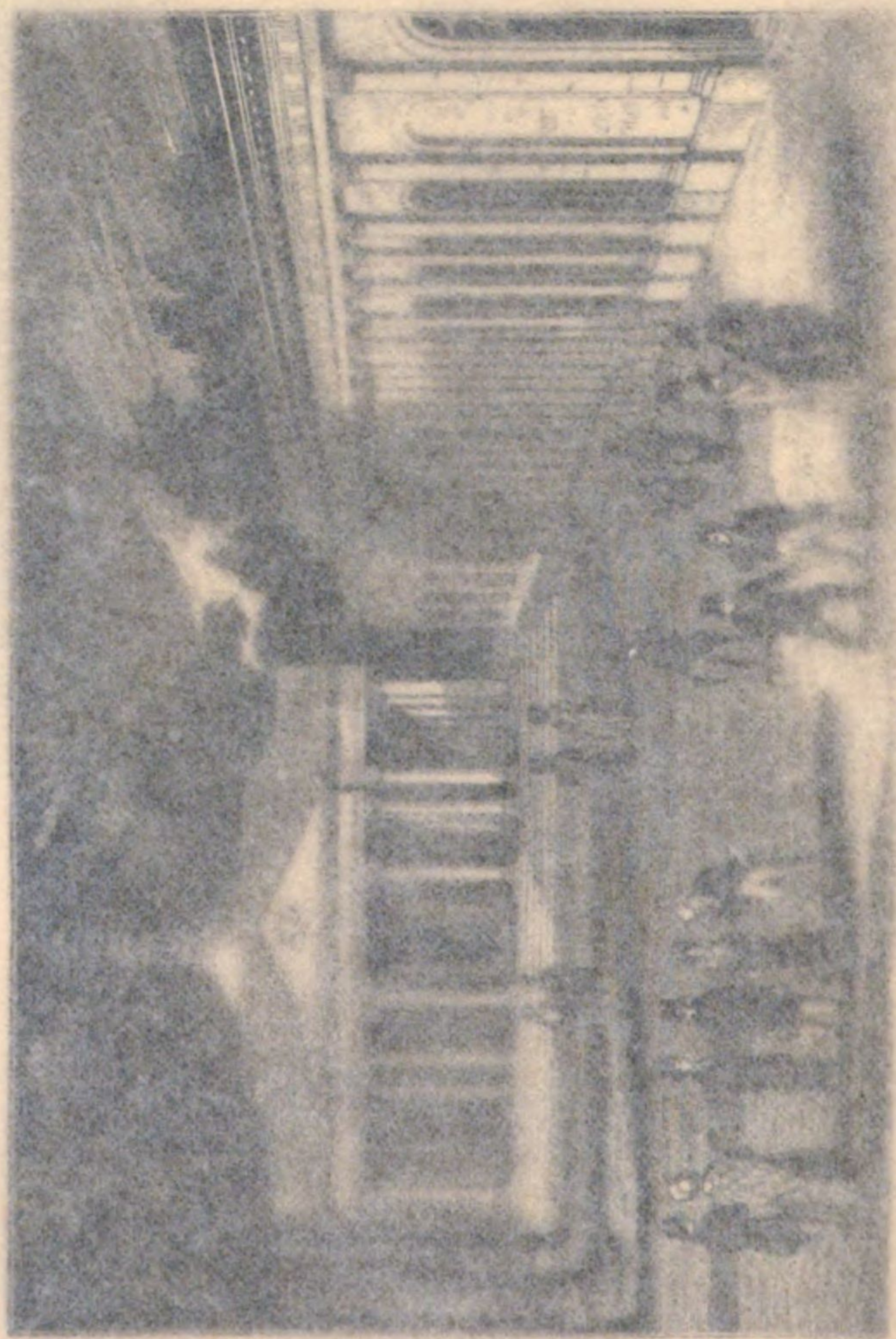
collected by himself. The vicinity of Marienbad is rich in mineralogical specimens, as well as in other objects of natural history. Pechstein, Chrysolite, Rose-quartz, Cyanite, Bergkork, Garnets, Basalt, Lava, Crystallized Hornblende, Augite, and Malachite, are met with, within a circle of a few miles around the place.

My reception by this able physician was flattering and kind. After discoursing, at great length, on the several points which I had come to Marienbad to investigate, he accompanied me to the several sources or springs, explaining to me their nature and efficacy, and the mode in which they were used. All the Marienbad waters are cold, and the springs are found on flat ground ; some issuing from peat or a marshy soil, others from fissures in the granite. They are all accompanied by more or less of free carbonic acid gas, which imparts to them a sharpness or tartness that disguises in some degree their natural saline taste. They are all transparent at their first issue, but soon become turbid. Around the circular shaft which contains the waters, a yellow-ochry sediment takes place ; and the bottom of the glasses employed for drinking them, after long use, is also stained indelibly by the same sediment. The waters of all the springs feel cold to the stomach immediately

after being drank, and the gas rises into the head, in the same manner as after drinking a glass of champagne. Their specific gravity and precise temperature, as well as chemical composition, will be found in the general analytical table of the mineral waters at the end of this volume.



KREUTZBRUNNEN AT MARIENBAD.



CHAPTER V.

MARIENBAD—*concluded.*

The KREUTZBRUNNEN—The doctor's idol—Promenade-Saal—The terrace—Morning assemblage of invalids at the spring—Character of the water and effect of it on the author—Veal broth—What is a breakfast at Marienbad?—The CAROLINENBRUNNEN—The AMBROSIUSBRUNNEN—Physical properties—The MARIENBRUNNEN—Curious discharge of gas—Comparative chemical composition—The FERDINANDSBRUNNEN—Carbonic gas from granite—Heat and gas—The WALDQUELLE—Distribution of the waters—Medical virtues of the different springs—Stomach complaints—Solvent power—Circulation—Nerves—Female constitution—Gout—Rheumatism—Dr. HEIDLER's and the author's opinions—Exportation of the waters—The two BATHING houses—WATER baths—Effect on the author—GAS baths—Description—Singular case of recovery—Doctor STRUVE—MUD baths—The last season—Social intercourse and mode of life at Marienbad—Royalty—The Queen of Bavaria and King Otho—Tip-top society—Princess Maria Theresa ESTERHAZY—The future queen of the French—Chevalier SPONTINI—The English—The cidevant beau B.—Lady O.—Marchioness of A.—*Equipages*—Sum total of happiness at Marienbad.

THE absorbing object in Marienbad is the KREUTZBRUNNEN. The reputation of this Spa, as a medical agent, has been made in a great measure to depend on this, the principal spring in the place, which Dr. Heidler lauds to the sky, and looks upon as a panacea in all chronic com-

plaints, but particularly those of the digestive organs. Of the other waters he thinks but lightly. The *Kreutzbrunnen* is his oracle, and the affection he bears it, is almost romantic. This spring is his *maîtresse*, and he will scarcely allow any superiority either to Egra or to Carlsbad,—although he is aware, that there, also, the principal physicians bear an equally ardent and undivided love to the object of their adoration—the *Sprudel*, or the *Franzesbrunnen*. Let the reader cast a glance at the view of this idol of Dr. Heidler, fronting the head of the present chapter. Placed in the centre of an elegant rotunda, lateral colonnades are joined to it, in double and triple rows, with a square parterre of flowers between them. These, like the rest of the building, are, in part, covered by wide skylights; so that, even in the coldest weather, the most delicate invalid may venture here—being quite protected from both wind and rain. On the right of the spectator is the great saloon or *Promenade-Saal*, which affords a sheltered walk to the water-drinker in wet weather. During fine days, however, the wide terrace in front of the spring is preferred, and is generally crowded. It leads in a straight line to another spring called the *Carolinenbrunnen*. A range of temporary little bazaar shops are placed in

a building at the farther end of the covered promenade ; and, in a contiguous saloon, an orchestra of string instruments perform during the hours of drinking the waters. The effect of the sound in the long room is fine and quite theatrical.

I was on the spot as early as six o'clock in the morning. The company were just beginning to assemble ; and by seven, the increasing buzz of voices, the babilonic dialects of many nations, the crowd on the terrace, and the throng near the circular basin of the Brunnen, announced the height of the ceremony,—which continues every morning till nine and even ten o'clock. At this moment the display of *sans-façon* costumes of all colours ; of round, flat, square, and high peaked caps and hats ; of the long, and the dwarfish, the straight and the convoluted pipes, of the loungers who drink no water but swallow smoke ; the different gait of the invalids, their looks, faces, and complexion—offer, altogether, a very amusing sight.

I again drank a glass of the cold water, as I had done the day before. It felt uncomfortable to the stomach for a short time, but walking removed that feeling. Its taste is pleasant and *piquant*. I then mixed it with an equal quantity of the same water heated

in stone jugs over a charcoal fire, kept on purpose close at hand. The temperature of the mixture was at first 90° , going down rapidly to 84° , ere I could exhaust the glass. The taste then was exactly like that of veal broth, clear of fat, and with a little salt in it—very pleasant! After the prescribed walks I again quaffed a second and a third, and, lastly, a fourth goblet of the same mixture, *bien entendu*, on an empty stomach. Dr. Heidler, who was at his post, conversing with and consulted by every one who approached the spring, and to all of whom he had some pretty *rien* to say,—was watching my progress, and my simultaneous examination of the spring and its temperature. He at length came to me, and advised hot mineral water to be added, until the mixture had acquired, by my own thermometer, the temperature of the Sprudel at Carlsbad, so that I could scarcely swallow it. The water had lost, then, the pleasant *goût de bouillon*, and had acquired a stronger, more sapid, more saltish taste, somewhat astringent. Great emission of the gas, or eructations, followed; but the head remained clear, and the digestive organs *still*. The addition of the heated to the cold mineral water instantly destroys its limpidity, and it assumes a gruelly appearance. Ere I quitted the terrace,

I had disposed of ten glasses, each containing perhaps six ounces of water. After such a performance I proceeded to breakfast, with what appetite I could; and *mum* as to the result. A solvent effect of the water had been required for four days by the patient,—who is not generally fond of, nor constrained to use, his own physic while travelling.

Breakfast, I said? Why even at the celebrated *Klinger's*, they have but a faint idea of what an Englishman calls a comfortable early breakfast. Here they place you in the billiard-room, at the extreme end of a long table, or at one of the little side-tables—with a most dingy-coloured breakfast-cloth, which they call a *frustignap*,—and give you a single cup of coffee, with a *brioche* or a *petit pain* and some butter—and, if required, an egg also! Of each of these articles the price is fixed. A *tasse de caffè* costs 12 kreutzers (4*d.*)—a service of tea, *tant bien que mal*, 40 (K), and chocolate is 45 kreutzers. While on the subject of prices for eating, I may as well state that each *couvert* at the table d'hôte, which is numerously attended, in the dining-room at *Klinger's*, is charged one florin and four kreutzers.

The reader will be pleased now to follow me to the other mineral springs; and first to the

elegant *Carolinen*: to which the throng generally extend their walk from the *Kreutzbrunnen*. The water springs out of a moory earth, and is covered by a handsome rotunda of eight Corinthian pillars. The reservoir is of wood, surrounded by a stone circle. It fills itself in 49 minutes, and calculating that time, with the quantity of the contents of the reservoir, the spring would seem to supply 596.26 cubic feet of water in 24 hours. The greatest part of the abflux of the *Carolinen* is made to flow into a reservoir, capable of containing 700 cubic feet of water.

The Gothic *tempietto*, within which is enshrined the *Ambrosiusbrunnen*, is only a few yards distant from the preceding spring, and seems to supply nearly the same water, deprived of a small quantity of common salt and carbonate of iron. Both springs have the same temperature; which, being as low as 48° of Fahrenheit, drinks pleasantly cold during the hot days of July and August. They contain more than one cubic inch of free carbonic gas for each cubic inch of water, and are therefore not only *petillantes* and pleasantly pungent, but seem to be in perpetual motion at the surface of their reservoirs. The first sensible qualities of these two waters resemble those of the *Stahlbrunn* at Schwalbach,

of which I shall give an account hereafter, and of Bruchenuau.

More towards the east of the great plantation, after meandering among and round copses of trees tastefully laid out, we reach the original, the primitive spring, the MARIENBRUNNEN, situated in a moory soil, immediately behind a range of buildings which form the old bathing-establishment. Being placed on a higher level than the bath-house, this spring supplies, in a direct way, the necessary cold water to the bath-rooms, without suffering any decomposition. The discharge of gas from this spring is exceedingly curious. In form it is square, and about forty feet wide. It is covered all round and above with a wooden building. Innumerable currents of carbonic acid gas spring from a hundred points, upwards and sideways, shooting or darting across and in all directions, and imparting to the surface of the deep reservoir the appearance of an immense vat in a state of active fermentation, the noise of which is audible at a considerable distance. This water seems to contain very little else than an enormous quantity of carbonic acid gas in solution. In about 12 ounces of it, little more than three quarters of a grain of solid elements are to be found ; whereas, in the same quantity of water of the *Kreutzbrunnen*,

Carolinenbrunnen, and *Ambrosiusbrunnen*, the solid contents stand in the ratios of $51\frac{3}{4}$ grains, 9 grains, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ grains. A stratum of carbonic acid gas nearly three feet deep, constantly hovers above the surface, with which the usual experiments made at *La grotta del Cane* are here repeated, for the amusement of the visiter. Were it not that the building has several Venetian jalousied windows, which admit of a perpetual ventilation, both by day and by night, it would not be safe to enter it at any time. The bottom of the spring looks dark, and the surface of the water somewhat greenish and turbid. The *Marienbrunnen* is considered as holding in solution also a small proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen gas; and the use of the usual tests (not to mention the smell which one perceives on entering the building, particularly on the approach of rain, and which gave to the spring the distinction of *puante*) would seem to warrant the supposition.

The last of the springs to be enumerated is the one already alluded to, as being situated near the village of *Auschwitz*, half an English mile distant from Marienbad. It formerly bore the name of *Salzbrunnen*, until it was enclosed, in 1819, at which time it formed a large marsh. After clearing away

the moor, and reaching the firm bottom, at the depth of several feet, the spring was seen to flow out of a hard granite rock, accompanied by the escape of gas, in such quantities, that the digging could only be carried on for a few hours, towards noon of each day. The spring is now called the *Ferdinandsbrunnen*, in honour of the then heir of the Austrian crown, and now reigning emperor. Its water was analyzed by Steinman and Berzelius. Its solid contents, which are somewhat analogous in nature to those of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, amount in weight to $36\frac{1}{3}$ grains in twelve ounces of the water. But the *Ferdinandsbrunnen* holds in solution less Glauber salt and more oxide of iron, with a larger quantity of free carbonic acid gas than the *Kreutzbrunnen*. The proportion of that gas is nearly one cubic inch and a half for every cubic inch of the water. It is this water which is chiefly exported from Marienbad in glass and stone bottles, filled in the manner described so humorously by the author of "The Bubbles," in reference to the Seltzer water of Nassau.

On looking into the reservoir of this spring, the water appeared almost milky, from the immense quantity of minute bubbles of gas which were constantly passing through it. In a glass it looks beautifully transparent, and I found the

taste of it very agreeable and refreshing, *piquant*, and subacid at first, afterwards slightly saltish. Its temperature is about 54° of Fahrenheit; a degree of heat greater than that of the three firstmentioned springs. This circumstance, coupled with that of a larger quantity of gas contained in it, naturally leads one to believe that the *caloric* of these waters is in some degree connected with the presence of carbonic acid. Thus, again, in the *Marienbrunnen*, which contains so large a proportion of free carbonic gas, and so little of fixed salts, the degree of heat is not less than 56° of Fahrenheit.

Within the last few years a sixth spring has been discovered, in the heart of the forest behind, and at a short distance from Marienbad. It has, from the circumstance of its situation, received the name of *Waldquelle*. Over it a small rustic wooden circular temple has been erected; and there a little country-girl, in a neat costume, distributes, gratis (according to the usage at all the other springs), the pure and sparkling fluid in a crystal glass, dipped, by means of a glass receiver at the end of a long stick, into the bubbling spring. The operation being very expeditiously performed, no particles of the gas are lost in drinking it. Dr. HEIDLER seems to think lightly of this discovery; but, as

every stranger, who visited Marienbad, cried shame that such a new blessing should be neglected, he made a report to the abbot of Teple, got the spring put into its present state, and published an account of its qualities and character.

The medical virtue of the *Kreutzbrunnen* appears particularly conspicuous, in all the varieties of disorders by which the digestive functions are affected, no matter how severe in degree. The testimony of medical men, and of many of the patients themselves, who are, after all, the best witnesses, support the opinion of Dr. Heidler in this point. It is, says he, by the removal of faulty and offensive secretions previously lodging in the intestines, that the *Kreutzbrunnen* not only corrects, but improves, and, lastly, restores permanently the tone of the stomach and the appetite. While we were discussing this very subject, in the doctor's little library, Le Marquis de C —, bearing the name of one of the sturdiest and most intrepid, as well as skilful generals of republican France, came in. His long and complicated dyspepsia, hypochondriacism, and weakness of stomach, had been completely cured by a full course of the *Kreutzbrunnen*; and he admitted to me most thankfully the benefit he had derived from that water. The marquis seemed to be of that age at which

I have always found *melancholic* indigestion to be most prevalent, namely, between thirty-five and forty years. Hufeland used to boast that Goethe had been once completely restored to health from such a complaint, by drinking the *Kreutzbrunnen*. I might cite other examples among the visitors of Marienbad during the last season; but I forbear from any further personal allusion.

The diuretic power of the *Kreutzbrunnen* is very striking, from the very first to the last day of using it; nor is the solvent and purgative faculty it possesses less remarkable. Three or four beakers of the water suffice; though, in general, double that number is drank to produce absolute purgation. But I feel convinced that its solvent power would be increased, by being drunk mixed with an equal quantity of hot mineral water. When so taken, I hold the *Kreutzbrunnen* to be an invaluable remedy in all bilious complaints, without requiring the least assistance from mercury.

On the action of the heart and the pulse this water exerts considerable influence. At first it seems to disturb both; but as soon as its effect on the intestines is established, that disturbance ceases, and a well-being ensues, which is not readily obtained from the daily use of ordinary drugs. This property of the *Kreutzbrunnen*

renders it susceptible of application in cases where either the constitution or the age of the patient admits of no remedy productive of irritation; and, therefore, persons subject to apoplexy even, or such as are threatened with consumption of the lungs, may take the *Kreutzbrunnen* mixed either with hot mineral water or milk, for the removal of those disorders.

I confess myself incredulous respecting the asserted antispasmodic action of this spring. That it has cured three or four cases of nervous diseases is within my own knowledge; one of them a case of chorea, I admit—but in these cases the peccant matter, the cause of the disorder lay in the secreting organs of the digesting system, and the nerves were only secondarily affected.

On several of the affections peculiar to the female constitution, the influence of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, in many respects so interesting, is well marked, and indisputable. A noble lady the Marchioness of — who was still at Marienbad during my visit and Mrs. C—, may testify to this fact. I consider the water of three of the springs at Marienbad to be sufficient for the removal of most of the disorders of this class;—that of the first by acting as an expurgator and solvent; of the second by giving tone to vessels hitherto lax

or paralyzed ; and of the third by forcing, as it were, nature into a proper performance of its functions, after the removal of disease. But each case must be well studied, and care taken that the patient understands the manner, as well as the object, of the treatment.

I do not hold Marienbad to be a proper place for gouty or rheumatic patients. Cutaneous diseases are often cured by it, and—singularly enough—oftener than not, by producing a new and specific eruption on the skin. In general, however, I have observed that the continued use of saline mineral waters, even when the artificial ones of STRUVE are employed, produces critical eruptions on the skin ; still more so when they are drunk warm, or belong to the class of the thermal springs.

To conclude, I should be disposed to consider the *Kreutzbrunnen*, which is one of the ferruginous waters of Germany abounding most in Glauber salt, as a powerful solvent, partaking of the character of a tonic and excitant.

I am aware that, in a few points of this exposition of the virtues of the powerful springs at Marienbad, I dissent somewhat from Dr. Heidler. But he will be candid enough to confess himself too great an enthusiast—too blind a worshipper of the *Kreutzbrunnen*—to

be implicitly relied upon, in all the states of the effect of that water in the various disorders for which he has recommended it. The doctor holds it as an essential principle, that all mineral waters cure by evacuating vitiated humours; and as he has observed the *Kreutzbrunnen* to remove all such humours most effectually, he concludes that it will cure pretty nearly every disorder. Take him *cum grano salis*, Dr. Heidler will be found as safe and as judicious a practitioner as he is learned, accomplished, and highly educated. There are five other physicians and a surgeon, who practise at Marienbad during the season. Their names are Dr. A. E. Danzer, Dr. Franks, Dr. Opitz, Dr. Herzig, and Dr. Abel.

It is scarcely necessary to say aught respecting the virtues of the other waters of Marienbad. They may be guessed at by general readers, from the circumstance, that they contain fewer saline ingredients, and more iron, than the *Kreutzbrunnen*, and likewise more gas. The *Kreutzbrunnen* is the only other water which is exported besides the *Ferdinandsbrunnen*, as already stated.

The establishment where these waters are packed in bottles, and despatched to different parts of Europe to the extent of 400,000 bottles

yearly, is at the back of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, on a small eminence. They are sent off in cases of one, two, or four dozen of the large stone bottles, or of double that number of smaller bottles, for 2, $3\frac{3}{4}$, and 7 florins; and embarked at Aussig on the Elbe, from whence they generally proceed to Hamburg. The Emperor of Austria, unlike the Duke of Nassau, does not exact the smallest tax on the *cruchons*; and instead of giving the produce of the sale of the waters to enrich his treasury, the amount is, by the consent of the abbot of Teple, to be applied to the improvement and extension of Marienbad, so long as that colony may require such pecuniary assistance.

Marienbad, as I stated in another part of this account, is also a bathing-place. It was at one time, indeed, nothing more. It is more so, even now, than Carlsbad is. Besides the old bath-house behind the *Marienbrunnen*, by which it is supplied with the necessary water, new baths have been lately erected, which are supplied conjointly by the *Carolinen* and *Ambrosiusbrunnen*, and are considered as more ferruginous and tonic baths than those of the *Marienbrunnen*. The baths are seldom used cold. Sometimes a bath at a temperature of 100° has been recommended; but in general the tepid baths are the most useful,

as well as agreeable. The impression on the body, after a few minutes of the *Marienbrunnen* bath, is exciting, and the skin becomes red, even when the temperature of the water used has been only from 90° to 94° of Fahrenheit; an effect seldom produced by common water heated to the same degree. I noticed, while in the bath, that the entire surface of the body became covered with minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas, to the contact of which I attribute the sense of irritation produced on the skin. My pulse became firmer and somewhat quicker, and the beating of the temporal arteries sonorous. At first, a degree of gentle giddiness was produced, but I attributed it to the extrication of carbonic acid gas from the surface of the waters. The necessary quantity of hot water for a bath is obtained, through the means of a pump, out of great boilers, and is mixed at pleasure with the cold mineral water in the *baignoires*. The accommodations for the baths, the dressing-rooms, and other appurtenances, are unobjectionable. The prices are as moderate as at all the other Spas.

But the most extraordinary feature of Marienbad, as a bathing Spa, is the gas-baths. Such is the profusion with which carbonic gas issues every where from the earth here, that after heavy rains, when the ground is yet covered

with a film of water, bubbles of gas are seen in all directions, both in and about the town. This gas is not wholly pure carbonic acid, but is often mixed with sulphuretted hydrogen. I visited the gas-baths with my kind conductor, Dr. Heidler, in the same building in which a Russian vapour-bath and a mud-bath have been established. The first hint for the erection of gas-baths, in Marienbad, was given by Professor STRUVE of Dresden, owing to an experiment which he made on himself.

“The whole of my left leg,” says the doctor in his account, “from the hip-joint downwards, had been for years the seat of most violent pains, which often lasted for a considerable period, following principally the direction of the sciatic nerve; with these pains there was connected a great inactivity of the lymphatic vessels. The whole leg was covered with innumerable kernels as hard as stone. The latter vessels looked like overfilled arteries, and the nutrition of the limb had also suffered considerably; for it was half an inch thinner than the other. I was unable to go even the shortest distance, without the aid of a stick, and a person to support me; and exhaustion and pain were the general consequences of every little exertion of this kind.”.....
“Under these circumstances I rested my hopes

upon the dissolvent aperient nature of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, and on the enlivening effect of the baths, and fomentation with warm moor-earth. After ten days' trial of these without the least success, I resolved to try what effect the gas might have upon my diseased limb. With the assistance of a man to support me, I crawled with great difficulty to the *Marienbrunnen*, and taking off my boot, immersed the limb in the column of gas above the water. The first sensation was that of cold; but this was soon succeeded by an agreeable and increasing warmth, with a feeling as though ants were crawling upon the limb in particular parts, especially in the direction of the larger branches of the nerves. The sensation was very similar to that produced by a mustard poultice, when just beginning to act. After thirty minutes had elapsed I drew my foot out of the gas in which I had supported it, by means of a band, and began to return, with the caution which had become habitual to me,—supporting myself on my attendant. But who can describe my feelings, when every step showed me that fresh strength had returned into the diseased limb, and that the uninterrupted gnawing pain was gone. In my anxiety to show myself to those friends whose sympathy had been excited by my sufferings, I ran a dis-

tance, which, an hour before, all my exertions would not have enabled me to walk."

Dr. Struve, with whom I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted, confirmed to me last year, at Dresden, this account, taken from his own published narrative. He told me that he continued to use the gas-bath for three successive weeks, without omitting the internal use of the *Kreutzbrunnen* or the warm-water bath; after which time he left Marienbad, free from all his sufferings and ailments.

The success of this first attempt having been made known, numerous were the applications of patients for the use of the gas; but as the exposure of the limbs to the column of gas over the *Marienbrunnen* was found inconvenient, the present establishment was erected, in which more than one patient may employ the gas-bath, either generally or partially. For the former, the patient enters a wooden pan or tub, covered with a wooden lid, and sits on a stool perforated with holes, when the gas is admitted through pipes as it issues from the earth. The head is outside, and the aperture of the lid around it, is lined with cloth, in order to prevent the injurious effects which the escape of the gas might produce on the head and lungs.

I tried the effect of the gas against my hands

and face, as it issued from the earth through a pipe, with as much force as if some one had been blowing on those parts with a pair of bellows. After the first sensation of cold, that of genial warmth followed, and the heat of the part continued for some time after. I received some of the gas into my mouth, and instantly felt the powerful effect of the compound gaseous mixture. My respiration became affected, and three or four darts of acute pain in the head followed.

I pass over in silence the mud-baths, as they are called—or *les cataplasmes de boue*. At Marienbad they do not deserve the commendation given to them. It is at the Spa near Egra, as we shall see presently, that the real and efficacious mud-baths are to be found. I examined minutely the manner of preparing them at Marienbad, and I can conscientiously say, at once, that I should not recommend to any of my patients to waste their time with the application of such dirty, half-vegetable and half-mineral earth, to their bodies.

The season of 1836 had proved one of the most brilliant since Marienbad has been established. The prevailing state of health of the visitors had been very favourable—there having occurred but four cases of acute disease, and

not a single case of death. The temperature during the summer months was high; but this is generally the case every year.

Marienbad is rising in reputation, and I marvel not at it. The company last year, Dr. Heidler told me, was at least one-fourth more numerous than that in the preceding year, and unquestionably of a higher class. The *séjour* of royalty, and a sprinkling of German and Russian nobility, gave a *ton* to the Spa, which, however, never passed into the extravagant or the inconvenient. The greatest simplicity of manners, regularity of hours, and the strictest propriety of conduct on all hands, seemed to be the order of the day. Here are no gaming-tables—no intriguing houses—and few temptations to attract the mere loungeur, the idler, and the rogue. A promenade room, or the *salon* already mentioned,—which is 170 feet long, and is lighted, when employed as a ball-room on a few occasions, with twelve chandeliers suspended from the ceiling; the line of shops under a light arcade following the *salon*; together with the many pretty walks in the immediate neighbourhood, particularly to the *Jägerhaus* in the forest, to the elegant pavilion of the *Ferdinandsbrunnen*, and to the Abbey of *Teple*, where the monks vie in displaying every degree of hospitality towards the visitors,—con-

stitute the extent and class of the occupations of those who reside at Marienbad for the term of the cure, which generally lasts six weeks.

The season begins at the latter end of May. It would be useless to go thither sooner. It terminates with the last week in September. A list of the arrivals and departures is published in numbers, as at Baden and Carlsbad, but with greater *luxe* and care; and the descriptive part of each arrival is given with great precision.

There was a poor, eager, solitary Johnny Newcome, I find by that list, who arrived as early as the 25th of April last year. The largest number of arrivals was about eleven hundred. June seems to have been the month of greatest influx. Not fewer than seventy-four arrivals having marked the thirtieth day of that month; among whom were her majesty the Queen of Bavaria, with her son, the King of Greece, and a suite of thirty-seven persons.

The English were select rather than numerous. I have heard many patients of consideration in this country object, that all the most efficient Spas are so remote from home. They forget the distance which Russian invalids, both ladies and gentlemen, never hesitate to travel, in order to obtain the benefit of a truly efficacious

watering-place. The first English name of any attraction on the list is "*Herr Wilhelm BRUMMEL; Edelmann* (gentleman, or of noble blood), *mit Gemahlinn, und Tochter aus London.*" Then Lady O——, and Captain B——tt, and Captain H——, R.N., and Miss D——, *cum paucis aliis.*

The very precise description of a certain honourable member, who is at the same time the advocate of ultra-liberal ideas in the senate, and in a literary review,—left not a doubt on the reader's mind, that it was he who had come to seek health in that quiet retreat, at the conclusion of his arduous parliamentary duties. The inscription on the register ran methodically thus: "*Sir Wilhelm M—— Mitglied des Englische parlament mit Mutter, und Bruder, und Schwester.*"

Royal blood is not less minutely noted. The Prince and Princess William of Prussia, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, with her royal daughter, whom an approaching illustrious alliance is likely to raise to the high station of Queen of the French, graced Marienbad. Among the group of important personages assembled to drink the *Kreutzbrunnen*, one looked with more intense curiosity on those whose history or fate is a subject of general in

terest. The Marchioness of A——, with the ladies M. and A. P——, and the Princess Maria Theresa Esterhazy, attracted much of the attention of the visitors. The Chevalier SPONTINI, the celebrated composer, created also considerable, but far different, interest. Music became, during his *séjour* at Marienbad, the principal occupation of the *salons particuliers*.

The social intercourse among the visitors is of an easy and affable kind. *Chacun se connait*; and this delightful footing is aided, by the little appearance there is of any ruling or government authority in the place. The only official characters present are two inoffensive, imperial inspectors, the one civil, the other military, who are sent thither to protect, and not in the least to interfere with the strangers.

There is a considerable display of equipages, as the country around admits of their use. The English, last season, did not make their wonted *étalage* in that way. Indeed Marienbad is not yet become an English watering-place. Light *calèches*, and the still lighter carriages of the country, with two or four horses, the latter driven four in hand, are employed for distant excursions. The horses are sometimes caparisoned in the grotesque style of Bohemia—looking like the team of a Saxon waggon; and at other

times they display the gaudy style of the *equipages de Vienne*. Riding on horseback is also much in vogue.

With all these advantages and amusements, however, Marienbad is not a Spa of pleasure. It is a lovely and enchanting retreat for invalids, which, like almost all the principal Spas in Germany, offers to suffering humanity, in a sequestered valley, a safe, certain, and prodigal source of relief, away from the bustle and din of cities; as if nature pointed out to us, that health is best obtained in seclusion, and that, as Dr. Heidler has stated, “les malades à Marienbad, hormis les soins de leur santé et l’espérance du rétablissement, doivent ignorer ce qui se passe au-delà des collines et des arbres, et oublier le luxe, le chagrin, et les affaires—causes fréquentes de leurs maux.”

CHAPTER VI.

EGRA, OR EGER.

Road from Marienbad to EGRA—Alluvial mountains—Town of EGER—General view—Gilded statues and the shoeless peasants—Road to the Spa—Colony of FRANZENSBAD—The *Franzensquelle*—Colonnade and *salon*—Physical and chemical properties of the spring—Rich in carbonic acid—Comparison with other springs—The *Salzequelle*—Physical and chemical characters—Great covered gallery—The invalids at both springs—Dr. KOESTLER—Dr. CONRATH—Efficacy of the two springs—DISEASES cured by them—A consumptive lady—A rickety young officer—Frederick the Great at Franzensbad—The *Kalte Sprudel*—Its characters—The *Louisenquelle*—Great bathing establishment—*Mineral water-baths*—The MUD-BATHS—Dr. Koestler's opinion—The author's opinion—Quarries of peat earth—Iron pyrites—Sulphuric acid—The Egra district a volcanic bog—EFFECTS of the mud-bath—Softening of the skin—Cure of diseases—Dr. CLARUS's opinion—The GAS-BATHS—Two interesting cases—Deafness cured—Effect of the gas on the author—Great importance of gas as a medical agent—Number of visitors at Franzensbad—Mode of life—THE LAST SEASON—Expenses—Amusements—Excursions—Exportation of the waters—A grand SECRET divulged.

FROM Marienbad to EGER is but a pleasant morning's drive. The first post, to *Spandau*, is generally performed in an hour and a half; the other post to Eger in one hour and twenty minutes; for the Bohemian postilions are not fussy, yet alert, steady, good-tempered, and quick in changing horses. The road is in excellent condition the whole of the way. It is a wide, uniform, hard, well-made *chaussée*, in

which granitic fragments have been employed. Although rather hilly at first, it is neither tedious nor fatiguing. The prospect from the elevated level, upwards of 1500 miles above the sea which the road traverses, is at times pleasing, never grand or particularly interesting. Beyond Spandau, however, the case is different. At times, taking the carriage as a centre, the traveller looks upon as extended a circle of highly-cultivated land as can well be imagined to lie within the scope of the keenest human eye. This vast *plateau* is hemmed in all round by the summits of distant mountains, with none of those sharp, angular-pointed heads and peaks which characterizes the primitive or alpine ranges. Their soft, undulating, or waving lines, on the contrary, give to the blue horizon the appearance of being scalloped or twilled. Assuredly these are formations arising from slow and quiet deposits during diluvial times. Else how could they have assumed external forms, so round, so monotonous, so *caressées*, bearing on their peaceable-looking surfaces the fertile soil, which vast and dense forests of fir-trees love to inhabit. Yet within the bosom of these very mountains, whose appearance bespeaks them free from all tumult and commotion, there are imprisoned the hottest as well as the coldest mineral springs,

and the mightiest sources of gas besides, that are to be found in Bohemia ; and in such numbers, too, that Dr. Heidler and others have, within a territorial range of three leagues around Marienbad, belonging to the chapter of Teple, detected not fewer than one hundred and sixty springs, sixty of which pour out gas in profusion !

The town of Eger, which is by some called EGRA, is grouped immediately below and at the termination of the high road, which descends a gentle declivity in order to reach it. A few of the streets appeared to climb up the sides of some small hills placed at the north, entirely denuded of trees. The principal church, with its two towers, one only of which is terminated by a Gothic spire, is the first object that attracts attention. We passed through the *décombres* of the old remains of bastions, ramparts, and gates, which some workmen were busy in demolishing. On a first impression, Egra appeared to me to be a bustling town, with lofty houses and a dense population.

Although Egra has acquired a certain degree of celebrity since the murder of the Duke Wallenstein, in the 17th century, which Schiller has indelibly recorded in his immortal drama ; although the view of the house in which that

nefarious act was committed, and of the very weapon used by Walter Deveroux on that occasion, be one of the temptations thrown out to strangers for loitering in the town; and although the chapel of the templars, the town library, and the ruins of the old castle of the Margraves of *Vohenburg*, formerly the lords of this place, be considered so many points of attraction for those who arrive at Egra; I shall say nothing respecting them; being anxious to proceed, in the light calèche I hired at the posthouse, to FRANZENSBAD, the Spa of Egra. That Spa is distant about three English miles, and is situated on a part of the same plateau which forms the Egra district.

Passing through the gate, and over a bridge decorated with sundry statues of saints, their heads gaily gilded, I could not help contrasting those favoured *simulacres*, (though, by the by, they stand in no enviable situation, as the bridge crosses a shallow and filthy stream that sweeps along the ruins of the ancient city-walls) with the apparently miserable inmates—all shoeless and stockingless—of the half-dilapidated dwellings in the adjoining suburb, through which I left the town. An avenue of Lombardy poplars leads to the top of a steep ascent, and afterwards over a continuation of the plain we had before seen.

The road is good, wide, and well made. Numbers of young peasant-girls, barefooted, and many of them not more than fourteen or fifteen years old, were met on the dusty *chaussée*, carrying upright baskets on their backs, filled with *cru-chons* from the *Brunnen*. They plainly told the tale of this Spa, which, like all other Spas in Germany, supplies drink to those near it, and sends the same to those who are far off,—all eager to partake of its blessings.

At about half-way, before reaching the small village of *Schlada*, or crossing the narrow stream by which it is watered, I noticed, a little on my left, a dwarf insignificant hillock, which I afterwards learned is considered to be the crater of an old volcano, and is called *Kammerbühl*: an odd name, by the by, for so hot a place.

At the termination of a second avenue of young mountain-ash trees, bearing their gaudy scarlet berries, and being the only trees I could descry around me, appeared the principal spring, the *Franzensquelle*, which stands, as it were, on the threshold of the little colony of FRANZENSBAD, and was, in former times, known under the name of the mineral spring of Egra. A circular temple, supported by pillars, rises over this once celebrated fountain. On the left it connects itself with a tasteful colonnade which, after a short distance,

turns at right angles towards the streets and forms the south and west sides of a large quadrangle. This colonnade is closed all the way on one side by shops, in which Egra and other Bohemian merchants display their attractive wares, particularly their worked and coloured glass, and serves as a promenade, during the hours of drinking the water, sheltering the visitors from the hot sun at noon, and from the rain in wet weather, without depriving them of air and exercise. At the end of the colonnade is the *Grand Salon*, in which concerts and balls are given in the course of the season. On the right of the *Franzensquelle*, instead of a colonnade, the opposite side of the quadrangle has a neat building, with a *quinconce* of trees before it, in which are placed the gas-baths; together with another private building, the singular use of which I shall explain hereafter.

In a straight line before the spring, the *Kaiserstrasse*, one of the finest streets perhaps to be found at any of the Bohemian Spas, with hotels, and a row of handsome horse-chestnuts on each side, begins from this point, and gently ascends in a northerly direction. It is at a considerable distance from a point near the upper end of this noble street, looking towards the *Franzensquelle*, and consequently towards

the entrance into the Spa from Egra, that the view represented in the vignette is taken.



The *Franzensquelle* contains always a quantity of water amounting to twenty thousand cubic inches, and supplies two hundred and seventy-five cubic inches of it every minute. Its temperature, which has never been known to vary, either in summer or during the severest winter, is 53° of Fahrenheit. As I stood watching the spring, its surface appeared to be in a continual commotion; numberless bubbles of gas ascending from the bottom through the water, and bursting when they reached the surface. On dipping my glass into the water I found it of the purest limpidity, pervaded in all directions by small gas-bubbles, many of which

adhered to the glass. Exposed to the air for some hours, in an open vessel, it loses its transparency, becomes turbid, and, at the end of five or six days, it deposits the yellow carbonate of iron. The presence of this mineral in the spring may be detected by the *après-gout* of the water, which, though piquant, pleasant, and refreshing when first tasted, leaves afterwards a ferruginous indication on the tongue. Mixed with sugar, or with a little wine and sugar, it forms a most agreeable beverage, and effervesces like *champagne mousseux*. The quantity of carbonic acid gas in the water is equal to one hundred and fifty-four cubic inches for every hundred cubic inches of the water. Except those of *Geilnau* and *Pyrmont*, no mineral spring, among those most frequented in Germany contains so much free gas as the *Franzensquelle*. The predominant saline ingredient is the sulphate of soda, or Glauber salt, of which there are twenty-five grains in sixteen ounces of the water, with nearly eight and a half grains of muriate of soda, or common salt, and the same quantity of bicarbonate of soda. The proportion of iron present is a little more than the third of that contained in the *Kreutzbrunnen*, and just one-sixth part of the quantity held in solution by the *Ferdinandsbrunnen* of Marienbad. The whole of the

solid contents in the sixteen ounces of water weighs forty-four grains and a fraction.

On turning to the right, after leaving the principal spring, I entered, in company with one of the leading physicians of the Spa, Dr. Koestler, a species of long wooden gallery, lighted by windows, and raised on piles above a trembling morass-like soil, to another round temple, in the centre of which rises a second spring, which gives celebrity to the colony of Franzensbad; namely, the *Salzequelle*. The temple opens on two long walks, recently planted with trees, running parallel to the covered gallery. This spring contains twelve thousand eight hundred cubic inches of water, and supplies one hundred and thirty-three cubic inches of it in a minute. Its flow is incessant and invariable; so also is its temperature,—which is half a degree less than that of the former spring. Although called *La Source salée* (*Salzequelle*), its taste is not less agreeable and refreshing than that of the *Franzensquelle*. It is equally *petillante* and effervescent, and has not the unpleasant astringent or ferruginous after-taste of the latter. Held in the mouth for a little while, it tastes somewhat alkaline, like flat soda-water. It has no smell; it is beautifully transparent; and when, at the end of some days, it becomes turbid, it lets fall a white flocculent sediment, but no carbonate of

iron. The solid contents in sixteen ounces of the water amount to nearly thirty-nine grains, the principal component parts of which are sodaic salts. The quantity of carbonic acid is equal to $\frac{2}{3}$ of the quantity contained in the *Franzensquelle*.

Between these two springs, then, the greater number of the visitors at Franzensbad vibrate, at the usual early hours of five and six o'clock in the morning; some quaffing eight, nine, and ten beakers of the first, and an equal number of the second; but the greater part of them keeping to one of the mineral waters only. There is a notable difference in the physical effect produced by each of these waters on the constitution. Both are equally active as deobstruents, and both are digested with equal ease. But while the first, containing a larger proportion of iron, stimulates and excites during its operation as a solvent (circumstances which render it inadmissible in all cases of great irritability and fulness of blood); the second cools and tranquillizes, is less stimulating, and purifies without disturbance of the nervous system. In its composition, the *Salzequelle* differs but little from the *Sprudel*, the *Mühlbrunn* and the *Neubrunn* of Carlsbad, except that it contains much less carbonate of lime. It wants, however, the high temperature of those springs. I doubt much whether the addition of

an artificial heat, as has been recommended, would identify the two waters of Carlsbad, and that of the *Salzequelle*, in their medicinal effect on the human constitution.

That I may not have to return to these springs, in my account of what yet remains to be seen and said respecting Franzensbad, I will briefly mention some of the cases of disease in which both the *Franzensquelle* and the *Salzequelle* have been found eminently useful. My eager and sanguine friend, Dr. KOESTLER (who, with a fluency of erudition to be met with only in a German physician, instructed me—and that, too, in the course of a few hours—on every subject of the medical practice at the Spa), seems as enamoured of the place and its means of cure, as the doctors of Carlsbad and Marienbad are of theirs. Dr. CONRATH, who is the leading physician and inspector of the waters, and whom I had not the good fortune to find at Franzensbad, has manifested an opinion equally favourable, of their medicinal efficacy, in an able work he published a few years since. In my conversation with some of the patients who had been using the two waters conjointly, or separately, I found that the same impression of their great virtues in the removal of disease seemed to have been made. The evidence, therefore, is complete, and several cases related to me afterwards proved its accuracy.

Diseases affecting the organs of digestion, and those of secretion and excretion, the lymphatic vessels and glands, as well as the mucous membranes, are principally benefited by either water. But as those diseases which attack the nervous system also, have been treated with equal success by means of the one, and not successfully by means of the other ; it behoves the physician who is to advise the use of either to his patients, to make himself thoroughly master of the case, in order that he may not do harm instead of curing the disorder. I will explain this by one or two examples.

A young lady who had, for several years, suffered from an habitual and very troublesome cough,—accompanied by fever and night perspirations, in consequence of an affection of the mucous membrane of the lungs, which had led to an opinion that she was consumptive,—having in vain tried all kinds of remedies, was recommended to repair to this Spa, and drink of the first spring. After three or four days every symptom became exasperated. She had brought her instructions with her from her distant physician, and had not consulted any other on the spot. The increase of her malady, however, induced her friends to call in the assistance of one of the practitioners at Franzensbad ; when it was discovered that the great natural irrita-

bility of her nervous system, and the fulness of the blood-vessels in the chest, were circumstances opposed to the use of the first, but indicating the propriety of using the second spring. She therefore began to drink the water of the *Salzequelle* every morning, mixed with warm milk, which, from the very first few days, diminished the fever and cough, and changed the suspicious-looking expectoration into one of an ordinary appearance. Having afterwards gradually increased and properly persevered in the use of the water, she ultimately recovered her health in the most perfect manner.

On the other hand, a young man, aged twenty-nine, who had been greatly weakened by excesses, whose stomach was reduced to the *minimum* of its power, and whose whole frame was rickety and extenuated, had, of his own accord, applied for relief to the spring of the *Salzequelle*, the water of which he drank,—under an impression that his disordered state depended on obstruction in the glands and veins of the mesentery, and that, therefore, the solvent power of that water would be sufficient. He accordingly went on drinking the water for a week ; at the end of which time he was so reduced that advice was sought for him. The error of not using the first, instead of the second spring, was pointed out to him, from the circumstance of his

wanting tone, as well as the effect of a deobstruent medicine ; and he was therefore recommended to try the *Franzensquelle*. At the end of six weeks (having in the mean time used some mineral water-baths also) this young officer, for such was his station in life, had become quite a *novus homo*.

In further support of the virtues of the *Franzensquelle* in curing the most inveterate disorders, in which obstruction and debility are the associated and ruling symptoms, it would be instructive to quote the case of an illustrious patient, no less a personage than the great Frederic of Prussia, who, under the direction of his principal and favourite physician, *Cothenius*, made use of that water in 1748, and recovered, at a time when his majesty himself considered his last hour to have come. The details of the case are very curious and full of interest ; but in a work like the present it would take me too far were I to indulge in such narratives. Those who may be desirous of reading the whole account, will find it in the October number of Hufeland's Journal of Medicine for 1822.

Franzensbad possesses, moreover, two other springs, which also enjoy great reputation. One of them has been called the *Kalte Sprudel*, from which there is a constant escape of gas, in such enormous volumes and producing such a noise, that in approaching the handsome pavilion under

which the spring is placed, one might fancy himself in the vicinity of some great boiling caldron. The temperature of this water is, like that of the other springs, 53° . It issues from the spring at the rate of three thousand six hundred and forty-eight cubic inches per minute, and is exceedingly effervescent, having an agreeable taste, though somewhat saltish or alkaline. When drunk it is accompanied by a brisk pricking of the inside of the nose. There is scarcely any difference in the quantity of the solid contents of this and the water of the *Franzensquelle*. Indeed I am inclined to consider them as one and the same water, probably from the same primitive source; though the former has lost, in its course, a small proportion of its carbonate of iron. It is the latter circumstance which makes the *cold Sprudel* an eligible water, where the *Franzensquelle* would be too stimulating, and the *Salzequelle* too weakening.

The fourth and last spring, the largest and most abundant of water, is placed under a wooden canopy, supported by pillars. Being employed only to supply the water and mud baths, it is not kept in very good condition. Like the other springs, this also issues from the morass, or peat earth, on which the building is erected, and the escape of the water from the earth is accompanied by a large quantity of gas. The name of *Louisen-*

brunnen has been given to it. The quantity of water contained at any time in the reservoir amounts to 6,861,738 cubic inches, and the escape is equal to 27,000 cubic inches. Its temperature is slightly above 53° of Fahrenheit.

This spring is found in a garden at the back of the *Bad-haus* or great bathing-establishment, which consists of the old and new hotels of the *Trois Lys*. These hotels are situated about the middle, and on the left of the *Kaiserstrasse*, forming together a very large building, two stories high, which belongs to *Herr Loimann*, the spirited founder of the first regular bathing-establishment in Franzensbad. The principal bath-rooms are on the first floor, and a few of them on the *Rez-de-Chaussée*,—where there are also eight rooms for taking the mud-baths. The mineral water-bath chambers are thirty-two in number. Each apartment is well proportioned, well aired, and well furnished. The *baignoires* are of tin, covered over with a composition which is not liable to be attacked by the acid or saline particles of the water and mud used. The whole establishment is, in cold or wet weather, warmed by steam, and every one may regulate at pleasure the temperature of his apartment.

The water used for the mineral water-baths is obtained by means of aspirating pumps, from

three of the sources ;—the *Louisenbrunnen* (the nearest and that which supplies the most), the *Franzensquelle*, and the *Kalte Sprudel*. Matters are so arranged that the mineral water never comes in contact with the atmospheric air, except when deposited in the bathing-tubs. Thus all chances of decomposition till then are avoided. The necessary heat is applied to the water in the bath, by mixing some which is drawn from large boilers kept in constant action for that purpose.

As the baths at Franzensbad are a secondary object, they are never used early in the morning,—that part of the day being devoted to the drinking of the mineral waters. It was generally two hours after breakfast that I found invalids to take their baths,—which are seldom colder than 90° , and never warmer than 98° .

The price of the water-baths at this establishment is the same as at Marienbad. There are conveniences for bathing in some other houses in Franzensbad ; but by no means so comfortable as at the new establishment ; where there is, besides, on the *Rez-de-Chaussée*, a handsome *Salon*, in which the bathers meet before and after the bath, either to take refreshments, or to read the newspapers. This same room serves as a dining-room for such as are resident in the hotel.

The MUD-BATHS of Franzensbad are, in my opinion, next to the gas-baths, an object of the greatest importance; and they are peculiar to that Spa. This is owing to the particular energy and power possessed by the materials which nature has here presented to the physician, and which in other places—as at Carlsbad and Marienbad, where the same contrivances have been attempted—are of so inferior a quality, that they will never deserve any serious consideration, whatever efforts my friends, De Carro and Heidler, and their colleagues, may make for that purpose. “In a few years,” observed, to me, Dr. Koestler, as we were coming out of the great bathing-establishment, “I predict that Franzensbad will be the most celebrated Spa in Germany, merely on account of its mud-baths. They are specific and infallible in all cases of excessive debility and prostration, particularly in paralysis, of which gout has been the cause. I am willing (added he with great emphasis) and ready to take upon myself all the expenses of any paralytic patient of that class who shall arrive here, and fail to be cured, after a proper use of the mud-baths. When the Toeplitz doctors find that they cannot cure, with their hot springs, patients affected by paralysis; they are glad to hand them over to our mud-baths.”

I was afterwards shown a young lady, who

had arrived at Franzensbad with her legs and feet completely paralyzed, and who, after six immersions in the mud-bath, could walk without any assistance.

That a mud-bath, made of such stuff as I saw at Franzensbad, is an agent of infinite, indeed *almost* dangerous, power, I can fully testify. This stuff is quarried in a field, at no great distance from the *Louisenbrunn*, by means of spades. There I saw a stratum of it nearly twenty feet deep, immediately below the turf, lying upon a bed of sand. The mass looked moist, and of an intense and most beautiful jet-black colour. Throughout it some curiously stratified thin plates of iron pyrites are found, some of them nearly a foot square, having depositions upon one only of their surfaces, resembling fossil plants of the reed and broom species, in high relief; the whole being very hard and difficult to break. One of these specimens I brought home, and presented to the Royal Geological Society of London. They are found at all depths, in the stratum of the peat or bog-earth, and at various angles to the horizon. The other surface of the plates is smooth. After exposure to the air for a few days the upper surface of them appears covered with a yellowish-green saline efflorescence, exceedingly acid

to the taste. This same efflorescence, but to a greater degree, I observed to pervade the surface of the various heaps of the *boue* or bog-earth which the workmen had prepared to convey into the bathing establishment.

Whichever way one turns, in all parts of Franzensbad, and even for some miles around it in the fields, the same black substance presents itself immediately below the thinnest coat imaginable of vegetable *humus* or soil. I scratched away with my nails the grass in a part of a field, and again, the ground on which corn had been planted, and the same black stuff made its appearance beneath. As you walk along, you feel the whole surface on which you stand to shake ; as if it were only a crust, or, rather, as if you were treading one of those elastic floors of a ball-room, which are considered so *safe* for dancing. When *litmus* paper is applied to this substance it is instantly and intensely reddened. If applied to the tongue it imparts to it the sharp taste of sulphuric acid. The smell also partakes of that of sulphurous acid gas. The thing is altogether highly interesting.

This bog-earth, then, being brought into the court-yard of the bathing establishment, is thrown into two very large wooden vats, standing at the height of four feet from the ground, under cover.

There, the earth being diluted with water from the *Louisenbrunn*, steam is made to pass through the mixture, which is stirred up constantly, until a proper degree of heat as well as consistency is obtained. Each bathing-tub, which is large and commodious, and placed upon four wheels, being then pushed under one of the vats or *cuves*, part of its contents is allowed to escape through a square trap-door until the tub is filled to within half a foot of its brim, when it is wheeled into one of the eight apartments on the ground-floor appropriated for taking the mud-baths. The temperature, at first, is so high that the baths which are required in the morning are prepared overnight, during which time the temperature comes down to 77° or 80° of Fahrenheit; that being the degree of heat at which the mud-bath may be taken without producing irritation. At a much higher temperature the use of this species of mud-baths would be attended with risk. The consistency and appearance of the mud-bath is that of a semifluid poultice of crumbs of bread, coloured with the blackest ink. It exhales a smell not unlike that of pyroligneous acid, which penetrates the skin to such a degree that many hours afterwards the surface of the body will taste of it. On coming out of the bath, and after having washed the mud off with warm

mineral water, the skin feels soft and looks almost like satin.

Dr. Clarus of Leipsig, who has studied these baths, observes of them “ that they increase the action of the skin, are solvent as well as emollient, and stimulate the nervous system ;” which effects he attributes to four principal elements found in the composition of the mud : “The fatty and peaty matter ;—caloric ;—the presence of a highly volatile substance ;—and lastly, the metallic and saline ingredients.” When the *boue*, after having been used, is thrown away, it will, in a few moments, exhibit on its surface strata of half an inch in thickness of sulphate of iron and Glauber salt, and present also a large quantity of free sulphuric acid. Unquestionably the *Franzensbad* doctors have, in this material, a most powerful agent at their command, for combating disease with great success.

At the beginning of my description of *Franzensbad*, or the *Spa-colony* of Egra, as it is called and generally considered, I alluded to the *Gas-baths*, and pointed out the situation of the building in which they are erected, not far from the *Franzensquelle*. Next to the *Mud-baths* this establishment is one of the most interesting objects in the place, for a medical man to visit. It may be supposed, therefore, that I did not omit to

examine it, in all its details ; and fortunately, one or two patients were using the *Gas-bath* at the time, whose cases I was able to inquire into, and on whom I could perceive the effect produced by the gas, as well as the manner of its application. My untired, kind, and intelligent guide, who scarcely left me an instant during a period of eight hours incessant lionizing, Dr. KOESTLER, again accompanied me into this establishment.

In no instance of medical application of a mineral produce of the earth to the human body suffering from disease, has any particular principle been applied to it in a more direct manner, than in the case of the gas as it is applied in this place to patients. Here a tube is plunged into the ground, and gas instantly issues through it, which being conveyed by means of a small horizontal pipe into the bathing-tub, placed at a very short distance, falls in showers, as it were, upon the ailing body or part of the body exposed to it under cover,—and ultimately pervades the whole apparatus.

One of the patients alluded to was a little girl who had been long afflicted with malignant scrofulous ulcers in both legs. She was in the bath, dressed, with the exception of her stockings, which were off, and was seated on a little raised stool perforated with holes. Her head was uncovered and completely above the close lid of

the *baignoire*. She felt warm all over; her pulse was quick and full; there was moisture on the skin; and she acknowledged feeling a degree of vivacity which she only experienced while in the bath. On inspecting the limbs I found all the ulcers, except one, cicatrized,—evidently as if they had become so only very recently. The remaining sore looked as if it would skin over in a day or two. The mother of the patient was present, whom I interrogated, and from whom I learned that the girl had been afflicted with these sores for more than a year, during which time internal as well as external remedies had been resorted to in vain. She had taken only eight gas-baths, and no other external application had been used at the same time. Dr. Koestler considers the *Gas-bath* as a specific in scrofulous ulcers, and many other disorders, particularly of the skin.

The second patient, whom I saw using the gas, was a gentleman, about the middle time of life, who had been drinking the *Franzensquelle* for some weeks, for the improvement of his general health, and with success. He was likewise afflicted with considerable deafness of the right ear, caused by frequent colds, for which every possible external application had been used in vain, including leeches, blisters, vapour-baths, &c. By means of the curved pipes he made experiments with the gas, which was conveyed

immediately into the ear. He had done this once and twice a day for some time ; and he was able, when I saw him, to hear plainly words spoken at the distance of three or four feet. A case equally striking, of deafness cured by the gas, is also related by Dr. Heidler of Marienbad, in his able work "Uber die Gas-Bäder," &c. Both Dr. Heidler and Dr. Koestler recommend great caution in using the gas-baths ; and in this they are right. The gas employed at Marienbad is a mixture of carbonic and sulphuretted hydrogen gas, in different proportions. At Franzensbad the existence of the latter gas with the carbonic acid is not quite clear. Professor Trommsdorff thinks, after repeated trials, that the gas is nearly pure carbonic acid.

I placed the end of the pipe into my mouth, and tasted the carbonic gas very distinctly, with a *soupçon* of sulphuretted hydrogen. The sensation produced was by no means pleasant. That which the gas produced on the eye, to which I also applied it, and to the skin of the cheek, is not easily described. In general I found my head to ache for some time, not only after all such experiments with the insulated gas, but likewise whenever I stood over any of the carbonated mineral springs in Germany, watching the movement of the water, or taking notes. This head-

ache, accompanied by confusion, was generally followed by increased warmth under the skin, and a condition of excitement which subsided in an hour or two, unless I had to visit and examine another spring under similar circumstances.

Unquestionably the art of medicine on the continent has made an important conquest, in having added to the various curative means already in its power, this most energetic agent; and from what I have witnessed of its effects on some of the most rebellious disorders, I should not hesitate to promise a cure in many of them which at present baffle all ordinary treatments. May the German physicians study attentively and impartially the nature of this new blessing sent by Providence to suffering humanity, and give to the world the result of their experience! So profusely is gas distributed about Franzensbad—that one may see it—feel it—and disengage it, in every part of the town and surrounding country. Within the gas bathing-establishment it issues from what has been called the bath-spring, at the rate of five thousand seven hundred and sixty cubic feet in an hour.

With all these advantages, after all, Franzensbad, simply on account of its locality, is not a well-frequented Spa; and, of late years, even less so than it was twenty years ago. The number of

visitors has never yet reached eight hundred ; although there be good accommodation for twice that number. In proportion as Marienbad rose in fame, Franzensbad saw the number of its visitors diminish. Some years ago it was the custom, I will say fashion, to consider a course of the Franzensbad water necessary after a season at Carlsbad ; and most of the principal and more important patients used to frequent both places. Fashion has now turned the other way :—Marienbad follows Carlsbad, and Franzensbad is forgotten. Yet much that is not to be found at either of the two first places is to be obtained in the third ; and I consider the mud-baths to be genuine and efficacious only at the latter Spa. There is unfortunately such a monotony, and the aspect of so much dreariness, about Franzensbad, where nature seems sanative without being smiling, that so long as the picturesque, inspiring, and enchanting scenery of the neighbouring Spas shall attract visitors and invalids, Franzensbad will stand but a poor chance of coping with such rivals.

The last season at this Spa, however, was much more cheering and brilliant, though it did not last long. The police regulations and the taxes concerning strangers are exactly the same as at Carlsbad, and at all the other Bohemian

Spas placed under the Austrian government. The rents and price of living are lower than at Carlsbad. Here also it is the fashion to breakfast in the open air, before the house, in the *Kaiserstrasse* under the shade of the chestnut-trees. The table d'hôtes are in general dull and deserted, almost every one preferring to dine at home. The evenings hang heavy. There is a *réunion* in the great saloon twice a week, to which all visitors, for the moderate sum of three florins, get admission during the season; and nearly every body subscribes to it. Dancing is the principal amusement at these *soirées*; but how to dance without young men? And there is a general complaint at all the Austrian Spas, where gambling is not allowed, of a great dearth of those necessary appendages to a ball-room. The *Salon*, when lighted up and hung in festoons, with flowers and other ornaments, is equal in brilliancy to the salons of any of the other Spas in Bohemia.

In spite of the unfavourable situation of Franzensbad, there are, at some little distance from it, several exceedingly pretty spots, to one or two of which the visitors may proceed on foot, and to the others in a carriage. The government, anxious to promote the amusement of the strangers *en masse*, has so arranged these excu-

sions, that on each day in the week a different one will offer, for a few hours, a source of pleasing occupation to the greater number of them. The *Schonberg*, the *Kammer Park*, *Liebenstein*, and the mineral spring of *Alexanderbad*,—so interesting to geologists,—are some of the principal points of *rendezvous* for the company. But if the summer should happen to be a rainy one, nothing, I should think, could be duller than Franzensbad.

The mineral water of this Spa has been exported to several parts of Europe from time immemorial, under the name of “Acidulous water of Egra.” At one time the water of the *Franzensquelle* was much sought after; but ferruginous mineral waters having gone out of fashion in a great measure, those of the *Salzequelle* and the *Kalte Sprudel* have since been in greater request. About two hundred thousand *cruches*, made of a particular stone called *Hyalith*, are annually exported. A gentleman, named HECHT, farms this exportation, for which he pays a *bonus* of sixteen thousand florins to the civil authorities of Egra. It is he who has invented that very ingenious mode of filling and corking the bottles by one and the same operation, through a neat machinery or apparatus, which has been adopted in the bottling of the natural

waters at almost all the Bohemian Spas, and in the manufactories of artificial water, according to Struve's method. By this operation, which is particularly expeditious, the contact of the mineral water with the atmospheric air is completely avoided, in consequence of which no decomposition can take place, and the water keeps, therefore, good for a great length of time.

Mr. HECHT was kind enough to allow me to visit and examine his vast establishment, which is placed in that large building near the *Franzensquelle*, to which I alluded when I first mentioned that spring, at the beginning of the present chapter. The operation of filling the bottles and corking them was performed before me, with a rapidity and precision truly surprising. It was Mr. HECHT, also, who substituted the hyalith for the common clay, as a material for making the *cruches*; it being less porous than the latter and stronger. The price of the waters is the same in the case of all the springs; namely, a florin and thirty-six kreutzers a dozen for the large, and one florin and twenty-four kreutzers for the smaller *cruches*. Exported in hyalith bottles, the same water costs nearly three-fourths of the price more.

And now, if my readers will promise not to betray me, I will whisper into their ears a secret I found out at the “*Dépôt des Eaux*” of mine

Herr JOSEPH AUGUST HECHT, which, curiously enough, will solve a riddle propounded by myself more than nine years ago. Speaking of the enormous quantity of champagne drunk in Russia, in the second volume of my "Travels to St. Petersburg," I stated, that "I felt confident there must be another *Champagne* country, somewhat nearer to Russia than the French Champagne, to supply what is consumed of that wine." That country then, I think, must be this very district of Franzensbad, and the manufactory of the wine is Herr HECHT's establishment. How many hundred thousand bottles of *Champagne* that gentleman exports from Franzensbad yearly, I will not undertake to say, though I might very easily do so; but this I will say, in justice to his honesty, that he never sends forth a single bottle without a label designating it as *Champagne* de Franzensbad. If, therefore, dishonest dealers, having once removed the original label, impose upon pretended connoisseurs; and if stupid and eager bibbers choose to be taken in by the tinfoil, and the wire, and the pouting cork, and the exact size and shape of the bottle, in imitation of the real; and if they will quaff the sparkling liquid with a smack and a "how excellent!" at their own or their friends' tables,—as well as at the clubs and the leading

taverns,—the fraud and sin lie not at the door of mine *Herr* HECHT.

And excellent it is, true enough, though a little too acid ; but, as to sparkling, the real *Mousseur* is a baby to it. How this imitation is accomplished may be told in a few lines. A large quantity of very light, cheap Hungarian wine, both pink and white, “stale, flat, and unprofitable,” is to be had at Egra for asking. The *Kalte Sprudel*, supplying out of its spring five thousand four hundred and seventy-two cubic inches of pure and free carbonic acid gas per minute, lies close at hand. The wine, with the addition of a little sugar, being put into a twelve-gallon cask, placed on the machine invented by Mr. HECHT ; and the gas being conducted through pipes from the said Sprudel to a forcing pump connected with that machine,—five atmospheres of the gas are forced into the juice of the Hungarian grape, and the turbulent mixture is let out into bottles, without contact with the atmosphere, and corked. They are wired at one and the same time, and with the greatest rapidity ; and afterwards deposited in another part of the premises, there to wait for the finishing stroke—the putting on of the *silvery cap*—which with so many quaffers of champagne is the *sine qua* mark of its being a genuine wine !

CHAPTER VII.

PULLNA, SEIDSCHUTZ, SEIDLITZ,

ROAD TO TOEPLITZ.

Road from Carlsbad to Toeplitz—*Saatz*—Contrast—Beauty in proportion to food—The Carlsbadian husbands and their mates—*Brux*—Insulated hills—The *Borzenberg*—The Ore-mountains—The Giant mountains—*Dux*—The ill-fated Wallenstein—Diminution of level—Smiling valley of Toeplitz—An old friend—PULLNA—*Bitterwasser*—Character and composition—Its excellent qualities—Nature's chemistry in forming the Pullna waters—Struve's imitation—Striking virtues of the Pullna experienced by the author—Taste—Mode of using it—SEIDSCHUTZ—Springs of mineral water—Curious composition—Its chemical and medical properties—SEIDLITZ—Locality—Real Seidlitz and London Seidlitz—Composition of both contrasted—Medicinal effects—Temperature of the three springs—Exportation of the waters.

ONE hundred and seventy-seven are the mineral waters publicly known and resorted to, within a circuit of about eight hundred and twelve miles, constituting that part of the Austrian territory which is generally designated by the name of Bohemia. TOEPLITZ is of the number, and to that name are attached a thousand historical recollections. Thither we bent our way on leaving Carlsbad, as the reader will be pleased to recollect, who left us, on that occa-

sion, on the great and new *Chaussée* of Kaiser Francis, winding in zigzag lines to the summit of the perpendicular hill which frowns over the Sovereign Spa, on the south side of its valley. Once fairly ascended to the plateau, we drove at a tediously slow rate along the hilly road through Buchau and Liebkowitz, the two first post-towns, distant about ten English miles from each other, and the second of which we reached in six hours from the time of leaving Carlsbad. Fortunately the pace at which we were proceeding allowed me leisure to make several interesting observations, on the state of the country through which we passed, and to examine the agricultural as well as the geological condition of the Ellbogen district.

The road first takes a south direction, making an immense *détour*, owing to the intervening chain of hills which the great mountain-range, called the *Erzgebirge* or Ore-mountains, throws off nearly at right angles, and which prevents a more direct communication between Carlsbad and Toeplitz. Were it not for this interruption, or forced deviation, the distance between those two celebrated Spas, which is now six German *postes* and three-quarters, or sixty English miles, would be little more than the half. A road established between Carlsbad and *Tuppau*,

and thence to *Saatz*, would accomplish this object; nor is such a road impracticable. But although longer, the present road is in excellent condition and much frequented. On this occasion, we felt all the inconvenience of its being common to those who were travelling from Carlsbad to Prague; inasmuch as the ceremony of the *Sacre* of Ferdinand of Austria, about to take place in that capital, was attracting thither all the fashionables from Carlsbad, by whom every quadruped that the post-houses could produce, to push them on their eager excursion, was completely monopolized. A little beyond Liebkowitz, the road, fortunately, divides; and ours, after quitting the high *chaussée*, bent nearly northwards, to reach, after two more posts, the town of SAATZ.

This miserable-looking place stands on an eminence—one of many which here follow, one after the other, in constant succession, but which are wholly destitute of interest and beauty. They are, in fact, the deposits of sand and coarse gravel, fragments, and *detritus*, from the surrounding primitive mountains, which can be just perceived in the distance, and form the only attractive features around. Nothing can be more barren or dismal-looking than the country in the immediate neighbourhood of *Saatz*. Yet a spi-

rited individual has bestowed, much to his credit, a sum of money to erect a handsome suspension-bridge over the Eger, where that river sweeps around the foot of the hill on which the town is situated.

I find, once again, in this district of Bohemia, a fresh illustration of my theory respecting the relation which exists, not between situation, and the favourable appearance of the inhabitants, abstractedly speaking, but between situation coupled with produce, and the appearance in question. Here we have a cluster of hills as numerous as those of Carlsbad—many of them belonging to the same order of mountains—and grouped nearly in a like manner. But here half the district is barren. It is destitute of verdure, and for miles around scarcely a vestige of trees is to be seen. Well then—what are the looks of the women, the children, and even of the male branch of the population? Just as unfavourable, as those of the Carlsbadians are the reverse. In one word, the women, as I before remarked, are good-looking, lively, well-shaped, and have most pleasing physiognomies, at Carlsbad. They are here withered, sallow, wrinkled before old age, with a half-senile and half-idiotic countenance. As to the men, most of them are frightful, and ill-favoured by nature ;

while many of their *fair* partners have swelled throats, though not quite a *goître*. And yet the distance between the two localities is only forty-five English miles ! I saw at Carlsbad the *Marktplatz* full of the neighbouring *paysannes*, on a Saturday morning. I saw it equally crowded by similar classes of people at Saatz, on the following Tuesday. On comparing the personal appearance of the two female throngs, it seemed to me as if I had been suddenly transported from Otaheite to the Esquimaux land—from the island of Calypso to that of Lemnos.

Yet the Carlsbadian husbands and the peasants of that district are wont to condemn such agreeable mates, to the grossest and the coarsest of the out-door labours ; while they themselves remain comparatively inactive. I have seen, more than once, a couple of lubberly fellows, after they had done their light daily work in a shop, or in a field, or on the *chaussée* near the town, return home smoking leisurely their pipes, their coats carelessly thrown across one shoulder, their feet covered with good stout boots, followed by a wife or a daughter, or both, young, good-looking, well-made, and graceful in their gait, carrying a heavy load on their back, in which I recognised even the working-tools of their unfeeling husbands or parents, and under

which they seemed to bend at times nearly double ;—and they were barefooted too !

The interest of this road begins after leaving BRUX, a deserted town, in most of the streets of which the grass is actually growing. A vast plain of several miles of ploughed fields, destitute of trees, and without a single hedge, terminates under the very wall of that place ; whence the road plunges among the thickest of the inferior ranges of the Ore-mountains on the north, and of the Giant mountains in front, one of which, the *Mittel-Gebirge*, descends as low down as the plain of Brux. In that plain a totally insulated hill is a frequent feature. There they stand, naked, arid, and rounded at their summits, like regular sugar-loaf cones, holding no connexion with one another, and presenting the character of those volcanic groups of central France which are seen to rise abruptly from the general level of the surrounding country. Here their number is countless. A remarkable one of these, and the highest, consisting of clinkstone, is the *Borzenberg*, near Billin, which we perceived on our right, and soon left behind. As we advanced we penetrated farther and farther into the interior of a most romantic part of Bohemia—the mountain district of the Elbe—where at every league

new objects of interest rise to view. Luckily, the *chaussée* is in most excellent order, and very hard, owing to the fragments of gneiss-rock which are used in its construction.

OSSEGG, a small town at the foot of the Ore-mountains (*Erzgebirge*), placed in a very agreeable glen on our left, is one of the more distant points of attraction, which the invalids at Toeplitz are recommended to visit; not only on account of its ancient abbey, the beautiful interior of which, its library as well as gardens, are worthy of attention; but also for the purpose of starting from thence, with a guide, to mount the Riesenburg, or Giant's Fort; one of the boldest attempts at castellated structure, placed on the summit of a perpendicular hill, of which the ninth century can boast.

The more important town of Dux lies in our road, at the bottom of a steep hill, which leads us from one plateau of this mountain district to another. Dux is considered as a place worthy of attention, for its extensive garden, as well as on account of the palace, in which many of the objects remind us of the tragical fate of that unfortunate and betrayed chieftain, Wallenstein.

The gradual diminution of the level on which we were travelling, became more and more ap-

parent as we proceeded, in the reappearance of a livelier vegetation and of numerous tender plants and frailer trees, which were seen every where, intermixed with the red-tiled houses of the villages, numerously scattered about the country. Beyond Dux the country is every where lovely. We were now closely encompassed by hills, wooded to their very tops. The space around us had become more and more contracted, until at last, as we approached more closely to the great Saxon mountains, we found ourselves travelling through a smiling valley, where every object within the scan of the human eye assumes that peculiar character of amenity by which nature seems to have marked the seat of salutary springs. From a plateau, elevated upwards of thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea when we left Carlsbad, we had now descended into a level of seven hundred and twenty feet; that being the altitude of the valley of TOEPLITZ, in which are found the celebrated hot springs.

But, before we treat of these and of Toeplitz itself, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the country from which we have just emerged, in order to notice three other important cold mineral springs, which are met with, between the western slope of the *Mittelgebirge* and *Brux*, on

the road to Toeplitz, and in one part of that plateau to which I have alluded, as being strewn with round and insulated hills, like gigantic sandhills on a desert sea-shore.

On the verge of the verdant and fertile district called Leimeritz Kreis, and at the termination of the dull, uninteresting road from Saatz, are the springs in question, clustered nearly together,—each pregnant with health, and each bearing a name familiarly known in Europe;—*Pullna*, *Seidschütz*, and *Seidlitz*. I visited with satisfaction these springs, to the former of which I owe the renovation of my constitution, previously damaged by an arduous and ill-requited service in the navy of Great Britain; as well as by subsequent years of hard professional duties in the metropolis. Who could refrain, being nigh at hand, from once more saluting the spot to whose salutary *bitterwasser* he owed years of comfort and immunity from disease?

PULLNA is a miserable-looking village, standing in the midst of some extensive fields. The wells, from which the mineral water is obtained, are not a natural occurrence, but are dug by the peasants, who drink no other water except what is obtained from them. In years of drought the number of wells is increased. I saw as many as thirty of these. At first the water which appears in these wells or pits, from

ten to twelve feet deep, is not at all bitter ; but after a few weeks it becomes so ; and it then acquires those specific qualities for which it has gained a well-merited celebrity, under the name of *Bitterwasser*, or PULLNA water. Large quantities of it are exported to every part of Germany, in wide short-necked stone bottles, bearing either of those names,—more generally the *first* ; and sometimes the name of the place, differently spelt from the one written above, such as *Bilna*, *Pilna*, or *Pülna*.

The transition of a natural water to the state of mineral water, is a phenomenon which deserves the attention of the chemist and the physiologist. When the water, in a newly-dug well, is examined, it is found to contain scarcely any sensible or well-defined salt. Professor Pleischl of Prague, and my friend Professor Struve of Dresden, examined the water after it had sojourned for some time in the well, and found in a pint of it not less than $188\frac{1}{2}$ grains of solid ingredients, among which are three salts not usually found in other mineral waters—at least not in such large proportions : I allude to the carbonate and the muriate of magnesia, and the sulphate of potash. To the combination of these three ingredients, more than to the presence of Epsom and Glauber salts, which it also contains in considerable quantity, I ascribe

the peculiar sanative and alterative effect of this mineral water. The two latter salts are evidently the primitive agents of its purgative property; but the three former are the specific agents of its invaluable virtues, in restoring the various secretions to their natural standard. The Pullna water, moreover, is entirely free from iron, and contains only a very small proportion of free carbonic acid gas.

The manner in which the water acquires these salts is curious. The wells are dug out of a transition soil, which consists principally of basalt, and *Klingstein*, or phonolith. By sojourning a week or two in these wells, the water is enabled to dissolve the constituent principles of those volcanic remains, and becomes bitter in consequence. That such is nature's process is proved by the success with which Struve has imitated the Pullna water. He collected some of the earth from the fields of Pullna, and passed distilled water over it, which became bitter only after some days had elapsed. This single experiment proves the correctness of his theory, respecting the simple process of solution, employed by nature in the formation of mineral waters—which process he has adopted in his imitations. In his experiment respecting the Pullna water, he placed the volcanic earth from the plain of Pullna, and dis-

tilled water, in a glass hermetically sealed; and when he opened it he was surprised to find some carbonic gas. He was puzzled to account for the origin of it; but on further inquiry, he found that among the constituents of this volcanic earth, *silicate of alumine* and carbonate of lime were present; and as the *silicic acid* has a greater affinity for the lime than for alumine, the carbonate was decomposed, and the acid gas set at liberty.

Of the several successful imitations of mineral waters by Struve (respecting which I intend writing at considerable length on some future occasion, when I shall also describe the several institutions established abroad, as well as in England, for their preparation and administration), I hold that of Pullna to be the most remarkable in many respects. At all events, I can state from long personal experience, that it is uniformly successful, and that it challenges the minutest chemical scrutiny.

About ten years ago, on passing through the neighbourhood of Pullna, heated from a journey of two thousand miles, performed without stoppage by night or by day, and from that habitual state of the body for which I had, like many more of the inhabitants of London, taken bushels of aperient pills, in the preceding years,—I was induced, on principle, to try the effect of the

Bitterwasser. The result of that trial was, that I recovered my health—conquered my habitual difficulty of digestion—abandoned all pills—have never taken any since—and find it necessary only to drink about two ounces of the Pullna water to keep all straight. But as the real Pullna is not to be had easily in England, and is not very good when one gets it, I had recourse to the artificial one prepared at Brighton, without detecting, either in taste or in its effects, at first, or at any time since, the slightest difference between the natural and the artificial water. The latter I have therefore been in the habit of recommending, with the greatest success, in many cases analogous to my own; and I will be bold to say that, were its virtues better known, and its use more general, we should not hear of half the complaints against those endless pills and draughts for cleansing the bowels, with which most of the medical visits conclude in England.

The taste of the Pullna water is *bitter*, and reminds one, very slightly, of that of Epsom salts; it is however peculiar, and evidently not in accordance with the intensity of its ingredients. This induced me to think that the application of heat might probably develop more effectually the latter, and render it necessary to take so much less of the water in order to produce

a purgative effect. But as the direct application of heat to the mineral water, besides driving off the little free carbonic acid present, might decompose some of its saline ingredients, I preferred warming the Pullna by means of the addition of an equal quantity of boiling water; and the result has answered my most sanguine expectations. On my mentioning this fact last year to Struve at Dresden, he thought it an exceedingly curious coincidence, that the peasants at Pullna, in answer to a question he had put to them the spring before, when he visited the district for the third time, "whether, as they had no other water to drink, they did not find that of the wells to affect their bowels," should have told him, "that in its natural state the water had no such effect on their constitution, but that when necessary they could produce that effect, by heating the water before they drank it."

SEIDSCHÜTZ lies in a plain of the same geological character as that of Pullna, and not far from it; having from ten to twelve springs of mineral water, which is even more intensely bitter than that of Pullna, and is distinguished from it, as well as from all the other mineral waters mentioned in these volumes, by the presence of a considerable proportion of *nitrate* of magnesia. Upon analyzing the earth around the springs of Seidschütz, Struve found all those

ingredients in it which are also found in the water ; but he could not, for some time, detect the source of that one peculiar mineral salt, the nitrate of magnesia, which was contained in the water. At last, by examining more minutely the localities, he discovered that there were three or four extensive marshes or lagoons, higher up, and above the level of the springs,—which lagoons I saw on my way to Toeplitz,—and in which plants as well as animalcules were abundant. Struve suspected that these, during the process of their decomposition, might supply the nitric acid. Accordingly, he proceeded to analyze the water of the lagoons, and sure enough he detected in it *nitrate* of magnesia, with nothing else. It was evident, therefore, that this water, so charged with the salt, made its way, by percolation, to the lower level, as far as the springs in the neighbourhood ; dissolving as it proceeded other ingredients from the contiguous minerals, and thus forming the *Seidschütz* water.

This water is an effectual purgative, and in the hands of a judicious practitioner, well acquainted with its properties, may be substituted with effect for many *messes* and *compounds* from the apothecary's shop, in cases of obstruction, and slight attacks of hepatic disorders. It contains the smallest indication possible of iron—and the solid contents in a pint amount to one hun-

dred and thirty grains. Struve has imitated this water with equal success.

SEIDLITZ. Who has not become acquainted with this name, through the gentle and pleasing aperient salt, so called, sold to the public in this country,—as being either an imitation of, or the real salt itself, from the celebrated springs found in the village of *Seidlitz*, immediately adjoining to that of Seidschütz? And yet the two things are as different as possible; and the nature, proportion, and qualities of their respective ingredients are equally different. The taste of the real *Seidlitz* is bitter; which is due to the presence of not less than a drachm and two-thirds of Epsom salts in a pint of the water. That of the London *Seidlitz* is acid, there being not a particle of the Epsom in it! In the real, the presence of carbonic acid is exceedingly small. In the London *Seidlitz* it is excessive, and renders the water effervescent! In the real there is muriate of magnesia, which the London sellers of *Seidlitz* salts have not even attempted to introduce; but in lieu of it they have forced into the combination a quantity of tartrate of soda, which is not present, either in the real *Seidlitz*, or in any other mineral water on earth! In fact, the pretended *Seidlitz* salts sold in England, have nothing in common with the chemical component parts of the genuine *Seidlitz*

water of Bohemia, except their assumed name ; and yet to this very day one reads in the printed papers which accompany the boxes of the London Seidlitz salts, that they possess “all the medicinal properties of the much-esteemed Seidlitz spring in Germany!” At the same time I will not deny, that a solution of the London Seidlitz salts in spring water, is a tolerably pleasant and easy purgative.

The real Seidlitz water is valuable as a cooling, antiphlogistic, diuretic, and aperient medicine. In fevers, given in small doses, it stands well as a substitute for the *saline draught*, and the more drastic purgatives, particularly where the patient has been previously exhausted by the action of powerful remedies, or the successive paroxysms of the disease.

The temperature of the three springs just described is the same, and never varies, even in the hottest summers, from that of 58° of Fahrenheit. No patient frequents these springs,—the locality of which would be unfavourable for the establishment of any watering-place;—but, from the wells, the water is carefully put in stone bottles, and sent to different parts of Germany. Dr. Struve’s imitations of them may be taken with the fullest confidence, as identical in their effects with the natural waters.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOEPLITZ.

SCHÖNAU.

Approach to Toeplitz—*Les paysannes*—Hotel de la Poste—*Langestrasse*—*Schlottplatz*—CHATEAU DE CLARY—Sleeping in royal beds—German tardiness and German honesty—Visit to the principal physician—The STADTBAD—Its three springs—The *Hauptquelle*—Public and private baths—Fürstliche—*Frauenzimmerbad*—*Fürstenbad*—*Girdlenbad*—*Baade Platz*—Visit to the public baths of both sexes—Singular scene—IL PURGATORIO—Temperature of the springs—The HERRNHAUS—Distribution of the waters—Number of baths—Price of bathing—*Kurtax*—REGISTER—Effect of a tepid bath on the author, and of one much warmer—Ball-room—Singular feeling on the skin—Mud-baths imitated—Cold mineral spring for the eyes—The ladies' garden—The *beau monde* drinking cold mineral waters—SCHÖNAU—Its four different springs and buildings—General medical effects of the Toeplitz mineral water—Diseases cured—Its power in proportion to its ingredients—Analysis of the water—A sealed book—Geology of the *Hauptquelle*—The Prince DE CLARY—His zeal for Toeplitz—Physicians—Dr. BISCHOF—His character—Climate and air of Toeplitz—Principal hotels and their localities—Cheap living—A repast and its damages—The streets—Amusements—Daily occupation—The HAUT-TON—Theatre—Memorable 1813—The Schlossberg—A narrative—The GREAT CONGRESS.

IN approaching Toeplitz, in the midst of a rich country, smiling all round with nature's bountiful gifts, and strewn with villas and chateaux, the surest indication of individual wealth, we noticed again a corresponding change in the appearance of the inhabitants. The men as

well as women are of a superior cast, taller, better made, and better looking, than their countrymen of the more elevated plateau of Saatz. I was struck, in particular, by the neatness of their costume, and the smart style in which the women dress their hair. Some of the humblest class, who wear nothing on their heads, and walk barefooted, displayed the most elegant coiffures, such as ISIDORE himself could hardly surpass.

I had been recommended to put up at the *Poste*, which is also the principal hotel in the place; and thither I repaired, on our arrival at noon. The *Poste* is situated about the middle of a long and wide street, called *Langestrasse*, which is open and airy, with some good-looking houses, and several other first-rate hotels. At its northern extremity it is terminated by the Markt-platz, and at the opposite or upper end by the Schloss-platz; some of the remarkable features of which are, the great chateau of the Prince de Clary, with its neat chapel, the theatre, and the Stadtkirke, whose towers are a mixture of the Gothic and Lombard style of architecture. In this square there is also a large fountain, the centrepiece of which is an obelisk of stone, rising fifty feet, charged in every possible direction, both on its angles and

its sides, with statues of saints, angels, and other emblems, by which the artist, BRAUN, has endeavoured to represent the great mystery of the Holy Trinity.

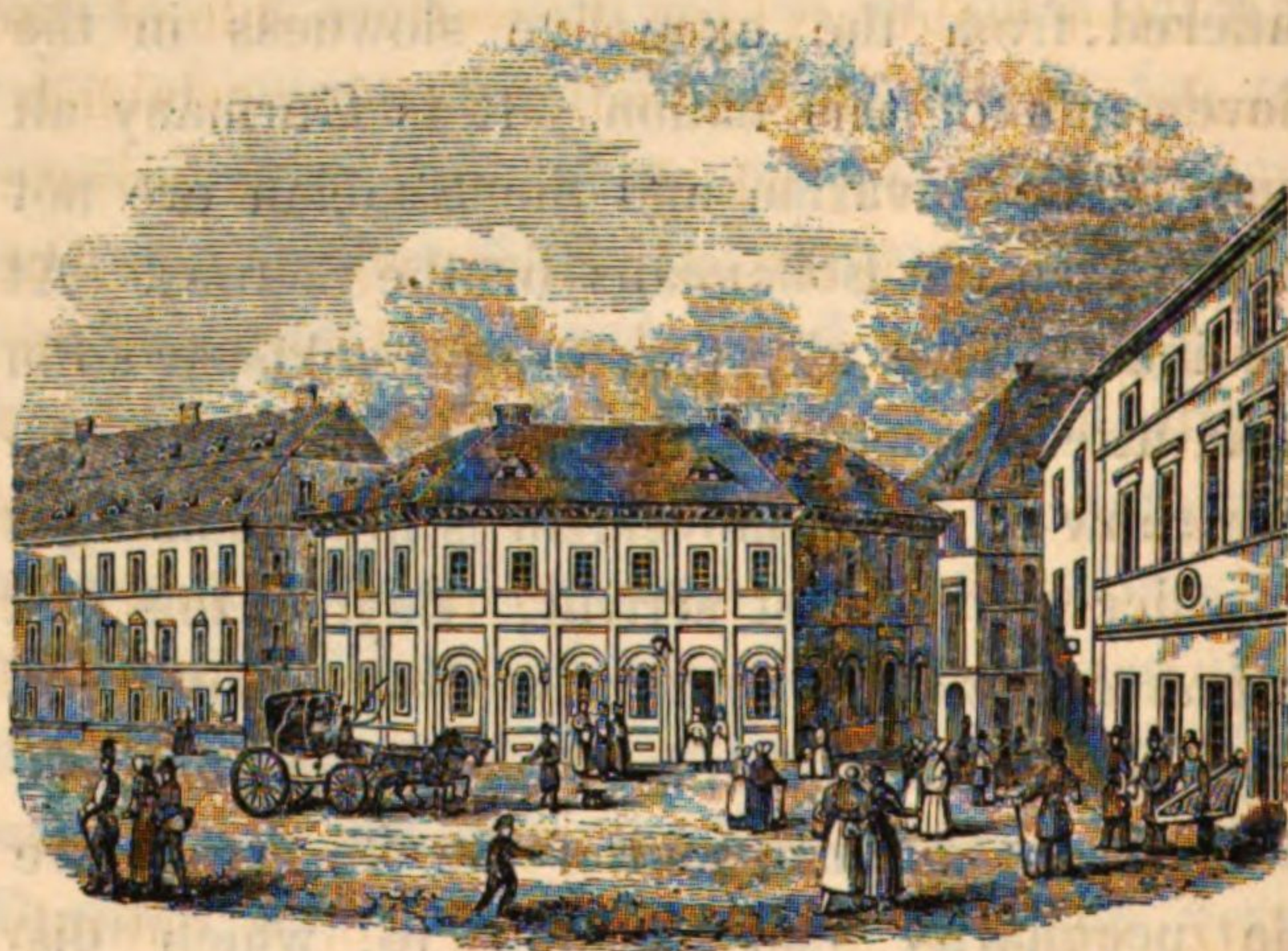
Our landlord of the Poste, chatty, lively, and speaking French, ushered us at once into a suite of rooms (an *enfilade* of at least ten of them), which had been evacuated that very morning, by the King and Queen of Saxony, and their suite, who had set off on their way to Prague, to assist at the *Sacre* of the Austrian emperor. This, then, we gained by loitering on the road from Carlsbad, through motives of curiosity and instruction;—that we arrived just in time to select two excellent rooms, out of a whole suite on the principal floor, in which Royalty had lodged; and occupy the very chamber in which one of the royal consorts had only the previous night reposed.

Before proceeding to any other occupation, I called for a bottle of the real Pullna, or as I heard it pronounced here, *Billna Wasser*—an old acquaintance of nearly ten years standing—one of those oddly-shaped, squeezed, square, rough-made *cruchons de terre*, corked *comme il faut*, and duly stamped at the well, which I had seen before. I quaffed, with a *gusto* equal to my expectation of deriving benefit from it, two goblets

in succession of its deliciously-nasty contents, mixed with hot water—and soon after, having made our respective toilettes, we sat down to a most capital *déjeuner à la fourchette*—capital, though tediously served; for here, again, we suffered from the excessive slowness in the movements of this nation. It is Germany all over. The Bavarian and the Suabian are not slower than the Bohemians or the Saxons. At the inns, above all, they are provokingly so in their attendance. At these establishments the only show of quick movement is in welcoming a traveller on his first arrival. Beyond this first *empressement* all is again nature—eternal tardiness. But what of that? *Chacun à sa manière*; and so have nations: and if the Germans have the peculiarity just alluded to, which distinguishes them from the mercurial Frenchman, and the impatient Italian, they have also many redeeming qualities, among which two are truly precious—honesty of purpose, and an unsophisticated heart.

One of these honest, straightforward, and good-natured Germans, I found in the principal physician of the place, Dr. BISCHOF, a name well known in the medical literature of his country. To him I went to pay my respects the moment I left the hotel. In the course of two

hours' conversation, the learned doctor made me master of the *carte du pays* : immediately after which we proceeded together, to examine the several springs and bathing-establishments.



The principal baths are distributed in four distinct buildings. In the building called the Stadtbath, represented in the vignette, are the three chief hot springs of Toeplitz, belonging to the town, the first of which is called the *Hauptquelle*. The water from them, besides supplying three public baths, and twenty-four private ones in the house, is distributed to other private baths, as well as to those which belong to Prince Clary, who has a claim to the supply.

To the right of the Stadtbad is a second building, containing the private baths for the ladies of rank (*Fürstliche Frauenzimmerbaad*), and next to it a third neat edifice, with private baths for gentlemen, called *Die Fürstenbader*. The two latter buildings form the western side of the Baade-platz, with a smaller bathing-establishment intervening, which belongs to a private individual. He is the only citizen who enjoys that privilege, and to whom the mineral spring of the Stadtbad supplies the necessary water, without any charge. It is called the *Girdlerbad*, from the circumstance of the person who first obtained the privilege having professed the art of a girdle maker.

The north or principal side of the Baade-platz, which is a fine open space, is entirely occupied by the seignorial house of the Prince de Clary, denominated the *Fürstliche Herrnhaus*, and the two remaining sides of the square are formed by several hotels. I have introduced a little way farther on (page 200), a general view of this great *foyer* of Toeplitz—the grand rendezvous of all the invalids, visitors, and idlers, at that political Spa.

I visited the three public baths in the Stadtbad: namely, that for the men (*Menschenbad*)—for the wives and daughters of citizens (*Frauenbad*)—and

for the wives of the common people (*Weiberbad*). The first and last are under ground, and vaulted over. They may be compared to large cellars that have been inundated. The roof is supported by pillars; and light is admitted through small windows from the street.

The scene that presented itself on entering the bath of the men, as well as the separate one of the women (both of which were *quite full*), under the guidance of Dr. Bischof,—who insisted on my doing so, and who quieted the incipient alarm of the ladies, by exclaiming that I was *only* a doctor,—beggars description. The heat of these baths was 113° , and the steam almost prevented a distinct view of the objects in it. Still I could perceive that both the men and the women, who were bathing, had been cupped on, or had had leeches applied to their backs, their shoulders, or their chests, and that blood was streaming from the wounds, fresh and free, into the water. These poor creatures, who have all an equal right to use these baths gratuitously, cannot enter the water, on account of its great heat, without first losing blood, or they would expose themselves to serious accidents. Some were lying down in the water; others standing up; a few were playing and gamboling about; while many were engaged in rubbing one another. In

both the baths, the greater number of the men and the women were stripped of all clothes; but a few wore a small handkerchief round their waists. The whole spectacle reminded me strongly of those fiery pictures of "*le anime nel purgatorio*," which one meets at the door of almost every church in Italy, over the begging or alms-box.

The colour of the water in the principal baths is opalescent, and on its surface almost green. In its natural state, however, and after it has cooled in two large square reservoirs of stone, erected on purpose in the courts of the building, the water loses some of its gases, deposits oxyde of iron, and becomes clear. In the baths just described, it may well be imagined that the hot water was of all colours.

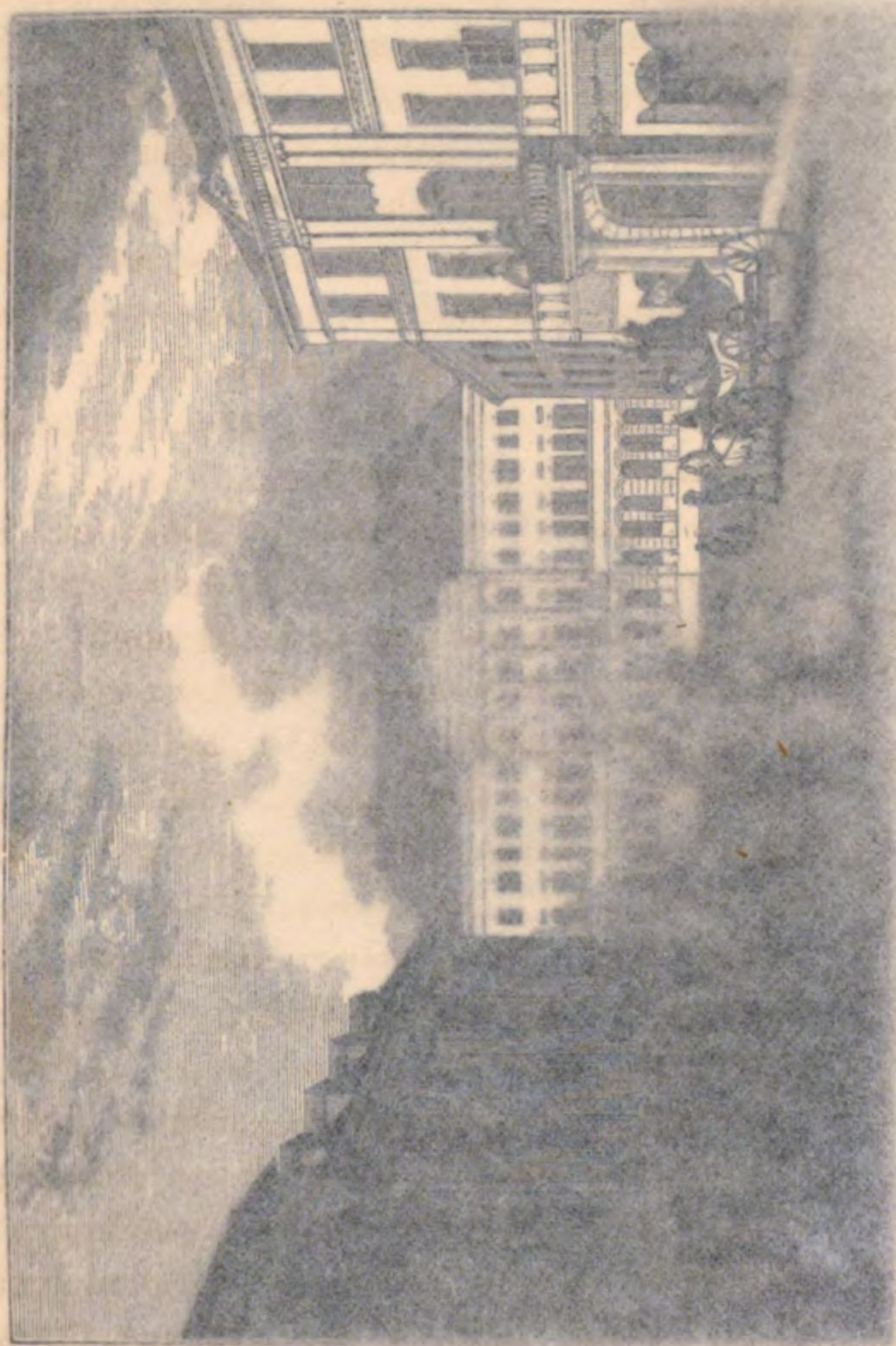
The principal spring of the Stadtbad supplies also three baths, called the Jews' baths. The quantity of water which the chief spring in the Stadtbad yields, is truly marvellous—being not less than a thousand large pailfuls, or one million one hundred and eighty-nine thousand six hundred and seventy cubic feet an hour.

If we may rely on the accuracy of former observers, the temperature of these springs has, in the course of forty years, increased from 117° Fahrenheit to 122°. The latter is the present temperature of the principal spring, as ascertained

by myself. It is only 120° , at the mouth of the pipe, and from 113° to 114° in the private as well as public baths, unless purposely cooled down, by the addition of mineral water from the cooling reservoir—an operation which is often had recourse to. The difference, therefore, between the highest known temperature of the mineral spring at Toeplitz, and that of Carlsbad, is not less than 20° of Reaumur; that is to say, that the *Sprudel* is 45° of Fahrenheit hotter than the *Hauptquelle* at Toeplitz.

The HERRNHAUS is a smart building, with fine suites of apartments, and six baths for the convenience of persons lodging in the house. This establishment, of which Dr. Bischof is the superintending physician, has, in addition to the hot water which the princely landlord has the right to receive from the principal spring in the Stadtbad, a spring of its own. From this spring the principal Ladies private Bath-house is entirely supplied. Its temperature is somewhat lower than that of the springs in the Stadtbad.

The general supply from the spring is regulated in such a manner, that the water is never used or interfered with at the source itself; and pipes of distribution proceed from it to the different establishments, as at Baden, independently of each other. In this manner, all chances of the water which has been used for one bath, such as the



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HERRN HAUS, TOEPLITZ.

public baths for example (which are immediately in contact with the spring), being made to serve for any other, are effectually avoided.

Although there are accommodations for lodgers in some of the establishments for bathing which I have enumerated, (particularly in the Herrnhaus and the Girdlerhouse, in both of which the apartments are excellent,) Toeplitz does not possess the advantage of Baden, where so many large and fine hotels have, within themselves, extensive bathing-establishments. At Toeplitz the larger number of visitors, who live at the numerous inns and hotels in the town, must, in order to bathe, choose their particular establishment, and proceed thither from their residence, for the purpose of bathing;—an inconvenience often much felt by such as are seriously indisposed.

The prices of all the private baths are fixed here, as they are at all the other Bohemian Spas. The highest charge for a single private bath is twenty kreutzers, and ten the lowest. All the *kürgaste*, or visitors, are bound to pay a mere trifle, in addition, for warming their linen and for attendance. There is here, as at Carlsbad, a government tax of from one to two florins, for each visitor or head of a family; which goes towards the repairs of the public buildings, and the improvement of Toeplitz.

As the number of basins for bathing amount

to no more than 84, including those situated in a small village called SCHÖNAU, adjoining Toeplitz (of which more anon), and as the number of visitors is very often considerable, it became indispensable to regulate the hours of bathing for every individual. For this purpose there is, at each establishment, a very respectable person and his wife placed in charge of it, who keep registers of the patients of both sexes who are desirous of bathing at particular hours, in which register the name of the bather, and the chosen hour of bathing, are set down. This formality once arranged—either on each morning, or once for all at the commencement of the season—the movements of the bathers are regulated by the ringing of a bell, as at Wildbad in the Black Forest; and it becomes very important to pay attention to these manœuvres, in order not to lose one's turn.

I must now be allowed to “take a leaf” out of my note-book, just as I penned it, in order to describe the effect of a Toeplitz bath on the human body. “Just returned from having a dip (of nearly an hour) in one of the private basins at the *Fürsten*, or Prince's baths, for which I paid twenty-four kreutzers, and six to the attendant, because I gave him a little more trouble than usual. The room is most elegantly fitted up with white curtain blinds, and outside

jalousies to keep out the sun. The floor is divided into an upper and a lower portion. In the latter, a sunken basin, of an oval shape, occupies the centre. On the former, which is always warm, from being placed immediately over the *Hauptquelle*, there is a carpet, a sofa, a toilet-table, and the convenience for hanging up clothes, &c. A warm sheet and a towel are deposited on a table at the time of entering the bath. The basin, which is large, is lined all round and at the bottom with tiles of porcelain, of two colours, which are often corroded or stained yellow by the iron, and is descended into by three steps. This gives to the immersion of the body in water a graduation which is pleasant. The two cocks, of hot and of cooled mineral water, lie close at hand. At the farthest end of the basin a waste pipe, constantly open, carries off the superfluous water which in my case it was necessary to discharge; as I suffered the pipe supplying the hot mineral spring water from the source, to run all the while I was in the bath, after the first fifteen minutes.

“The atmosphere of the room was 73° by my thermometer. I found on trial the temperature of the water in the basin to be only 90° , although I had ordered it at 95° . But this mistake is generally made at all the hot baths, where I should recommend invalids never to trust the

statement of the bath-master, but to depend on the thermometer only. I put the bulb of that instrument to the mouth of the hot pipe, while I let the hot stream out. The mercury rose to 115° , and would not stir a fraction from that point. By this accession of hot water, the bath having attained a temperature of 95° , I went in and felt the water pleasant—generally cooler near to the skin than a few inches from it, or on the surface. This fact I had also noticed at Baden, and Gastein, but not at Wildbad, where the temperature of 97° is permanent.

“When I entered the bath my pulse was quiet, rather slow, and moderate in strength. The water in the bath was perfectly limpid. In a few seconds the skin, previously smooth and satiny, became ruvid; all the loose parts of it corrugated and became firm, even to the muscles, which felt harder than before. Presently a while and the skin had become so coarse, that the hand with difficulty could glide over its surface. The hand itself was wrinkled, and two fingers rubbed against each other felt rough, and made a marked noise, as if two rough surfaces were rubbed against each other. This condition of the skin lasted for some time, even after I had come out of the water. Big drops stood on the surface of the body, after quitting the bath, with more tenacity than I have

remarked in the case of other warm baths; and these remained immovable, in spite of a good deal of bustle in walking to the upper end of the room, stooping to get the linen, and so forth. The water did not produce any other sensible effect, such as tingling or otherwise, on the skin, nor any sensation whatever in the head. The breathing was slightly oppressed when I laid at full length in the basin, and the heart intermitted a little. The pulse became somewhat quicker and rounder, and beat a little more strongly. On the whole I should not consider such a moderate degree of heat in any way dangerous to persons affected with a tendency of blood to the head; which would unfortunately be my case, were I not to take every care to prevent it.

“On a second trial I prepared the water in the bath at 100° , and after a quarter of an hour suffered the hot-water pipe to flow incessantly into the basin; so that at last my thermometer marked 112° . The effect on the skin at first was not so marked as in the previous experiment; but on the circulation the impression seemed very distinct. Before ten minutes had elapsed, my head felt thick and heavy, the blood-vessels beat sonorously, the pulse rose to 100, my heart was unsteady, but the breathing remained quite natural; nay I thought it more ethereal. A sensation of general vigour

throughout the system, at the same time, pervaded my whole frame, which was, however, followed by one of exhaustion, half an hour after I had quitted the bath. It was no easy task to wipe the body dry after coming out of the water; so incessantly did the big drops of perspiration force themselves through the pores of the skin, on every part of the body. Comparing these sensations with those I experienced the first time I went into a Russian vapour-bath* at a temperature of 120° degrees, when at St. Petersburg, in 1827,—I am surprised that a lower degree of heat at Toeplitz, on using water, should have produced effects so different from those which were caused by a higher temperature from the use of steam and hot air."

The six private baths in the Herrnhaus, which I examined, are very elegantly fitted up in every respect, and the best of the kind I have seen any where. I must in justice make the same remark, in reference to all the other private baths,—which are, at Toeplitz, unquestionably superior those to of any other Spa in Germany.

I have hinted, elsewhere, that the mania of having mud-baths is raging just now, at all the German Spas, even where nature has not yielded the necessary materials for them; and this because

* See "St. Petersburg," vol. i., p. 491—494, for a full description of a Russian bath.

those at Franzensbad are known to be so potent and effective. Here, at Toeplitz, good-natured Bischof and his colleagues have been striving to establish such baths; and that gentleman showed me the stone reservoir in the garden of the Herrnhaus, in which a man under his direction was preparing the *schlamm* or mud for that purpose. I could not help shrugging my shoulders at the sight, and telling him, that his manufactory of dirt would never be a good substitute for the *real schlamm*.

Toeplitz is essentially a bathing-place. Of late years, however, the establishment of a public garden behind the Herrnhaus, called the Ladies' Garden, with a colonnade and a portico in the centre, where a band plays at an early hour every morning, has brought much into vogue the drinking of the mineral waters,—not from the hot spring, but from another spring which is situated in a new pump-room within the said garden, where a second and equally deep spring is also found, which is used only for external application, in cases of sore eyes. The temperature of this spring is 75° ; that of the former, the water of which is drunk, is 77° . Carbonic gas and azote escape from both springs. Schmaltz, a celebrated oculist of Pirna, near Dresden, recommends strongly

this species of eyewash in scrofulous disorders of the eyes, dry eyelids, obstructed lachrymal passages, &c. The case of the son of Lord H—— was cited to me, as having been greatly benefited by this application. Both springs are open to the public generally, except during the hours already mentioned.

Besides the water already referred to, the invalids who assemble in the garden have an opportunity of drinking also the Marienbad and the Franzensbad waters, the Ragozi, Pullna, and Seidschütz, which are imported purposely from those Spas. The influx of invalids to this place is both numerous and brilliant; and the garden is one of the rendezvous for the best company in Toeplitz, during upwards of two hours every morning. I learned afterwards, that one or two physicians have recommended the internal use of the hot mineral spring of Toeplitz, as they consider it equal in its effects to some of the springs at Carlsbad.

At SCHÖNAU, a village close to Toeplitz, to which an excellent road leads between two elevated granite hills, the *Spitzi-geberg* and the *Spital-Berg*—there is the *Steinbad*, or stone bath, a very pretty building with a rotunda, containing a large spring, from the bottom of which bubbles of gas are constantly escaping. The

Steinbad has three public and fourteen private baths. In a neat round temple not far from the *Steinbad*, there are six triangular tepid baths, from a natural spring, with a temperature of about 90°, which issues through a sandy bottom on which the bather sits. This is the case, also, with the baths in another large building called the *Schlangenbad*. Independently of these three bathing-houses there is a hot sulphurous spring (*Schwefelbad*) at Schönau, which is much used in cutaneous complaints. The building over it is *mesquin*. The baths at Schönau are much frequented, and some of the handsomest and best hotels are to be found either on the road from Toeplitz to Schönau, or in Schönau itself. Dr. Bischof, who is greatly advanced in years, having become indisposed in consequence of his incessant exertions in my behalf the day before, was unable to accompany me to Schönau, where I examined minutely (with my two sons) every establishment.

The medicinal effects of the hot springs of Toeplitz have been admitted, by all physicians acquainted with them, to be very striking in all cases of suppressed gout, chronic rheumatism, diseases of the articulations, paralytic affections, contracted limbs, old wounds, night pains in the bones, particularly of the legs, and in many

other diseases in which the hot springs of Baden and Weisbaden have been equally recommended. But from experience I may state, that the specific virtue of these baths lies in the power they possess of restoring a cripple—it matters little from what cause—to perfect motion and elasticity. I have sent thither men with sundry chalk-stones on the hands and feet; others, whose knee-joints were stiff from repeated attacks of rheumatism; a lady, who had had the *swelled* leg after her confinement, and had felt the bad effects of it for some months, so as nearly to take away the entire use of the affected limb. I sent thither an army officer who had been wounded in the leg at Waterloo, and suffered from dreadful pains in the part, every night when in bed. All these patients, except one, returned quite recovered, after the first or second season of using the baths; and the individual excepted recovered also, though not till after four courses of bathing.

There can be no doubt that a hot bath at Toeplitz is a most powerful agent, in the hands of a judicious and observant practitioner. Independently of the influence which such a bath must have on the human body, in common with that exercised by the hot mineral water of Wildbad and Gastein, where *heat* alone seems

to be the active principle,—we have here, as at Baden (but with a higher temperature), a large association of active ingredients in the water, amounting to seven times as much as is to be found in the springs of the two before-mentioned places. Toeplitz, it should be remarked, is the only hot spring used generally as a bath, which contains so large a quantity of carbonate of soda—an ingredient, to the absorption of which by the skin during bathing, I am inclined to ascribe, from positive observation, the most striking effects in gouty patients. In this respect, Toeplitz is superior to Weisbaden. With proper management I should not despair of recovering from all his ailments, the most pitiable object of gouty tyranny. Nor must we lose sight of the fact, that there is, in the Toeplitz water, a great deposition of iron, all the *baignoires* being discoloured and somewhat damaged by it. Two such active substances in the bath cannot but exert considerable influence on the constitution.

It is curious that the analysis of the mineral water of Toeplitz, though executed by Ambrozzi, and after him by Berzelius, in 1822, has never given satisfaction. A professor from Prague, with his assistant, having been commissioned since to undertake a new analysis of all the springs of Toeplitz and Schönauf, per-

formed his task, and deposited the results of his inquiries in the hands of the magistrates of the town, after having waited in vain for some time in hopes of being remunerated for his trouble and journey. There, to this day, these analyses lie useless—their seal as yet unbroken—because the three parties who are proprietors, in different degrees, of all the baths—namely, the Prince de Clary, the Town authorities of Toeplitz, and those of Schönau—have not yet settled among themselves how the expenses, amounting to about 50*l.*, are to be paid! However, it is pretty well ascertained, that in about a pint of the water, there are not more than $15\frac{1}{2}$ grains of solid ingredients, the principal of which is carbonate of soda. It contains, also, as I before stated, carbonate of iron.

The hottest spring water, the *Hauptquelle*, emerges from a crevice in a porphyry rock. The place is kept under lock and key, and is not to be seen except with the permission either of the magistrates or of the prince, who have the custody of it, and watch it with great jealousy. In 1730 the channel of this spring was obstructed, and one day it threw up a square piece of rock, of considerable dimensions, several feet high, and thus made to itself a free exit.

Toeplitz lies amidst moderately elevated hills of granitic porphyry, to which particular names have been given. A stone bass-relief, placed on the outside of the Stadtbad, records the traditionary story of the first discovery of its hot mineral springs. Here it was not a stag or a dog falling into the scorching stream, which by its cries called the attention of man to the existence of a new blessing; but they were pigs, which, having fallen into *hot* water before their time, proclaimed, by their grunting, the existence of what has given Toeplitz a celebrity of eleven centuries, and a seniority over every other mineral Spa in Germany.

The Prince de Clary, of whose patrimony Toeplitz forms a part—ever anxious to improve and embellish the place, has spared neither pains nor money to render it worthy of the patronage of all those crowned heads who seem to delight in its *séjour*, and some of whom have even erected palaces for themselves, as well as public hospitals (with the assent of the Austrian government), for their invalid soldiers. Every season hundreds of the latter from Prussia and from Russia are comfortably lodged and boarded in appropriate buildings, and have professional attendance, with the use of the baths; and they return to their homes with re-

stored health which they could not have recovered elsewhere. The imperial government, also, has established a hospital at Schönauf, for Austrian and Bohemian soldiers.

I had no time to seek, nor the good fortune to meet with by chance, any other medical practitioner, during my short stay at Toeplitz; but not a few are to be found there, who, like Dr. Bischof, enjoy considerable reputation. I have heard mentioned with respect the names of Dr. STOLZ, and of Dr. JOHN, who is at the head of a well-conducted asylum for poor invalids visiting Toeplitz for the benefit of the waters. There are several other physicians who settle at Toeplitz during the season, most of them from Prague and Vienna, among whom my good friend Dr. Bischof is the patriarch. He is almost too far advanced in years to practise with energy and success; yet many of the patients he attends are quite pleased with his treatment. His erudition is considerable, as well as his knowledge of modern languages,—speaking English, above all, with a facility and purity which are surprising, considering that he never visited England, and that his opportunities of speaking the language are not many. Dr. Bischof, who is also a medical counsellor, lives, as I before observed, in the Herrnhaus, and is honorary phy-

sician to the illustrious princely family of Clary. He there superintends the management of the baths belonging to the establishment, and is consulted each morning, by such patients as drink the mineral water, in the little temple at one of the extremities of the colonnade, in the Clary garden.

The Chevalier de P——, who has resided six successive seasons at Toeplitz, and Dr. Bischof, extol much the purity of the air of the place throughout the year; but especially while the profuse and rich vegetation of its environs is at its height. The hills and the many woods which surround the town protect it from high winds, and the climate is considered one of the healthiest in Bohemia.

The brief and unvarnished description I gave of the hotel we occupied, may be taken as a fair specimen of what may be said of that class of establishments at Toeplitz. Indeed, many of them are decidedly superior to the one I allude to. The principal hotels are in the *Langestrasse*; but on the *Marktplatz*, as well as the *Schlossplatz*, there are some of the finest hotels in Bohemia. I made it my duty to investigate this point particularly, and I may mention, for the benefit of my readers who may wish to visit Toeplitz, the names of a few, which are placed in the three favourable situations

I have just alluded to, and which will be found in every respect eligible. These are Le Prince de Ligne, La Croix d'Or, L'Archiduc Charles, La Ville de St. Petersbourg, and Le Cerf d'Or. In the new street called the *Graupner Gasse*, facing and opening on the *Juden Berg*, there are La Ville de Paris and La Ville de Frankfort; and in the *Mühl Strasse*, which winds at the foot of the *Spital Berg* and leads to Schönau, several really magnificent hotels have been of late years erected. Among these, the hotel called Le Roi de Prusse is equal to the best hotels in Germany, save and excepting always *Klinger's*, at Marienbad. Lodgings, either in single apartments or a whole house, are numerous and excellent in Toeplitz, as well as at Schönau.

The living at Toeplitz is, beyond comparison, cheaper than in any other watering-place I have visited. A dinner at a table d'hôte, at one and at two o'clock, without wine, will cost *one hundred* kreutzers of the bad Bohemian money, as travellers are wont to call the current coin of the country—or, to speak more intelligibly, two Vienna zwanzigers, which are equal to fifteen-pence. Three of us sat down to dine, *à la carte*, one day, in order to see how good a repast we could make with a little money. We were served, not expeditiously, yet neatly; with the brightest linen,

and *en argenterie*. During this repast I had the good fortune to meet with an old acquaintance, the chancellor of the Grand Duke of Weimar, to whom I had been introduced at Weimar, on my return from Russia in 1828. He was an *habitué* of Toeplitz, from the waters of which he had derived considerable benefit, and he gave me much of that valuable information which travellers cannot hope to obtain, except from private and highly favourable sources like his. However, to return to our dinner. We found placed successively on the table three basins of an excellent *bouillon*, *au pain* and *au jaune d'œuf*—three good sized trouts, *à la sauce de vinaigre*—two *portions de chevreuil piqué au lard*—ditto of roast veal, with a delicious salad peculiar to the country—ditto *côtelettes aux épinards*—*trois bécassines*—two *portions de compôte de fruit*—two bottles of *bierre du pays* (which, by the by, next to the Bavarian, is the best out of England), and *pain à discrétion*. Damages: four florins and fifty-four kreutzers of Bohemian money, *alias* three shillings and tenpence, for three people; or fifteen-pence farthing a head! Contrasted with the dinners *à la carte* at the *Ecu d'Or* in Carlsbad, and at other places which are much recommended, the superiority of Toeplitz is manifest. Rent, however, and that cheating

charge, "*les bougies*," are not so moderate, though still cheap enough, as far as the former is concerned—which is, after all, the only thing a stranger can care for who goes to Toeplitz in order to bathe, and not to burn wax lights. An apartment may be retained at one of the best hotels, consisting of a bed-room and sitting-room, for one florin and a half a night, or ten florins a week (not quite a guinea).

I was surprised, on visiting the market and principal shops, to find them provided with every article of food and comfort that one could expect to meet with in large towns. The bread is particularly good and game is in abundance.

The streets in Toeplitz, as in almost all the Bohemian Spas which have been frequented by the English, have undergone an alteration within the last five years, with regard to their pavement, which before was much wanted. Trottoirs have been raised in most of them, covered with flag-stones, and wide in proportion to the width of the street. This innovation has added greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants, as well as of the visitors. Fountains of clear and delightful water are also to be found in many of the principal streets of the Bohemian Spas; and the system of lighting the latter at night is superior to that of many of the larger towns in Germany.

Toeplitz, during the season, offers none of the striking amusements which are to be met with at Baden-baden and Ems, Aix-la-Chapelle and Weisbaden. It is even less *bruyant* than Carlsbad; and the routine of occupations is nearly the same every day. The operation of bathing, once performed, those of the invalids who are not altogether cripples take a short walk in either of the two gardens, or proceed to TURN, or some other hill, to breakfast, and enjoy the fresh breezes of morning. Such as prefer breakfasting at home, assemble before twelve o'clock, in crowds, in the Jardin du Chateau de Clary, where a full band of musicians enliven the sylvan scene. This place is to Toeplitz what the *Weise* is to Carlsbad. The *haut-ton* may be seen every day clustered in the shaded alleys, or on the borders of the lakes, of this delightful park. Those who are absent from it are engaged in paying and receiving visits, *d'amitié* or *d'étiquette*, and not unfrequently *d'intrigue politique*, for which Toeplitz is not a little celebrated. There is no great opportunity for the display of equipages; still the appearance of light calèches, and of fair ladies on horseback, graces daily some of the public and more distant promenades.

Every body dines at one o'clock. Some of the diplomatists prefer to dine at two. The afternoon

is taken up with excursions ; and, while all the surrounding hills become covered with company, the streets of Toeplitz for a while seem deserted. To the summit of one of these hills, called the *Shönauberg*, and afterwards to that, still higher, of the *Schlossberg*, I ascended, by a winding and difficult path, after visiting all the baths of Schönau. These hills, which consist principally of *Klingstein*-porphyry, offer the finest panorama of Toeplitz and its environs that can be desired. Below is the village of Schönau, on the threshold of which up springs a cone of porphyry, called *La Ligne*, completely insulated, and about two hundred feet high. Having been cut into terraces, and a stone pavilion, or kiosk, having been erected on its summit, this hill affords to the visitors many interesting views of the surrounding country.

From the summit of the *Schlossberg* the whole population of Toeplitz witnessed, in August, 1813, that ever-memorable carnage, in which, after two days of hard fighting, Ostermann took Vandamme prisoner. We met a man on the top of this hill, who, on being asked a question or two of local interest, entered at once into a full explanation of that great fight, describing the field of battle, which lay stretched before us, and pointing out the previous positions of the allied armies, and

that of Napoleon, nearly opposite to where we stood. Evidently quite full of his subject, this person entered into a sort of recapitulation of all the military manœuvres and their results; when, all at once, he stopped short, and, looking us steadfastly in the face, as if to ascertain the effect which the narrative was producing on our countenances, he asked, whether we were *von England*? Upon our assenting, our volunteer *cicerone* broke forth into all the exulting exclamations of a victor over the fallen Frenchmen. He added something about *Milor* Aberdeen, and a *wagen* (a coach) with eight *pferde*, and a handful of ducats which his lordship had given him on that occasion; but wherefore, or to what purpose, I could not well make out, owing to his half-Bohemian dialect, and my so-so knowledge of the German language.

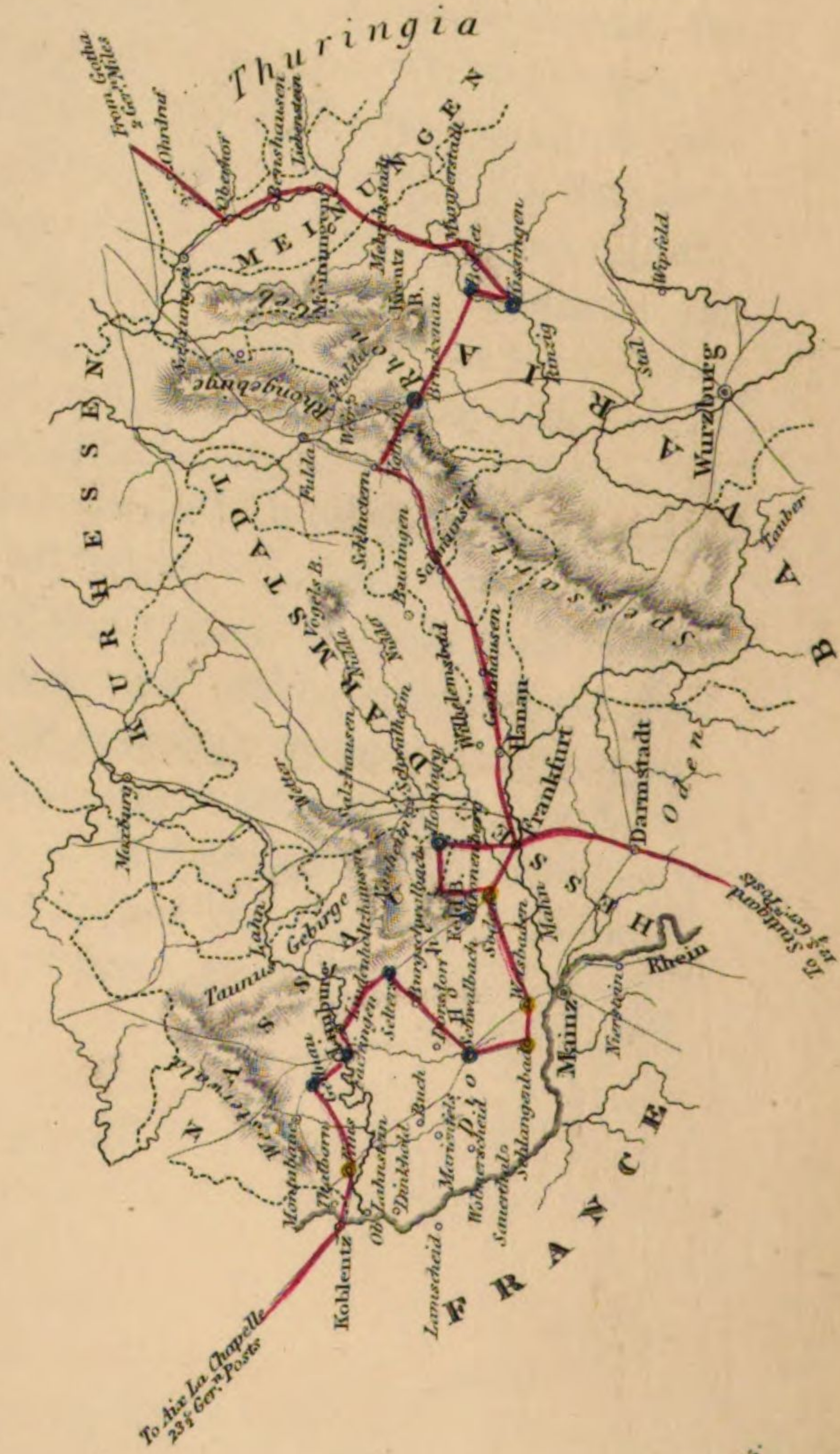
There is a theatre adjoining to the palace or chateau, which is open at night, and tolerably well frequented. But the principal company prefer assembling, after eight o'clock in the evening, in the grand *Salon* of the pavilion of Prince de Clary;—where music, both vocal and instrumental, the German newspapers, with one from France and *none* from England; chatting, dancing, and many other incidental amusements, occupy the few hours of the night devoted to recreation by

the invalids at Toeplitz. Except on ball nights, and on the occasion of some great concert, the town is buried in dead silence by ten o'clock.

Toeplitz was never so brilliant as during the celebrated Congress of 1813; when two Emperors and a King, whom good luck had placed in the novel condition of conquerors; a prince-royal and a reigning grand duke; many ordinary dukes and princes, landgraves and landgravines, margraves and margravines, with diplomatists of all ranks and degrees of acuteness; twenty general officers, who thought themselves lucky to have escaped the heavy talons of Napoleon's eagles; two hundred staff officers, and numberless people of all classes in the suite of sovereigns and grandees;—assembled to weigh and settle the balance of European power. What have the last twenty-four years produced to prove the wisdom of that council?

BAVARIAN & NASSAU

Spas



Blue Cold Springs.
 Yellow Thermal Springs.
 Red Authors Route

FOURTH GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

BAVARIAN AND NASSAU SPAS.

BAVARIAN.

1. LIEBENSTEIN.

3. BOCKLET.

2. KISSINGEN.

4. BRUCKENAU.

NASSAU.

1. HOMBOURG.

5. SCHLANGENBAD.

2. SODEN.

6. SCHWALBACH.

3. SELTZER.

7. WEISBADEN.

4. GEILNAU & FACHINGEN.

8. EMS.

BAVARIAN AND NASSAU SPAS.

CHAPTER I.

ROAD TO THE BAVARIAN SPAS.

DRESDEN.

Geography of mineral springs—Line of communication between the Bohemian, Bavarian, and Nassau Spas—KULM—*Nollendorf*—Road into Saxony—Obelisk, 1813—Watercourse to DRESDEN—The Author's former account of Germany—Injustice—Borrowing and not acknowledging—Modern tourists—Writers and Reviewers—Happy forgetfulness of the latter—ST. PETERSBURG and the Quarterly—Artificial mineral waters—Brighton German Spa—Use and effect of the mineral waters at Brighton—Testimony in their favour—Lord LYNTHURST and Lord BROUGHAM—STRUVE—Establishment at Dresden—Dresden “on the move”—Improvements since 1828—Royal Academy of Sciences—Professor SEILER—Dr. VON AMMON—Supply of water—Iron and stone pipes—Hint to water companies at home—THE THAMES—Filth-drainage and filth-drinking—MARTIN's plan—Artificial minerals—Catholic church and Roman Catholic religion—Sabbath abroad and Sabbath in Dublin—*Tricotage* and *Tripotage*—Dr. KREYSIG, the Patriarch of German Physicians—*Hahnemannism*—FARCE—Mineral waters better than Hahnemann—Homœopathic cure for corns—BERLIN—Museum—LEIPZIG—Railroad to the Elbe—JENA—Grand meeting of the German Philosophers.

It is a geographical fact, but whether worth recording or not I leave to better physical geographers than I am to determine, that the three

great groups of the Bohemian, Bavarian, and Nassau Spas, are placed, as nearly as possible, on the same parallel, namely, about the 50th degree of latitude; with an intervening space of five degrees (from the 8° to the 13°) of longitude between the first and third group; the Bavarian group occupying the middle. If two parallel lines be drawn through the central part of Germany, between the two abovementioned meridians, and of the length of three hundred and twenty English miles east and west, the one line resting on the fiftieth parallel, and the other fifteen miles above it, the readers will find, at once, all the several Spas I have included in the three last groups of my geographical arrangement, embracing the principal and most frequented mineral springs in Germany. They will also immediately remark, that each group is placed either among, or upon, or at the foot of, celebrated ranges of mountains, such as the Bohemian, and the Franconian, the Thüringian, and that of the Taunus. Lastly, they will find that, in point of elevation above the level of the sea, the Spas at the extreme east of the line are the highest (being from 790 to 1200 feet high); next, those of the centre (from 600 to 900 feet); lastly, those of the western extremity of the line (from 300 to 800 feet); the *maximum* difference being nearly 900 feet of altitude.

A communication between the Bohemian and the Bavarian Spas, exists at the foot and to the south of the great mountain-range which divides Saxony from Bavaria, through high roads and cross roads, many of which are only passable with a carriage during a short period of the year. The same remark, though not to the full extent, applies to the line of road which places the Bavarian and the Nassau Spas in direct communication with each other. Of the latter road I shall have an opportunity of giving a detailed account when I come to speak of BRUCKENAU, the favourite Spa of the King of Bavaria, situated among the Franconian mountains; as necessity compelled me to follow it, in order to reach the region of the Nassau mineral springs. But of the former road I omit giving at present any details, as they would be of little service to the reader,—who must naturally prefer the line of the great cities, whether through Saxony, or Bavaria, to that of the mountains (so full of difficulties), if he were in a condition to desire to proceed from the Bohemian to the principal Bavarian Spas.

My own route, however, lay, for a while, wide apart from the Bavarian Spas. Being obliged to visit first Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin; and feeling desirous, also, to find myself

at Jena at the time of the great annual meeting of the *Gessellschaft deutscher Naturforscher und arzte*—where I expected the satisfaction of meeting with a number of distinguished *savans* of Germany, and not a few of them old friends—I was obliged to postpone my visit to those Spas.

To all who wish to enjoy one of the most enchanting spectacles that nature can offer in the attractive characters of mountain scenery, free from the *horrendum* of the older Alps, I would recommend, that they take the ascending road from Toeplitz to Kulm, and thence to the Church of Nollendorf, seated on one of the summits of the last range of the Bohemian mountains. From Nollendorf—with his back to the porch of the humble and rustic house of God, which marks that spot; and his face turned towards Toeplitz, which lies in the bosom of the fair and hollow valley he left but three hours before—let the traveller survey the many indescribable beauties which offer themselves to his view, throughout a most extensive and smiling panorama. From thence the road leads straight into Saxony, and to the capital of it, placed at the distance of not quite five German posts, or ten German miles. Its ascent from Toeplitz is gradual, as far as the second post, called Peterswalde, six English miles beyond Nollendorf; after which the road descends through the fertile and highly-cultivated

territory of Saxony as far as Pirna, from whence the communication with Dresden, along the left bank of the Elbe, is straight and easy. Owing to the slow pace at which the carriage is dragged up the mountain from Kulm to Nollendorf, upwards of six hours are employed in performing the whole distance to Pirna. I walked with one of my sons, during the first half of the journey, through paths and byroads; while the other remained in the Britzschka,—to which, according to regulation, four horses were tacked at Arbesau, the first post-station from Toeplitz.

While this latter operation was being performed at the *poste* of Arbesau, we occupied our time in contemplating and scanning the monument erected to the memory of the conqueror of Vandamme, at the battle of Kulm, in 1813. A bold obelisk of cast iron rises on a well-proportioned square pedestal, and bears on its truncated summit the single-headed eagle, holding in its beak the wreath of victory. Sleeping lions crouch at the basis of the obelisk, on one side of which, within a medallion, is sculptured the portrait of the hero, Ostermann. The whole monument stands on three large steps, surrounded by massive chains, hanging in festoons from short granite columns. An old veteran soldier dwells close by, in a neat lodge, to guard and take care of this handsome structure.

To the geologist, and to the botanist also, a walk from this very spot, through the enchanting forest which clothes the entire acclivity of the mountain, will prove a perpetual source of interest. As I proceeded along, I had several opportunities of giving to my young travelling companion, who is destined for the career of an architect, a few practical illustrations of the geognostical character of many of the materials with which he will have to become thoroughly acquainted in after life.

Such travellers as prefer water conveyance, may proceed from Toeplitz to Aussig by a cross road, over a curious and interesting hill called Bihana Anhöhe, and there embark on the Elbe; or they may prolong their land excursion from Toeplitz, through Kulm, and up the forest of *Peterwalde*, and thence direct their course to Teschen, where also they may take boat and glide down the river to Dresden. In either case they will pass through that scene of enchantment and romance, called Saxon Switzerland; a region of columnar mountain limestone which has been too well described to need any further mention in this place.

This part of Saxony, as well as the capital, and most of the other regions of that small but interesting kingdom, I fully described in my work on St. Petersburg; in which, taking ad-

vantage of the circumstance of my route to the north lying through the most interesting parts of Germany, I gave a circumstantial, minute, and amply detailed account of that country. I will venture to invite the attention of my readers to the two thick octavo volumes of which the work just alluded to consists, in order to prove the accuracy of the assertion I have just made. In those volumes they will find that, beginning at Aix-la-Chapelle, and ending at Frankfort, I gave an extended description of the regions of the Rhine, right and left of that famed river, accompanied by many original observations and anecdotes, most of which have been copied, without any acknowledgment, in many subsequent works published in England. It is a common thing, indeed, to see, for example, my account of the celebrated fragrant water of Cologne, and the original receipt for making it (proposed by myself, and since used by some of the principal chemists and druggists in London), transferred to works of general information, without mentioning the source from whence the account and the receipt have been borrowed. The same remark applies to my theoretical explanation of the "Echo of Lurley," at St. Goar, which had never been given before, and which I illustrated with a diagram equally original. Well; both the

one and the other, and a great many other passages of my work, have been copied in magazines, cyclopædias, guides, and hand-books, as well as by tourists and writers of "Illustrations of the Rhine," without the smallest acknowledgment. My description of the region just alluded to occupies one hundred closely-printed octavo pages, containing every necessary direction for travellers, and is illustrated by a plan of the city of Frankfort, of which there is a most minute description for every practical purpose, with eight views, or vignettes, besides.

Proceeding from Frankfort, and ending at Memel, close to the frontier of Russia, a distance of nearly a thousand English miles, the reader of "St. Petersburg" will find as many as one hundred and seventy-five pages descriptive of all the Confederated States of Germany, of the south, west, and north-west of Prussia, and, above all, of the capital of that country; besides a description of many other important cities or towns, such as Erfurt, Gotha, Weimar, Leipzig, and Königsberg. This part, also, of my account of Germany I have illustrated with plans of the cities of Weimar and Berlin, and with twelve views of important buildings. But it is of the account I have given of Berlin itself, which embraces every possible object and institution of interest contained in that city—not super-

ficially but extensively and minutely given—that I would fain venture to speak with some feeling of pride ; as I know that that account has not only met with the general approbation of those who are the most competent judges, but has actually been translated into German and French, and now serves, in a great measure, as a guide for strangers who visit that city. There are, in my travels through Germany, not fewer than eighty closely-printed pages devoted to this latter description ; and many of the public institutions, particularly the theatre, the university, the Egyptian museum, the hospitals, and the public collections of Berlin, had not been described before ; nor have they been described since with any thing like the same minuteness, although not a little portion of my own descriptions has been used by subsequent writers.

Again, turning to that part of the volumes in question which gives an account of my return from St. Petersburg, through Poland and another part of Germany ; and passing over in silence my description of the former country, and of its capital in particular, of which I gave such a detailed panorama, together with a plan of the city, and two views of its principal edifices, as would enable any stranger to view it in all its extent without a cicerone ; I may refer to the circum-

stantial account, from original notes, given in one hundred pages, of a tract of country which is, perhaps, one of the most interesting in Germany, namely, Saxony. In that account I described Breslau, Saxon Switzerland, and Halle, and other parts of Germany which I had not mentioned before ; but, above all, I entered fully into the character of every important object to be seen and admired in the capital of Saxony—of which I gave a ground-plan, besides several graphic illustrations of its buildings.

In fine, the tour through Germany performed by the author of “St. Petersburg” in 1827-8, embracing a vast variety of topics, and every important object deserving attention in that extensive empire, leaves no part of that country undescribed, except that which is fully described in the present volumes, and the capital of Austria. It consists, altogether, of not fewer than three hundred and seventy-five closely-printed pages. These, I am informed by my intelligent publisher, when compared with the ordinary octavo pages of modern tourists, would have easily admitted of an expansion into two goodly volumes, which might have with justice been entitled “A Descriptive Tour through Germany.”

Yet : with all this evidence looking them in

the face, would the readers believe that there have been two or three recent writers on Germany, who have stated that that country had seldom been visited or described of late years, and that, in consequence of such a deficiency, they deemed it necessary to proceed to give their own description of the several places I have just mentioned ; as if that had never been done, or as if the English public had never heard of them before ? This, too, they have done, without making the slightest allusion to the extended account I had so recently given of all those places !

But there is something still more amusing to come. A recent number of a well-known review contains, among others, an article on Germany. In its introduction, the writer of that article would wish us to understand that, between the publication of Mr. Russell's "Germany," in 1822, and the appearance of "Germany and the Germans," in 1836, a chasm of fourteen years exists, during which years no other account of that country has been published ! And yet this very identical review, in 1828, actually gave a lengthened account of the work written by the author of the present volumes, which contains materials enough upon Germany to form of themselves a separate work, at least as large, if

not larger, than that of Russell! Through gallantry alone, I presume, the reviewer makes a slight exception in favour of Mrs. Jameson (Mrs. Trollope's "Western Germany" is not even hinted at), whom he considers deserving of praise for having described the gallery of Dresden, *which had not been described before!* But how stands the truth? That some years before the fair authoress in question had written what she has on the said gallery, the author of "St. Petersburg" had actually given a much fuller description of it, together with an enumeration of all the pictures, classed according to painters, and a particular account of some of the *chefs d'œuvres* it contained. That description was, furthermore, made useful by the addition of a view of the exterior, and a ground-plan of the interior of the gallery, which might serve as a guide to the visiter, and which no other tourist had given before, or has given since. Is this poetical justice, or is it ignorance? or a determination to keep particular authors in the background, unless they can be dragged out to be abused?

This digression, which, in justice to myself, I have been compelled to introduce in this place, reminds me of another equally candid act towards me, as a writer, on the part of the author

of a small volume entitled "Excursions to the North of Europe," which appeared in 1833. The author of that book actually undertakes, five years only after the appearance of "St. Petersburg," to give a fresh description of that city, in a few short pages; and begins by stating, that, as the Russian government would not have permitted him to take on shore Captain Jones's travels, which he had brought from England, and *as there was no other work on Russia which he knew, so useful for the information of the traveller*, he had contented himself with the assistance of the "Modern Traveller;" and this the author of the "excursion" states in the teeth of a grandiloquent review of the identical "St. Petersburg" attributed to the pen of one intimately connected with him, in which there is the following passage, or concession, from a determined and persevering enemy: "We have said that Petersburg is the theatre for the display of Dr. Granville's descriptive powers and graphical illustrations. Here he was for at least five (seven) weeks, and had the best opportunities for collecting materials, and comparing how far their accuracy corresponded with his own observations; and we do not hesitate to say that his 'Picture of St. Petersburg' contains the most copious and detailed description of

the gigantic edifices of that extraordinary city which has hitherto been laid before the public.”*

Now, as I wish to think honestly of every body, I will take it for granted that the author of the “Excursion in the North” had seen neither the above review nor the work it commends; else he would have procured the latter for his own information, on proceeding to St. Petersburg; where he would have found, on his arrival, that there was no difficulty in landing a work which “contains the most copious and detailed description,” &c. &c. The Rev. Mr. Elliot, who about the same time published also his travels in the north of Europe, with much more candour observed, that the minute and correct “Picture of St. Petersburg” in Dr. Granville’s volumes, made it quite unnecessary for him to enter into a fresh description of that city.

Having settled these little differences in good humour, and free from that spirit of *persiflage* (the invariable indication of lacking wit and of being in the wrong) which others love to display—a settlement which I owed to myself, and for which I have not had, before, a fit opportunity,

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxxix., page 14.

I shall proceed to the conclusion of my present work, perfectly indifferent to the infliction of any future castigation (as I doubt not it would be called) with which I may be visited, from those who are bold, because they wear a mask, and who shelter themselves under an imposing *WE*, rather than venture to sign their reviews with their own names.

With Dresden, then, with Berlin, with Leipzig, with Weimar and with Jena,—all of which places I again visited on the present occasion, with the additional satisfaction of a hearty welcome from former acquaintances, and that of receiving fresh literary and academical distinctions,—I shall not again occupy the time of my readers. I must refer such of them as may be desirous for the first time of becoming acquainted with those places, to the pages I have so often alluded to; confident that they will meet there with all the information they may require.

There are two or three subjects, however, respecting which I should be happy to be allowed the indulgence of a little digression. Indeed two of them are not altogether unconnected with the nature and intention of the present work, and may justly find a place in this part of my volumes. I allude, first, to the manufacture and use of artificial mineral waters, and

secondly, to that singular system of theoretical and practical medicine, which has been called Homœopathism, Hahnemannism;* but to which I should be inclined rather to apply the appellative *Infinitesimophysicalism*, unless some should prefer that of *Ninny-ism*. Against the adoption of the latter title, however, there is the staring objection of the *infinite* mischief which, in the hands of its proselytes, the system has been and is still producing.

The introduction of artificial mineral waters into the practice of medicine, as prepared by Struve, has now received the sanction of several years' experience. In speaking of that scientific physician and chemist, in my account of the capital of Saxony, which he inhabits, I stated, in 1828, that much was to be expected from the result of his labours—the benefit of which was about to be extended to England by the formation of an establishment at Brighton, which has since received the name of “The German

* Here again I preceded every other writer on Germany, in introducing to the notice of the English public, an account of this medical sect, the principles and practice of which were nearly unknown in this country in 1828, when I gave my description of it, together with the history of some cases of miraculous cure performed by it, at pages 601—604 of the second volume of “St. Petersburg.”

Spa.” The realization of those anticipations has been most complete ; and nothing could be more satisfactory than the investigation of the value and importance of that establishment, which took place before the Privy Council a few months since, when Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, who had examined the writer of these pages at full length, respecting the novelty as well as utility of Struve’s process, decided, on his evidence, that the institution was deserving of the enlargement of the time of the patent, to the full extent of the original grant.

Into the merits of the mode of preparing the artificial mineral waters, due to the sagacity, penetration, and chemical skill of Struve, it is not my purpose to enter at present. I alluded to his process in a former work, and shall probably have occasion, at some future opportunity, to give a fuller account and description of it. Neither is it my intention to say a word in praise of the establishment at Brighton, although, as a “German Spa,” I might very properly have pressed it into my service. That establishment is prosperous, and from four to five hundred patients of note find yearly at it a pleasant and easy mode of recovering their health. I have myself used and prescribed largely the several waters prepared at that establishment

with the greatest success, and the time will come when some of those mineral waters will take the place of the perpetual drugging so fashionably prevailing in London.

The artificial waters in question are found to contain all the qualities and properties, in the most minute degree, of their corresponding mineral springs, as well in regard to the effect which they produce on the human body, as in their chemical composition, taste, and intensity of union. To produce *all* the effects of the real, or natural mineral water, of which they are the closest imitation possible, they only need the auxiliaries to which I have so often referred in the present volumes, and which are so eminently calculated to facilitate and hasten the recovery of patients. The testimony of the most celebrated physicians in Germany, at the head of which I may place Kreysig, Clarus, Ammon, and many more, strongly corroborates my opinion of those waters; and I was happy to find, during my last visit in Germany, that that opinion has been and is gaining ground all over that country, where establishments, similar to that at Brighton, have been formed at Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and Königsberg, besides those at Moscow and Warsaw.

In order to satisfy myself of much of the truth

of what I have here advanced, I took advantage of Struve's kind hospitality towards myself, while at Dresden in September last, to inspect minutely every part of his own establishment for the preparation and administration of the artificial mineral waters. I need not say that I was delighted with every part of it, together with all the arrangements he has made, both in his residence and the adjoining gardens, for the accommodation of the many patients who resort to it every summer, and many of whom reside with him during the cure. The number of those who attended at Struve's establishment to drink the mineral waters last year amounted to about six hundred.

Arrangements have been some time in progress, agreeably to an original suggestion I submitted years ago to the proprietors, for establishing a German Spa in the Regent's Park; a speculation which would well repay a small association of spirited and scientific individuals.

At the house of Dr. Struve, and at his festive board, I met with several distinguished scientific men and physicians, whose conversation served to enlighten me on many subjects which I had gone to Dresden to inquire into and examine. The capital of Saxony is an improving city. In most of the streets *trottoirs* have been esta-

blished since my previous visit to it; and the illumination, by gas, which has also been introduced since, is conducted upon a very scientific and economical plan, by an ingenious native, which would do credit to the more experienced gas companies of England. A single example will prove the fact so far as relates to economy. An argand burner, one and a half inch square, with sixteen holes, to burn 1300 hours in the year, is charged to the consumer at Dresden thirteen thalers a year. In Berlin the same burner is charged by the Continental Gas Company twenty-three thalers, and in Amsterdam something dearer.

New buildings (such as the post-office, a very handsome structure) are rising in every direction, particularly on the site of the old fortifications, and in the environs,—where barren land has been fertilized, and converted into a series of gardens. The removal of the many encumbrances which obstructed the markets, and the *Marktplatz* in particular, is also one of the great improvements of a recent date. On the Bruhl terrace many ameliorations have been introduced, in the pretty walk which commands a view of the Elbe and of the best parts of the city. The great public building of the Royal Academy of Sciences, situated on it, is undergoing a thorough repair, and is to be placed on a splendid footing.

In a house adjoining to this building resides the great anatomist and physiologist, SEILER, with whom I had more than one long and highly interesting interview. This well-known writer and acute observer is, at this moment, engaged in a new work, of great research, which will be received with satisfaction by the medical faculty in this country.

The mention of one illustrious author naturally suggests the name of another, who equally does honour to Dresden and to his profession. I allude to Dr. Frederick VON AMMON, a popular writer, especially on mineral waters, respecting which he has published two highly-esteemed works, which have gone through repeated editions. Dr. Von Ammon is, moreover, the most eminent and scientific oculist in Dresden, as well as surgeon and physiologist. For some years he has been engaged in writing a treatise on the various maladies of the eyes, illustrated by seven hundred beautifully-coloured drawings, which he was kind enough to show me, and which, when published, will unquestionably form one of the most striking productions of its class that has ever appeared in medical literature.

In wandering about the streets one day I witnessed the putting down of the new stone pipes, for the conveyance of pure water from a small river, three English miles distant, to the house

of the inhabitants, who never touch a drop of the Elbe water. These pipes are to be substituted for the wooden pipes hitherto used for the same purpose, and the length of which, throughout the city, equals twenty-eight and a half German miles. The latter pipes having, after a lapse of several years, been found to be in a decayed state, iron ones were about to be substituted, when, fortunately, Struve remarked that an iron pipe, which had been laid down about twenty years before, gave no more than the sixth part of the supply of water it had given at first. On examination, it was found that a hard deposition had formed all around the inside of the pipe, which had thus closed up the three-fourths of its bore.

Berzelius, some short time since, having examined the hard mass in question (which in Paris and at Grenoble had also been observed to have choked up the iron water-pipes of those cities), discovered a new and highly corrosive principle, which seems to act as a decomposing agent when placed in contact with the iron, in the same manner as an acid does in a galvanic arrangement. This agent throws down all the saline ingredients of the water, and the latter coalesce in a dry state to form the incrustation before mentioned. If a similar observation has not been made before by the water companies at home, the hint here given will not be thrown

away, particularly by such of them as are at this moment engaged in remedying (as far as they can remedy such a crying evil) the just complaint of those who are supplied, throughout the London district, with filthy water from the Thames. The remedy, it is understood, will consist in drawing the water from a higher part of that river, and conveying it to London through huge iron pipes, some of which are even now being laid down. The substitution of stone, for the iron pipes, as now effecting in Dresden, bored by steam, would prove, in the end, to be a cheaper, and, in every way, a superior mode, for the intended object. But no complete remedy can ever be applied in this way to the great plague-sore of the metropolis—the polluted and disgusting water which it receives into its houses—until the river itself shall have been emancipated from the filth which daily pours into it by millions of gallons, just before the water is pumped back into the dwellings of the citizens. The mode of effecting so important an object, proposed by the Thames Improvement Company, on the plan of Mr. Martin, the celebrated artist, promises to be not only effectual, but productive also of the most beneficial results.

Among the various subjects of a scientific nature which were discussed at the meetings in Struve's hospitable mansion, that of artificial minerals having been introduced, the professor

showed me a few specimens of them, which could not fail to interest one attached for many years to the study of geology, and who was, at the time, investigating the subject of the mineralizing principles of water. Among the specimens was one of Kneiss, with its hornblend crystals as usual, which had been fused at the bottom of a furnace for smelting iron near Dresden, and had produced fresh crystallizations, very minute and beautiful, which were declared by Mitscherlich to be Feldspar. In another portion of the same rock, with titanite ore, subjected to the same heat, the Titanium was reduced and found attached to the half-fused mass of Kneiss. In a third specimen iron was fused; a vesication ensued, within which were found many pretty crystals of oligistic iron. I understand that the last-mentioned celebrated crystallographer of Berlin has in his possession twenty-four specimens of such artificial minerals.

The recollection of a former treat enjoyed on a Sunday at the great Catholic Church of Dresden, where the Royal Orchestra performs during high mass some of the most exquisite pieces of sacred music, induced me to visit it this time on a similar occasion. The first thing that strikes a stranger on entering this beautiful edifice, which possesses the *chef d'œuvre* of Raphael Mengs over its principal altar, is the strict separation of the two sexes in the centre

aisle, insisted upon and rigorously maintained by the liveried court servants, who parade the church for that purpose. In the side aisles this separation is not observed. I wish I could say that, by such a measure, an appearance of greater decorum, and more reverential attention to the service, were obtained among the *twofold* congregation. It were also desirable that the number of those who enter the church during the service, as idlers to promenade up and down, and often to change places in order the better to catch the sound of the music, as well as a peep at the performers placed in a high organ-loft, were not so great. The contrary is unfortunately the case, and the consequence is that the interior of this, like that of many other great Catholic churches which I have visited on the continent, presents more of a theatrical than a religious aspect.

It is evident that the Roman Catholic religion on the continent of Europe has not yet recovered, and probably never will again recover, from the rude shock it received during the French Revolution of 1789. It is now no longer the Roman Catholic religion of the earlier part of the 18th century. In France not only is the reality, but the very outward signs and tokens, of this religion are falling into neglect. In Germany the relaxed discipline is not so evident as in France

and Belgium ; but its exercise is more than ever confined to the lower classes and to *the poor*. The churches are certainly open all day as heretofore ; but with the exception of the great festivals, and during high mass at midday on Sundays, the better, and still less so, the higher classes, are seldom to be found in the House of God. Of the many times I entered the principal churches or cathedrals at Nancy, Chalons, Strassburg, Baden-baden, Stuttgardt, Munich, Saltzburg, Regensburg, Dresden, Cologne, Brussels, and Paris, on the ordinary days of the week, and at all hours when the churches were open, and either masses were performing, or vespers sung, I never once chanced to meet with any grandee, or person of any distinction, at their devotions. In England, and still more so in Ireland, the superior classes among the Roman Catholics behave far differently ; and during my visit to the capital of the latter country, in 1835, I was quite struck with the constant attendance of the superior classes of people in their churches, on Sundays in particular. The Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, in its public and private exercise, is just what it was on the continent a century ago ; and I have heard a very acute, sensible, and conscientious Roman Catholic lady from Italy, resident in England—who had occasionally conversed with a pious and learned

Irish Catholic priest on the subject of their common religion—observe, that she felt she was a heretic, compared to the religious sentiments and church discipline of her clerical acquaintance.

The disregard of former strictness in the observance of religious institutions among continental Catholic nations, is manifested, also, by the almost universal practice, at present prevailing, of keeping the shops open during Sundays, and of working even within the churches on that day! There, any one may see, during the hours that elapse between the morning ceremonies and vespers, the poorer women sitting in corners of the church, and knitting stockings. This was the case at Dresden.

The practice of knitting, by the way, seems to be universal throughout Germany, even among the ladies of the superior classes of society, who knit woollen garments, during the visits of their friends, as commonly as the ladies in England, nowadays, employ themselves on carpet work or frame embroidery. I cannot fancy either occupation to be an indication of industry. It seems rather a symbol of idleness. In the south of Germany *tricotage* leads to *tripotage* as well as *bavardage*.

Since the death of Hufeland, Dr. KREYSIG, of Dresden, whom I introduced to the especial

notice of the English readers on a former occasion, as one of the best practitioners in Europe, is become the patriarch of German physicians. He is now upwards of seventy years of age, and never ails any thing. He is active and strong, and walks and works like a young man. His intimate acquaintance with almost all the mineral springs of Germany has made him the oracle whom Germans, Russians, Poles, and foreigners of every class consult, when they wish to have recourse to any mineral water for the recovery of their health. Kreysig pays a yearly visit himself to some one or other of the springs of his native country. Those which he visited last season were the Nassau Springs, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Kissingen, in Bavaria. I took advantage of this circumstance to obtain much valuable information from him respecting them, which I recorded in my note-book in his presence. I also accepted, most thankfully, his proffered letters of introduction to the respective physicians of the remaining German Spas which it was my intention to visit, and I need not add that I found them particularly useful. This very successful physician, whose reputation was indelibly stamped, many years ago, by his work on the diseases of the heart, has realized a large fortune, which he employs, partly in promoting the science of practical botany and floriculture,

and partly in assisting his nephews and relations, as he has no family of his own.

“ Cher confrère. Bien heureux de vous savoir dans nos murs. Venez vite me voir.

“ DR. KREYSIG.”

This kind and pressing, though laconic invitation, to renew an old acquaintance, addressed to me a few hours after my arrival at Dresden, had partly been the cause of the first interview I had with him on this occasion, and to which I have alluded ; but I required no further invitation to repeat my visits.

In the course of one of these, the system of HAHNEMANN became again* the subject of a long conversation. I happened one morning to see, at the public exhibition of the modern works of art, on the Bruhl, a small bust, executed in bronze, by the French sculptor DAVID, of that renowned character. The mentioning of that circumstance to Kreysig led to the subject of that singular medical sect which is now completing the great tour of Europe before it is quite forgotten. *Hahnemannism* is now nearly extinct in Germany, after a struggle of upwards of

* See for an account of a former conversation with Kreysig on this subject, and for my explanation of Hahnemann's principles, when they were yet unknown in this country, the second volume of “ St. Petersburg,” page 601.

thirty years, made in hopes of establishing it in that country. As a proof of the present disfavour of that sect in Germany, I need only allude to the striking fact, that its chief has thought it *prudent* and necessary to shift his headquarters; and that, at the age of eighty years, he has quitted his native country in order to establish himself in the capital of France;—attracted thither, principally, by the contiguity to that nation which produces the wealthiest, as well as the most credulous, though inconstant *clientelles*. There he is—consulted by not one of his own countrymen, who,—being acquainted, through public report, and, still more so, through the writings of Dr. STICKLITZ of Hanover, GMELIN of Tübingen, EBLE of Vienna, WERNECK of Strasburg, FRIEDMAN of Berlin, and ZITTERLAND, of Aix-la-Chapelle, with the unsteadiness of Hahnemann's own notions respecting his own system, the glaring contradictions of it, and with the many and *singular* adventures of his professional life from which the system itself arose,—seem to feel no inclination to trust him.

Hahnemann himself, it appears from the preface to one of his recent Latin volumes on chronic diseases, has admitted that, with his system, he had hitherto found that the greatest number of the patients did not get well, that a few were cured, and that the rest died. But he

adds, “since I have discovered that diseases are the product of three evil principles only, *qui deturpant sanguinem*, namely, the psoric” (*vulgo*, itch), “the syphilitic, and the scrofulous, I cure a much larger proportion of them.” In a letter, dated Paris, written last autumn to a former patient of his at Dresden, Hahnemann said, “I recommend you, above all, to consult Dr. WOLFF, for he is a *Homœopathist*, and, at the same time, an *Allopathist*. I made inquiries respecting this Dr. Wolff, and I found that such a practitioner, of the Jewish persuasion, I believe, did actually exercise his art at Dresden, on Homœopathic principles,—the only individual remaining of those who acknowledge them in that city; but that, finding his trade grow very slack of late years, he had adopted a *mezzo termine*, and now offers, at first sight, when a patient consults him, to treat him either according to Dr. Hahnemann’s doctrine, or according to the ancient and more ordinary method, as “both are equally good!”

But why waste so much paper, and, what is of still more use, so much time, in exposing as self-evident a farce as was ever enacted in medicine; since a little more time will, and must, open the eyes of the few hundreds who have been caught by its speciousness, and by the trumpeting of its pretended efficacy in many

printed works published for the occasion? Nor will the few professional men who may have adopted the system, and practised it from *conscientious* motives, be a much longer period in perceiving that they cannot, without inconsistency, adhere to their *conscientious* errors.

Dr. BIGEL, one of the most learned and skilful physicians settled at Warsaw,—whose own case of calculus, cured by surgical art and the *waters at Carlsbad*, I before mentioned,—is of the class of practitioners I here allude to—an honest, conscientious, and independent man, I truly believe. Well, then,—last year this very sensible practitioner published a pithy manual, or medical guide for families, entitled “*Homœopathie Domestique*,” in which, among all the other complaints to which human flesh is heir, and all of which are to be cured by homœopathic doses, he treats of corns. Now, as *similia similibus* is the corner-stone of Hahnemannism, and, as I read in Dr. Bigel that “corns are the produce of tight shoes,” I expected to find, further on in his book, that the cure of them consisted in applying a *millionth* or a *billionth* part of the pressure of a shoe to those excrescences. “For,” says Hahnemann, the apostle of the sect, “if, being in perfect health, I take a certain quantity of bark, I am sure to produce the symptoms of intermittent fever—*ergo*, when I suffer from intermittent fever, I take bark to

cure it :”—(a pretty logic this, truly !) Such is, unquestionably, Hahnemann's reasoning.* But no such principle, it seems, is good for

* The thing may appear so very ridiculous, to such of my readers as are totally unacquainted with this *jonglerie*, that, fearful lest I should be accused of irony or misrepresentation, I must beg leave to quote, in toto, the statement given of this question by Dr. Bigel himself (who is considered in Europe as a second Hahnemann), in his introduction to the work referred to, page 3. After stating that the old systems of physic neither explain the mode in which diseases arise, nor the reason why they are cured, and that those problems remained hitherto unresolved, Dr. Bigel proceeds, thus : ‘ La solution en fut offerte par le quinquina qu’avalait Hahnemann au sein de la plus parfaite santé, et qui ne tarda pas à éprouver tous les symptômes de la fièvre intermittente. Il était naturel d’en conclure que le quinquina *ne guérit cette espèce de fièvre que parce qu’il jouit de la propriété de la donner.* (!) La similitude de la maladie que produit le médicament, avec la maladie à guérir, est donc la condition indispensable de la guérison. Cette conséquence rigoureuse, brillante de lumière (!) et de succès (!) devint le flambeau à la clarté duquel ce grand homme fit l’investigation de toutes nos substances médicinales. Elle ne répondit que pour confirmer la nécessité de la similitude des symptômes du médicament, avec les symptômes de la maladie naturelle, comme condition rigoureuse de sa curation. Voilà ce que l’homœopathie a le droit d’appeler la certitude succédant à la conjecture ; l’évidence remplaçant les ténèbres. (!) Elle en fait le fondement de sa doctrine, qu’elle renferme dans ces trois mots :

Similia similibus curantur.

Les semblables se guérissent par les semblables.”

corns, and Dr. Bigel, to my great surprise, is compelled to recommend patients to begin their treatment by discarding the tight shoes at once — just as we, poor old allopathists, have been in the habit of telling them to do from time immemorial ! Yet, according to the above reasoning, “brillant de lumière,” the homœopathic syllogism on corns ought to run thus : If I use a tight shoe when my toes are in perfect health, I am sure to produce a corn or corns upon them—*ergo*, now that I am suffering from corns, I *must* begin by using a tight shoe in order to cure them.

This is all ridiculous enough ; still it is genuine *Homœopathism*; respecting which I might descant till doomsday—so fully have these Germans, in the course of my last travels, imbued my head, and crowded my note-book, with the absurdities of that system, now at last exploded among them.

I proceeded from Dresden to Berlin, in which city I passed some days, principally engaged in the inquiries for which I had undertaken a journey thither. I need not say that I beheld once more with satisfaction a capital in which I had met with every species of civility and kindness on a former occasion, and which offers so many resources to the inquisitive and scientific traveller. My acquaintances being numerous, I found no difficulty in obtaining all the information

I required ; in doing which I was kindly assisted by the British chargé d'affaires, the minister of police, and that of the home department. Having entered so fully into a description of Berlin in a former publication, and that capital having been likewise described by one or two subsequent tourists, I need not detain my readers with any further details respecting it. Yet one can scarcely forbear saying a word or two, in commendation of that exquisite collection of paintings which is found, arranged most skilfully and systematically, on the principal story of the great Museum, opened since my last visit to Berlin. A view of this gallery, or MUSEUM as it is called, alone amply deserves a journey to Berlin ; and the mode in which the several pictures are classed and exhibited is unique and deserving of imitation. The exterior of the edifice is imposing, but not tasteful ; at least the manner in which the long colonnade in front is disposed, and the position of the two nearly upright side-flights of stairs under it, leading to the picture-gallery, are decidedly not in good taste. Something of the same remark, I am sorry to add, applies also to the unfortunate clustering of blue and red columns, within the sculptural gallery on the *Rez-de-Chaussée*, which impede the proper and correct view of many of the statues.

I found all the savans of Berlin on the move, for the grand meeting of philosophers about to take place at Jena. Indeed, some of them, such as MITSCHERLICH and ROSE, were already gone. LICHTENSTEIN, the eminent naturalist, and conservator of those beautiful collections of zoology to which I paid a just tribute of praise in a previous work, was in the act of quitting Berlin for the same purpose. The great HUMBOLDT, who has honoured me with his friendship since 1814, having, on the present occasion, called on me at the Hotel de St. Petersbourg, on the Linden Walk, and expressed his intention of being also at Jena about the middle of the week of the great meeting, I could not resist the temptation of following their example. Accordingly I set off for Wittenberg and Leipzig, where I was detained by business for two days, but respecting which city, I shall not make a single observation, as I fully described it on a former occasion.

One of the great improvements which will materially benefit Leipzig, is the establishment of a railroad communication with Dresden. This railroad, which has been but recently projected, and is actually begun, leaves the town at its north-east angle, near the *Georgen Vorkwerk*,—follows the Parthe river for a short dis-

tance,—then enters the Schönhofeld prairies, and soon crosses two roads passing between Paunsdorf and Sitterhausen. Near Reisa it will join that portion of the railroad which begins at Dresden. At the time of my visit, six leagues of the road were begun, and were to be completed in two months. It would then reach as far as Wurtzen.

When the whole railroad shall be finished, the journey to Dresden from Leipzig, which now requires twelve hours, will be accomplished in the fourth part of that time. Baron Sternburg (Mons. Speck),—at whose extensive and beautiful chateau, called LUTZSCHENA, we dined one day, and went over his fine gallery of pictures, his gardens, the several model farms, *bergeries*, *brasserie*, and I know not what else, which bespeak the activity, acute intelligence, and thorough knowledge of agriculture, of the noble proprietor,—assured me that the establishment of a railroad communication between Leipzig and the Elbe, and, consequently, between Leipzig and Hamburg, will benefit the district of this second capital of Saxony, to an extent scarcely calculable.

From Leipzig, passing over the memorable field of Lutzen, I reached Jena through Weissenfels and Naumburg. There being no regular *chaussée* to Jena, but only a heavy, muddy sort of by-road, we were compelled to take four horses, although the carriage was now somewhat

lighter, from the absence of one of my young travelling companions, who had set off from Berlin to England, *via* Hamburg, in order to keep his term at Cambridge. But the road is really so bad that one did not grudge this additional moving power, or the expense incurred for it. It was, for the first half of the way, like travelling through a ploughed field;—a circumstance which, in a great measure, took from the satisfaction we might otherwise have felt, at the view of the highly interesting mountain district through which our course lay, after leaving Weissenfels, but especially between Naumburg and Jena. The road runs along the bank of the Saale, in the valley of that river. To us, who had been ploughing through interminable plains, principally of sand, from the time we had left behind the Bohemian mountains, the scenery of this road was quite refreshing. Many parts are picturesque, especially the view of Dornburg, with the chateau inhabited by the Grand Duchess-Dowager of Weimar, the sister of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, which is truly striking. The chateau stands perched on the very brink of a lofty limestone hill, half hewed down by the joint action of time and water, and at the foot of which sweeps the rapid Saale. From the heights of Zwätzen we caught a glimpse of the cathedral of Jena, and in ten minutes more we

entered that little city, through its narrow and crooked streets.

The situation of Jena is beautiful, and to the geologist particularly interesting. For a seat of learning, the spot could not have been more appropriately selected. The town itself is primitive in the extreme, and little resembles those more courtly Saxon cities which are so numerous in the neighbourhood. We took up our residence at the Sun, a very decent and commodious inn, on the Platz, or large square. The Rose, at which the great dinners of the savans were held, is another good hotel, and, for aught I know, superior to the former.

I arrived precisely at the hour when the first assembly in the great hall of the university was about to be opened. Having received, as a member, the pink "Eintritt's Karte," which admitted me to all the meetings, I attended the opening of the session (Versammlung) of this celebrated society, which, under the name of *Gessellschaft deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte*, has led to the establishment of an analogous institution in Great Britain. The labours of the latter have already become popularly known to the scientific world. The forms, ceremonies, arrangements, subdivisions of committees, and manner of working, I found to be much the same in both societies,

even to the dinners, the noise thereof, and the interminable speeches that follow. Of the two, the German savans are the most noisy on such occasions; but, *en revanche*, they seem also more industrious and laborious in the morning.

The opening of the meeting took place under the presidency of Hof-rath Dr. KIESER. The Grand Duke of Weimar, sovereign of the country, was present, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Prince Edward, and most of the Staat-Ministerium of the Duchy of Weimar. The sovereign and sovereign princes of Germany love to honour their savans; and in this instance the Grand Duke, besides attending their first meeting, invited three days after, all the members over to Weimar, where he entertained them with a sumptuous banquet, and a succession of fêtes, in the ducal palace and gardens, during the whole of the day, agreeably to a printed prospectus and invitation which had been previously distributed among the members. Strange rememberings fleeted across the mind of the stern philosopher on that occasion. In that very palace, and in the very same banqueting-room, a scene as gay, but with far different actors, had been represented exactly twenty-two years before; and that scene was reported by Napoleon himself thus, in a letter to his first empress :

“ J’ai assisté au bal de Weimar. L’Empereur Alexandre danse; mais moi, non; quarante ans sont quarante ans. Adieu, mon amie. Tout à toi.—NAPOLÉON.”

It was at the opening of the general assembly that Dr. MADLER, the astronomer of Berlin, first read and explained his and Professor BEER’s joint discoveries of many of the appearances on the surface of the moon, which had escaped former observers. A large map of that planet, with all those appearances, was exhibited on that occasion, and has since been published and circulated throughout Europe. I met this learned astronomer in the evening, at the residence of Baron DE ZICHESA, the chancellor and curator of the University of Jena. The baron is a most amiable and well-informed person, who with the baronne and one of his daughters, an intelligent and highly-educated young lady, did the honours of the university, and received the most select among the savans present at Jena. I remarked that, with the exception of two or three young men, all these philosophers had orders of knighthood, or were titled persons, and that many among the latter were individuals who enjoyed a high reputation as men of science. Thus we had the Count Gaspar Von Sternburg, from Prague, who possesses a very extensive and

unique collection of fossil plants, and has published a *flora subterranea*. There was Count Münster, a well-known geologist, residing at Baireuth, where he exercises the functions of Regieruns-Rath, or *Conseiller de Gouvernement*. Also the Prussian ambassador, Von Struve, resident at Hamburg, a great mineralogist; Baron de Muller (Gutsbesitzer), who is considered a very able chemist, and is a great friend of our curator of mineralogy at the British Museum, M. König, with whom he studied; and lastly Baron Von Büнау, a captain of cavalry who possesses immense landed estates, and is a great agriculturist; with several others; to all of whom I had the pleasure of being introduced, and of conversing with them, so as to form a correct idea of the purport and intention of this great national parliament of science. It must be added, that either at the several sectional committees, or at the house of the chancellor, one was certain of meeting the *élite* of the professors from most of the principal cities and universities in Germany. I shall always remember with satisfaction the acquaintance I formed on that occasion, with some of those purely scientific men; particularly Professor VON LITTROW, Director of the Observatory of Vienna,—Dr. MAGNUS, Lecturer on Tech-

nological Chemistry at Berlin,—Dr. SCHMIDT, the editor of one of the best medical journals published in Leipzig, and others. To my old friend, Dr. FRORIEP, who was the life and soul of the meeting, I am indebted, as usual, for much kindness and information. From England there were only two individuals besides myself present.

At the evening assemblies of Baron Zichesa, the ladies seemed to take an equal interest, with the philosophers in what was going on, and evidently listened with attention to the more familiar expositions and illustrations of the morning lectures, given by competent persons, as mere subjects of conversation. There were refreshments in profusion; and I could not help noticing the ease and amiability which prevailed in the unreserved intercourse among all the guests, after they had been personally introduced to each other. To a stranger all this was exceedingly delightful. It was impossible for me not to feel the difference between such an intercourse in a scientific assembly, and that which takes place in a certain other country.

I did not remain longer than two days and a half at Jena, and shaped my new course back to Weimar, whence I proceeded to Gotha, which place I made the starting-point for my excursion to the Bavarian Spas.

CHAPTER II.

KISSINGEN.

GOtha—Pleasing *séjour*—Ducal chateau—Rich and interesting collections—Valuable paintings—New *chaussée* across the Thuringian mountains—Pedestrian excursions—Post station in the clouds—Mountain scenery—The Thüringerwald—MEININGEN—Count D'ELCHING—Ducal palace—Nursery of the best of queens—Mineral baths of LIEBENSTEIN—Effects of them—KISSINGEN—Favourable position—Origin of its reputation—Professor SIEBOLD—Dr. MAAS—A visit—Confraternal urbanity—The three SPRINGS—The *Maxbrunnen*—Taste and physical characters—Better than gin—The *Ragozi*—Taste and physical properties—Chemical composition—The *Pandur*—Its use as a bath—MEDICAL EFFECTS of the *Ragozi*—Its virtues in certain diseases—Its power as a mild and safe deobstruent—Its efficacy in sterility—Hard livers—Striking cure—Gout and rheumatism find no quarter at Kissingen—Royal bathing-establishment—The KUR-HAUS—Apartments—Prices of lodgings—*Salle de Reception*—The QUEEN of Bavaria—Improvements in progress—Taste and liberality of the KING of Bavaria—New and superb conversation-saal—Hotels and inns—Hotel de Bavière—Hotel de Saxe—*Wittelbacherhof*—Table d'hôte—Living cheap—Number of visitors—Russian travellers—Spa on the Caucasus—A ROYAL ALBUM—Potentates and others—*Terra incog.* to the English—Society—KISSINGEN on the ascendant—Exportation of its mineral waters.

WERE I to choose a spot in Germany in which I wished to spend the few remaining years of my life peaceably, agreeably, and intellectually, I should fix on Gotha. Nature and art have made of that city as fair a capital, in miniature,

as can well be imagined. The situation is beautiful—the climate unexceptionable—the air excellent—the scenery around it varied, pleasing, romantic, and, on more accounts than one, interesting. Within, all the literary and scientific institutions which distinguish larger cities are to be met with ; all the amusements which one expects in larger cities ; all the arrangements for convenience and comfort, and for cheapness of living, which are generally found only in cities of the first order. When I add that society is on the most pleasant footing at Gotha, and that the presence of the sovereign duke, during a part of the year, brings with it all those advantages which a permanent court is known to confer on the towns where it exists, it will not be difficult to understand why I should evince a predilection towards Gotha.

Short as the time was which I could devote to the further examination of a place I had visited twice before, and in which I had to transact business that occupied much of my time, I could not resist the wish of once more viewing and admiring the ducal chateau, its gardens, and lovely position, as well as those choice, and, in one respect, unique collections, which that extensive edifice contains. I believe that there is not in Europe such a Chinese collection as that which

exists in this chateau; neither is the numismatic cabinet less interesting, though not so considerable in the number of its objects; nor so unique and popular, on account of their nature and aggregation, as the Chinese cabinet. There is, in the second room alone of the Chinese collection, a series of 713 Chinese figures, wrought in Pechstein, and beautifully arranged, which are not to be met with in any other part of the world. From the windows, in this part of the chateau, the most enchanting view is obtained, not only of Gotha, but likewise of the distant country, which is particularly attractive.

The chateau possesses also some excellent Italian and German paintings, a few of which are by the very first artists. I ought not to omit mentioning, in an especial manner, when alluding to the *Gemalde Gallerie*, that a few of the paintings which are by Saxon artists of the last century, deserve the highest encomium. For example, FRIED. LÖBER, in 1742, painted two subjects of still life—the one a cock of the natural size, the other a fox,—which are superior to any performances of the same kind I have ever beheld. Some views of Rome, and general landscapes, together with a few historical paintings, all from the pencil of artists natives of Gotha, sent to Italy a century ago to learn their profession, are de-

signed and coloured in a style that has not been equalled by more modern artists. GRASSI is one of those who ought to be especially singled out. In the large room, containing the Flemish and Dutch collections, after paying my respects to the celebrated Reubens of this gallery, I hastened to admire a portrait of Rembrandt's mother, painted by F. BOL, in which the hand that is resting on the Bible, boasts of all the beauty which that exquisitely delicate colourist knew so well how to put in that part of his portraits. To such as have seen BOL, in his true glory—namely, at Amsterdam — where I have had the happiness of contemplating him—it will not appear strange that I should proclaim him one of the very first portrait-painters of any age or school. There is, in the same room, a real love of a cabinet picture by P. Potter, with four cows, which is justly considered at Gotha as a jewel of that master.

But I am falling into my old ways again—losing myself in admiration among pictures, and descanting on them with little hope of being able to convey the tithe part of the enthusiasm I felt at seeing them, to those who can only read of their being in existence,—instead of proceeding on my journey to the Bavarian Spas. Thither, therefore, we will hasten without further delay; taking,

as I was recommended, the new *chaussée* across the Thüringian chain by Oberhof, instead of the more difficult and ancient road through Schmalkalden, further west, in the same mountain region.

The new *chaussée* is shorter, and was only opened for posting in 1835. Leaving Gotha, it ascends to a vast plain of corn-fields, surrounded by several ranges of the Thüringian mountains. The See-bergen was the first seen on our left, beyond which are the Dreykleiss, or three hills, curiously grouped, with a castle on the summit of one of them. In front, and to the right, the hills are more imposing. The road is perfect, hard, macadamized, and lined with fruit-trees. The succession of rich fields and pleasure-grounds, smart villas, and palaces, give to the country the aspect of a vast garden. The villages are numerous; the race of people which inhabit them is hardy, good-looking, and well-dressed. In some parts the orchards are hedged in, as in England. Ohrdruf, the first post-station, and many other smaller towns through which we passed, appeared to be neat, cleanly, well-paved, and the seat of comfort. Beyond the last-mentioned place, a valley of the most picturesque character opens near Schwarzwald, watered by a narrow stream, but on which

arrangements are made to swell its bed at pleasure, in order to float the timber cut from the forested sides of the adjoining hills. The road, as a work of art, is equal to any of the most admired roads of modern days, and highly creditable to the state. I should have much regretted having missed so lovely a drive.

Perceiving, from the elevation of the mountain which rose before me, and by the direction of the road, that the carriage could not reach the summit except at a dragging pace; and having ascertained from the postilion that a nearer way for travellers on foot lay on our left, along a tortuous and narrow path, through the forest,—I quitted the vehicle with my son, armed with our bag and geological hammer, and began ascending in the direction pointed out to us. We stopped by the way to examine rocks, or to look into the highly cultivated bits of land which the inhabitants had rescued from among the bare crags, until, after a long walk, we reached a projecting ledge, on which a rustic seat, made of basket-work, and placed all around a rudely-fashioned table, invited us to rest. From this platform the path by which we had ascended, winding up the acivity of the hill, as well as the bolder spirals of the wider *chaussée* we had left an hour before, appeared developed below us;

upon it the carriage was seen, but at a considerable distance, dragging its heavy way to rejoin us. The postilion's voice could just be heard as he kept encouraging his faint-hearted cattle to their arduous task. This, and the echoed strokes of the wood-cutters' hatchets, three of whom we could perceive, perched upon an opposite hill, in the act of felling the lofty trees of the forest, formed the only interruption to the deep stillness of the atmosphere. After the repeated storms of the preceding night and early morning, the temperature had fallen to 44° ; and although, imbosomed as we were in the forest, the gale reached us not, we could yet see the clouds above us scudding with violent impetuosity, driven by the still raging tempest.

As soon as the postilion was within reach of hearing, observing us stationary round our rustic table, where I remained not only to contemplate, and describe the aspect of the country in my notebook; but to enjoy also a short period of rest, he called to us to look straight up to our right, and with his extended finger, pointing to a white showy house high in the air, and apparently on the brink of a precipice, exclaimed, "*Station!*" We took the hint, and perceiving, in the direction he pointed out, a tortuous footpath along the nearly perpendicular side, and through the thickset

wood, we prepared to follow it, in order to reach the post station. A flight of two minutes upwards, from the spot whence we started, would have taken us thither; while, by the windings of the beautiful *chaussée*, that goal of our present expedition was, as yet, an hour distant!

Having reached, at last, the post station long before the carriage, we profited by the delay to take some refreshments. These were most politely offered us by a smart, lively lass, the daughter of the postmaster, from her own board, at which she was seated with the rest of her family—the picture of contentment. Close by the post-house stood the celebrated hunting-chateau of the Duke of Cobourg, decorated at all the windows with stag-horns. Having resumed our seats in the britzscha, we reached, a few hundred yards beyond the chateau, the highest summit of this mountain range; to mark which, a lofty square Gothic obelisk has been erected, upon a square platform, having three steps and a neat railing all round.

The panorama which, from this position, suddenly unrolled itself before us, of the country we had left, and of that, still more romantic, which we were about to enter, beyond the chain of hills on which we stood, was undescribably, beautiful. The view is most enchanting.

As we began our descent, the succession of wooded hills on all sides reminded us of the rival Schwarzwald in Würtemberg. It is impossible to paint in words the various aspects in which mountain and forest, with every variety of landscape-accident of the most striking character, present themselves at every turn. While admiring and feeling the pleasure which beauties of nature like these, rapidly succeeding each other, are calculated to inspire the spectator with, he is lost in amazement, and can find no words sufficiently rapid and expressive, to convey to others his impressions of the reality.

As we approached, in our descent, the third post-station, and after sweeping a sharp winding of the road around the Spitzberg, which rises 2790 feet high, and the still loftier *Schneekopf*, ZELLA, the pretty little town of Zella, stretched on a smiling bosom, came suddenly upon us in the valley beneath. The wide prairie which surrounds it was being mowed; and the green carpet, studded with neat and well-built houses, and traversed by the finest and smoothest road imaginable, as level as a billiard-table, formed a very charming picture. Zella is as lovely as its name. Mehlis, an important village, succeeded near at hand, also in the flat valley over which we were travelling at a speedy rate. The whole

rich pasturage was strewed with horned cattle, and here and there a flock of sheep appeared. We had now left behind us the Thüringerwald; and although still hemmed in by hills, it was easy to distinguish that they were mere youthful swellings, by the side of the antique and eternal mountains of that celebrated range, covered with forest-trees.

On this part of the road, whole caravans of neatly-arranged and lofty waggons met us, conveying merchandise from Frankfort to the distant fair of Leipzig. We reached at last the third station, Beuhausen, which may be considered as the commencement of the south termination of the Thuringian mountain-chain, just as Ohrdruf is looked upon as the beginning of it on the Gotha, or north side. The transit, therefore, of this famed mountain district, which has none of the grave characters of the Alpine ranges, is only four German or about twenty English miles long, in the direction of the present new *chaussée*; and a more lovely excursion of the same extent a traveller cannot find elsewhere. The road is, throughout, made with the compact red sandstone of which the hills are principally composed, with occasional traces of other less simple rocks, and sometimes of slate and pudding-stone. I have never travelled on a finer road in

any country, and it reflects much credit on the prince, by whose command it was executed.

We reached MEININGEN in good time, not only to see the several new buildings by which that small capital of a sovereign state has been of late years embellished, but also to wander through the Thiergarten, or Park. At Meiningen, I had the good fortune to meet with and form the acquaintance of Count D'ELCHING, a nobleman well versed in the English language, who has travelled through most parts of Europe, and who possesses extensive property near the Lake of Constanx, and some, also, in the neighbourhood of the Thuringian district. With a degree of urbanity which one seldom meets at the hands of a total stranger, except on the continent, the count volunteered to be our *cicerone*, while our dinner was getting ready,—and he actually escorted us every where, particularly into the ducal palace.

To one dwelling in Great Britain, the view of the paternal home of England's queen—of the roof under which she first drew her breath, and passed her youthful days—of the very apartment in which she first learned and afterwards practised all those social and domestic virtues which have endeared her to English subjects, and have made her a bright example of what a

queen-consort should be—could not but excite the most lively interest. Accordingly, I accepted the kind invitation of the count, and under his guidance we penetrated into the castle, passed through the royal suite of rooms on the principal story, and ascended to the second floor, where we gained admission into the apartments in which Queen Adelaide spent many happy years as Princess of Meiningen. The apartments were, at that time, assigned to the young Princes of Weimar, who were then on a visit to the ducal family of Meiningen; but happening to be just then absent, our object of seeing the interior was accomplished.

There is but one voice of commendation heard in this little happy community—from high to low—respecting their cherished and never-forgotten princess. Many inquired after her health, and some expressed a hope that she might be induced to revisit her native place, and once more make use of the baths of *Liebenstein*, where her majesty resided two or three years ago, for a few weeks, and, as it is asserted, with considerable benefit to her health.

The LIEBENSTEIN springs are to be found at a very short distance from Meiningen, nearly at the foot of the Thüringerwald, in a very romantic country, partaking of the character of that which I described near Zella. They belong

to the ducal government of Saxe-Meiningen, and the baths are under the superintendence of that government. Every means has been employed to render the spot inviting. A showy building called the *Fürstenhaus*, which contains, like the conversation-house at Baden-baden, a ball-room and gaming-rooms; and a theatre too, is one among the fashionable attractions. Nature has afforded still greater points of attraction in the many objects of interest which the surrounding country offers to the visitors. The castle of Allenstein, and two caverns, the one of which bears the name of Glücksbrunnen, or sweet water, are not the least important.

The mineral water of Liebenstein contains by far the largest quantity of iron of any other mineral spring described in the present volumes. It amounts to not less than the seventh of the whole of the solid ingredients held in solution by the water. The quantity of those ingredients, in a pint of the water, is fourteen grains and a half, *two* of which are carbonate of iron, with but a scanty supply of an aperient salt. Although I have reason to doubt the accuracy of the proportion of iron assigned to this spring, I admit that the proportion would be larger than in any other chalybeate mentioned in these pages, even after some deduction. Such a mineral water, taken internally, can suit but very few constitu-

tions. It is heating to excess, over-exciting and binding, and likely to produce eruptions. Were I to hazard a comparison of its power with that of any ordinary medicine prescribed to patients from the chemist's shop, I should say that it resembles in its effect that heterogeneous compound commonly called *Griffith's Mixture*.

In indolent constitutions, sluggish natures, and a powerless or half-paralyzed condition of the digestive organs, a moderate quantity of this water may prove of service. When a female patient is properly prepared for its use, in the *pâles couleurs*, the Liebenstein spring will be highly advantageous. The physicians at Gotha, and Dr. Froriep, of Weimar, assured me that, in cases of hypochondriasis, unaccompanied by the slightest appearance of inflammation, or irritability, the efficacy of this water is unquestionable. There are many other peculiar classes of disease which need not be enumerated very particularly in a work of this kind, but which I should expect would be materially benefited by the Liebenstein springs.

The water, however, is more generally employed as a bath; and as the natural temperature of it is only 49° of Fahrenheit, some mineral water which has been previously heated, is mixed with it, so as to raise it to the proper degree of heat. During the operation of warming it, how-

ever, the mineral water loses a certain proportion of two important ingredients, namely of the carbonate of iron, and the carbonic acid.

One may live very cheaply, and contentedly at Liebenstein, for a few weeks during the summer ; but I know few mineral springs that require more caution and proper medical directions.

Early on the following day, after quitting Meiningen, I reached KISSINGEN, one of the Spas of Germany, which has acquired, of late years, a surprising reputation on the continent ; although totally unknown to the faculty in this country, who have probably never heard of the place.

KISSINGEN is the name given to what was once a small village, but which now begins to assume the appearance of a small town, situated in a part of the kingdom of Bavaria, called the Circle, or department of the Lower Main. It is distant forty-three German miles from Munich, nine from Würzburg, and seventeen from Frankfort ; from all which cities there are regular posting-roads to it. From the places in its more immediate neighbourhood,—Meiningen, Bruckenuau, and Bocklet,—its distance is five, three, and one German mile respectively.

It is in the centre of a valley running north and south, through which rapidly dashes the river *Saale*, that Kissingen is placed, surrounded by

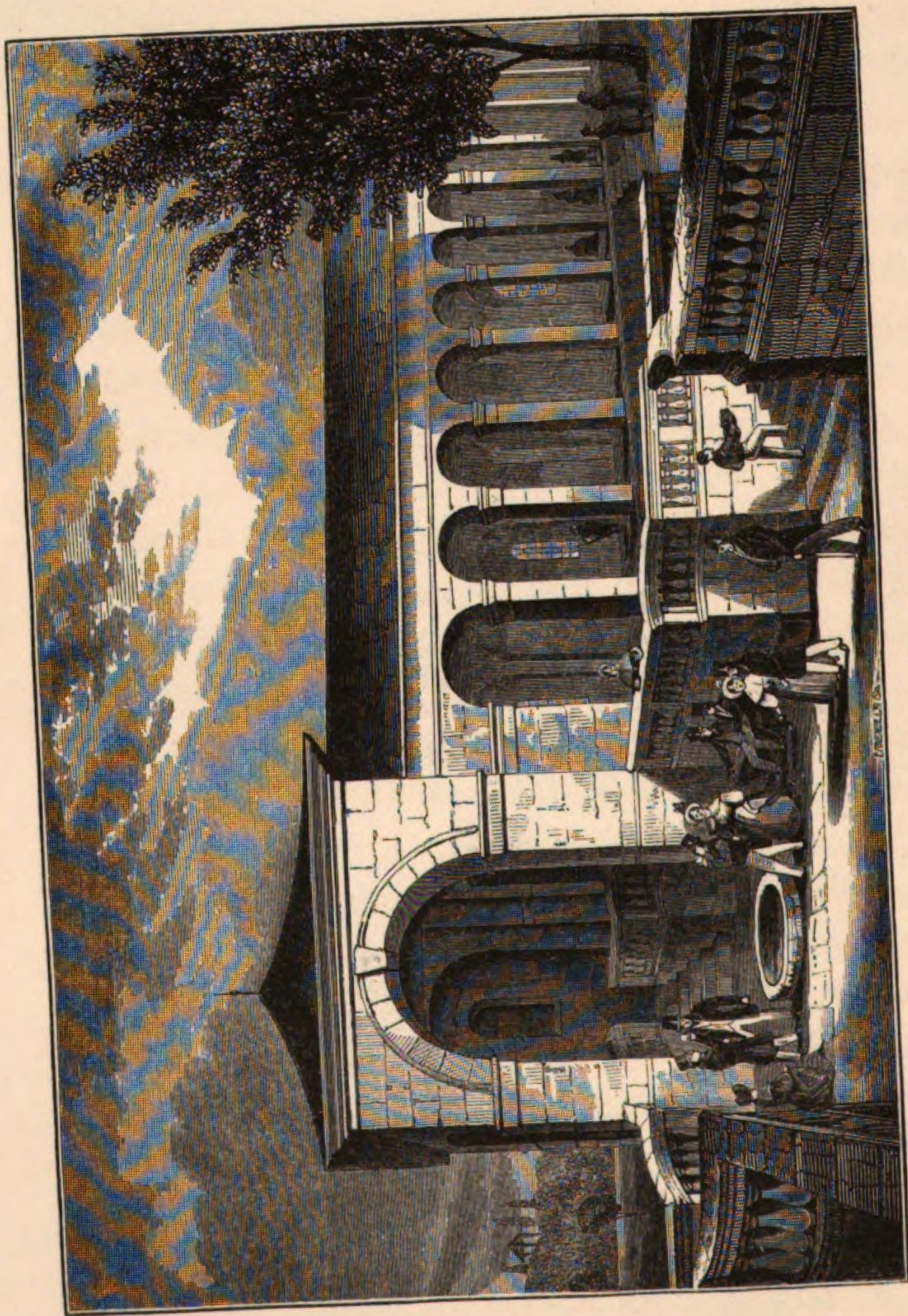
green and flowery meadows. Fruitful corn-fields, somewhat more in the distance,—and gentle acclivities, and steeper hills and mountains receding into the background, whose sunny sides are planted with luxuriant vines,—form the triple and magic circle of this Spa.

Lest any of my readers should be puzzled to find the place in the German maps, I may as well state, at once, that it has been known and designated under several appellations, four of which are *Kizziche*, *Kizzicha*, *Chizzichheim*, and *Kieseck*, beside the more modern name it now bears. The village forms part of the church domain of the Bishop of Würzburg; and it contains at present about a thousand inhabitants.

There is no published record of the springs at Kissingen of earlier date than the end of the 16th century. At that time the physician of one of the princely bishops of Würzburg persuaded the prelate, for the benefit of his health, to drink the water which he had till then used only as a bath. The worthy bishop got well, and the Spa made its first step to the reputation it now enjoys. But the greatest lift to these waters was given by Professor SIEBOLD, of Berlin, a practitioner of great celebrity as an accoucheur in that city, who, having had occasion to prescribe the waters in cases of female com-

plaints, and sterility in particular, found them so beneficial and so successful, that he published a work purposely to recommend their use in all similar cases.

A more recent publication, by one whom I am allowed now to reckon with much satisfaction among my friends, I mean Dr. MAAS, has contributed, even more than Siebold's book, to establish the high character of this Spa. This gentleman, who is a native of Würzburg, has the superintendence of the springs, and has resided nearly twenty-two years in Kissingen, where he has built himself a very handsome house, in which he can and does accommodate, during the season, a great number of visitors—principally patients drinking the water under his care. For many years he was the sole medical attendant at Kissingen; but last year Dr. PALLING, from Neustadt and Würzburg, settled in that Spa, in hopes to share the toil and profit of his *confrère*. Dr. Maas speaks French fluently, and is a person of very agreeable manners, *prévenant*, and very friendly. Although suffering under indisposition, brought on by the incessant fatigues of the season (and *entre parentheses*, I may as well add, that I found all the principal physicians in vogue at the Spas in Germany, quite knocked up, and perfect invalids towards the end of the season),

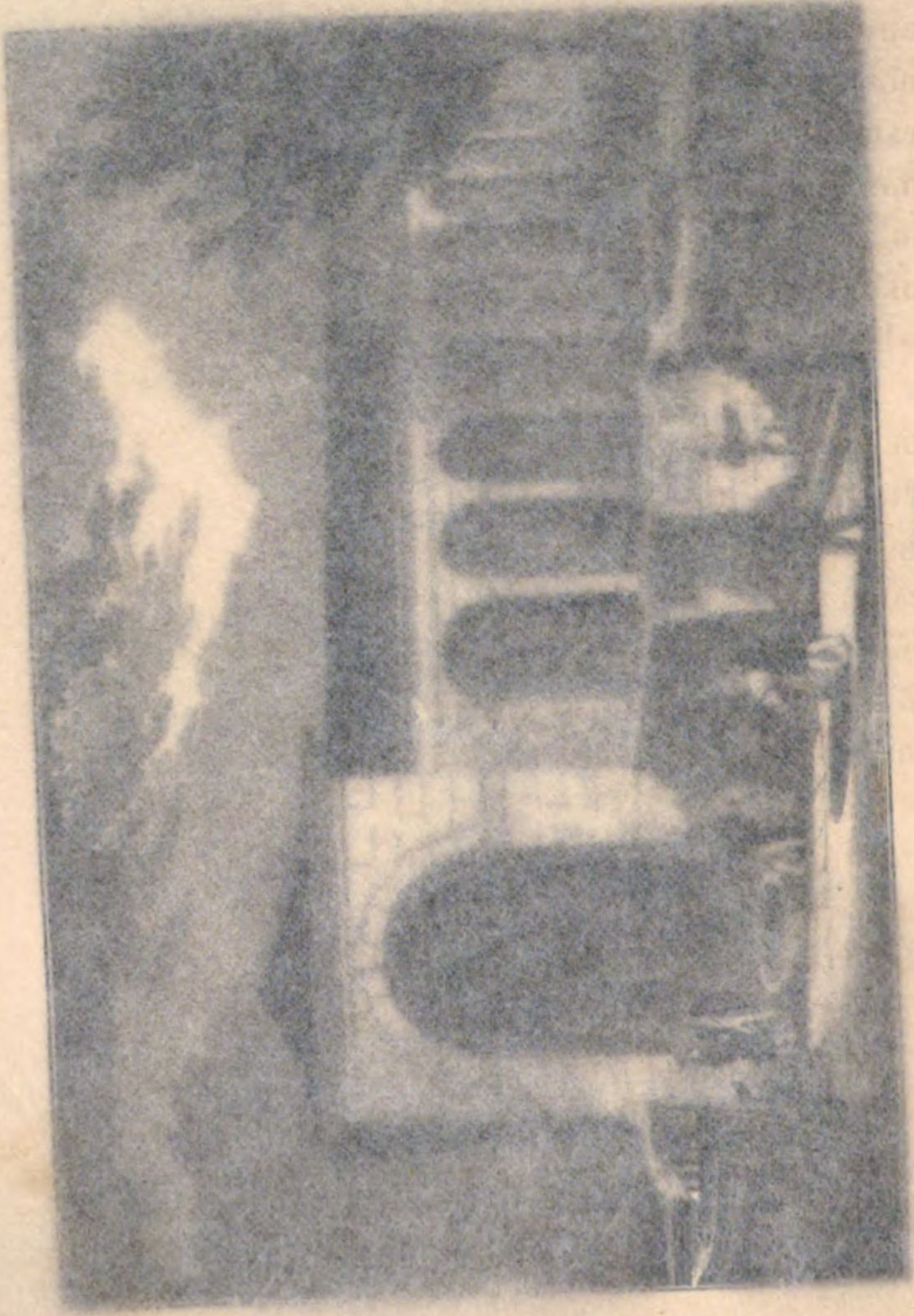


RAGOZI AT KISSINGEN.

He would not allow me to go alone, but he accompanied me, and he went to all the principal springs, and drove me to the famous Salines of Ems, and later in the day he took me to another Spa, of which I shall give an account presently.

The celebrity of Kissingen, which at first depended on the virtues of a single spring, called the *Heidur* or *Badebrunnen*, rests now on three springs, one of which, and the most famed of them, is the *Ragozi*, was discovered by the apothecary of the place, *Rosberger*, not many years ago, in the bank of the river Saale. The name of the spring is the *Heidurbrunnen*, or *Sauerbrunnen*. The three springs lie close together, and not far from the bank of the Saale, and are surrounded by a square of public garden, or square, a square of trees in straight rows, placed between a large edifice, called the "Kur-haus," and a very handsome arcade, which the King has ordered to be erected, and which I saw progressing, in construction of the wall of red sandstone, which is represented in the plan I have here given of the place.

From the balustrade which surrounds the square, the *Ragozi* is seen to advantage; and the view of the springs is delineated, the



RAGGET AT KISSINGEN.

Dr. Maas would not allow me to go alone any where. He insisted on accompanying me, not only to the springs, but to all the principal establishments in and near Kissingen, and drove me in his own carriage to see the famous *Salines* in the neighbourhood. Later in the day he likewise escorted me to BOCKLET, another Spa, of which I shall have to give an account presently.

The celebrity of Kissingen, which at first depended on the virtues of a single spring, called the *Pandur* or *Badebrunnen*, rests now on three springs, one of which, and the most famed of them, called the *Ragozi*, was discovered by the apothecary of the place, *Roxberger*, not many years ago, in the old bed of the river Saale. The name of the third spring is the *Maxbrunnen*, or *Sauerbrunnen*. The three springs lie close together, and not far from the left bank of the Saale, and are surrounded by a species of public garden, or rather a square plantation of trees, in straight lines, placed between a large edifice, called the "Royal Kur-haus," and a very handsome arcade, which the King has ordered to be erected, and which I saw progressing, in continuation of the one built of red sandstone, which is represented in the view I have here given of the place.

In that view the balustrade which surrounds the *Pandur* and the *Ragozi* is seen to advantage; but one only of the springs is delineated, the

other being placed somewhat nearer to the foreground. The descent from the garden into the sunken terrace in which the two springs in question are situated, is by four lateral flights of steps, and also by another flight at the farthest end, which communicates with the arcade. Pleasing, and even beautiful, as this architectural arrangement must be admitted to be, it will be surpassed in every way by the structure now rapidly rising from the ground. In that structure, the design of which has been, as usual, chosen and approved of by the King, Kissingen will gain one of its most striking features.

The *Maxbrunnen*, or Acidulous Spring, is the nearest to the town; indeed, owing to the extension of the latter, it may be said to form part of the town. It lies at the termination of the principal street, a little to the right, opposite the Kur-haus, and at the entrance of the garden to which I have alluded, called the Bath-garden. This spring flows out of a crevice in the red sandstone, at a temperature of $8\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ of R. It is not covered or protected by any edifice or pavilion; a circumstance much complained of, as inconvenient in every way. But the King of Bavaria, who has otherwise evinced his solicitude in behalf of Kissingen, has hitherto

declined doing any thing to remedy that inconvenience, on the ground that he has been advised to consider the water of the *Max* as likely to be more efficacious if completely exposed to the rays of the sun.

This water, when freshly taken up in a glass, appears almost as clear as crystal, and, colourless ; but coming in contact with the warm air, it is disturbed by innumerable gas-bubbles, which rise to the surface, and break with a sort of hissing noise. I found its taste less pleasingly acidulous than I had been led to expect. It has not the sharpness of Seltzer water, to which it has been compared, but, on the contrary, it is rather flat. The muriates of soda, magnesia, and potash, are the prevailing ingredients ; and thirty cubic inches of carbonic acid gas are contained in a pint of water besides. There are no traces of iron, according to some, and faint traces of it according to other chemists ; I detected none. I should compare the taste of this water to that of one of the springs at Cannstadt.

I stood, at noon, for half an hour leaning over this spring, which I understood to be the favourite with the common people of the country. The applications for it appeared incessant ; so numerous, indeed, at that hour of the *mittag* meal, that many of those who came to fetch their

supply for home consumption, had to wait their turn. Labourers, after eating their black bread and small bit of goats cheese, went down in succession to quaff, out of broken pitchers, this pleasing beverage. Happy they who possess so primitive a mode of slacking thirst, instead of broiling their entrails with gin. One of the excellent effects of this practice is, that worms are not known among children at Kissingen, and scrofulous disorders never make their appearance among the inhabitants.

But it is at the *Pandur* and *Ragozi*, and still more so at the latter, that the throng of gentle blood clusters around, during the season, at the usual early hour of the morning, drinking between four and five glasses of water from the latter, and seldom more. The *Ragozi* enjoys already an European reputation. It emerges from a depth of twelve feet, through rounded pebbles and basaltic stones, at a temperature one degree higher than that of the *Maxbrunnen*. Its taste is sharp, strongly saline, and acidulous, with a smack also of a saline, bitter, and rough vitriolic nature. It reminded me of the stronger chalybeate water near Rosenstein, at Stuttgart. Nor is it surprising that it should so taste, seeing that it contains nearly three-quarters of a grain of carbonate of iron in sixteen ounces. When the *Ragozi* is

found to affect the head, the glass filled with it, is previously immersed into hot water, so as to allow the greater part of the gas to escape. If, after this, the *Ragozi* should still be found to affect the head, then the *Pandur* is to be substituted for it. But to the prolonged use of the latter spring Dr. Maas objects that it weakens the stomach.

Although limpid and clear at first in the glass, the water of the *Ragozi* soon becomes turbid, and deposits a reddish yellow sediment. This happens, likewise, to the *Pandur*, when it is boiled for the use of the bath—that being the principal purpose to which that water is applied. The muriates of soda, magnesia, and potash are here, again, the prevailing ingredients, as will be seen on inspecting the chemical table at the end of the volume. The free gas amounts to from 27 to 30 cubic inches in the pint. Of both these springs, also, the inhabitants have the right (reserved in their behalf by the crown, when it surrendered the seignorage over the sources to the town authorities) to partake as often as they please; and not a little do they avail themselves of their privilege during the summer.

In referring to the effects of the Kissingen waters on the human constitution, when used internally, we must dismiss from our consideration those of the *Maxbrunn*, as it contains but

slender portions of the ingredients which impart power to the two other springs. Of the latter, the *Ragozi* contains not less than $85\frac{1}{3}$ grains, and the *Pandur* 76 grains, of solid ingredients, in a pint of the water, whereas the *Max* holds not more than 27 grains.

Again, as the *Pandur* is principally used for bathing, my remarks respecting the virtues of the Kissingen waters must be considered as principally applicable to the *Ragozi*, which has become almost synonymous, among physicians and invalids, with the name of the town.

According to the testimony of the best authorities—those, I mean, on whose skill, candour, and veracity, one can safely rely—and I will mention at once, besides Siebold, the patriarch Dr. Kreysig, with whom I have conversed at great length on this subject, as well as Dr. Maas—the *Ragozi* is, *par excellence*, the remedy against chronic diseases. In acute or febrile disorders its virtues are null. It is not easy to imagine a more happy combination, than is found in the *Ragozi*, of gently purgative, depurative, and alterative salts. Judging, *primâ facie*, from such a circumstance alone, I should expect the very best effects from the use of the *Ragozi* in every possible modification of complaints of the stomach—from the mere want of appetite

and oppression after eating, to the most complicated derangement of the various abdominal processes which constitute digestion. I will only instance, as an example, the nausea and retching (first indications of forthcoming disease) which salute the overnight-tippler, when he first wakes in the morning. Half a glass of the *Ragozi*, taken immediately on waking, will arrest those symptoms.

When impurities have collected in the intestines or principal passages, the *Ragozi* removes them with astonishing quickness, stimulating, by its large proportions of gas, and moderate quantity of steel, the nervous and muscular energies of the stomach and its dependencies at the same time. Dr. Maas asserts that this water is a safer and more certain remedy for *obstipatio intestinorum* than almost any other. The intestinal functions are rendered regular by its use, and their regularity continues after the patient has ceased to drink the water.

In local fulness of blood in the principal viscera of the abdomen,—the liver, for instance, the spleen, the mesenteric veins, and in cases of incorrect distribution of that fluid to those organs which characterize the female constitution,—the *Ragozi* has acquired great reputation. The last-mentioned circumstance has led practitioners of

celebrity to apply it in cases where anomalies exist in that one particular function, which is the source of so much suffering to females; and, by a natural induction, in cases also of sterility.

It becomes me not, as the writer of a work avowedly intended for general readers, to enter into further particulars on a subject which has lately engaged the attention of several practitioners on the continent, and my own; but to have passed wholly unnoticed the circumstance which, perhaps, more than any other, renders this Spa so truly valuable, would have argued either ignorance or neglect. The causes of sterility are various. The larger number of them, which have been well studied by those who have inquired into this question, and into the powers of this mineral spring, are as certainly removed by it as any other obstruction; and, so far, the problem would be one of easy solution. But there are also causes of that singular state of the female constitution which are likely to be aggravated by the *Ragozi*, and, therefore, the question is one that requires deliberation. Dr. Maas and Dr. Kreysig have put me in possession of cases of disordered female constitutions, which, even in a purely medical book, I should forbear quoting, but which, with some similar cases that have fallen under my own knowledge, go to

confirm whatever has been said before by Siebold, respecting the virtues of the *Ragozi*.

There is another class of invalids who derive undoubted benefit from the Kissingen waters, and these are your “hard livers;”—I mean such as have a hard liver from having lived hard. Instances were quoted to me, of persons bearing about with them considerable swellings of that organ, which could be felt through the skin, as hard as a stone, but which were softened, diminished, and at last wholly removed, by the dissolvent powers of the *Ragozi*. “As long,” says Dr. Maas, “as the reproductive forces are not too far sunk, and no considerable emaciation or insidious fever has shown itself, we have still great hopes of saving the patient by the use of the *Ragozi*.”

An individual was pointed out to me, between forty and fifty years of age, who, through a natural tendency to diseases of the abdomen, and protracted sedentary habits, owing to constant study, had gradually contracted a remarkable swelling of the liver, which showed itself by a perceptible prominence in the right side. It is said that his whole countenance, when he arrived at Kissingen, exhibited that peculiar appearance which, at a famed Spa nearer home, and not far from Gloucester, is supposed to denote your newly disembarked Nabobs. His

secretions were scanty, of rare occurrence, and discoloured. He had become an *anatomie*, and the night perspirations were hastening the loss of his strength. Having previously taken for his complaint loads of medicines, including the English panacea, yclept blue pill, with manifest deterioration, instead of amelioration, of his health, he flew to the *Ragozi*. It was melancholy to see him (I was told) when he arrived at Kissingen; and for some time it was doubted whether he should begin at all the use of the water, as there appeared to be no hope of his recovery. However, he began a course both of drinking and bathing, under the direction of the physician, at the same time observing a proper diet, and taking a moderate share of exercise, proportioned to the little strength he had left. In the course of six weeks the tightness in the region of the liver was removed, the swelling first became soft, it afterwards diminished in size, and lastly disappeared. The appetite returned; the cheeks, formerly tallowish and saffrony, became ruddy; and after two months the patient was about to return home in perfect health, although at the time of beginning the course it was thought that he had not two months more to live. During his treatment this individual passed two gall-stones, of the size of a bean.

But as the present is not meant to be a medi-

cal treatise, the little I have already stated of the medicinal effects of the *Ragozi* must suffice. There are a great many more diseases, of a lingering and chronic character, for which the *Ragozi* is justly recommended ; but I have said enough to establish its reputation in a country in which its existence even is scarcely known ; and that is all that I can be expected to do on the present occasion.

I have asserted that the *Pandur* is little used for drinking, but principally for bathing. Baths of this water are recommended in all cases in which the *Ragozi* is used ; and to the double use of two mineral sources at the same time, the physicians best acquainted with Kissingen ascribe the quick and radical cure of many diseases. Among these they reckon gout ; in the treatment of which the *Pandur* baths have long been celebrated. Dr. Maas states that numerous examples of this *opprobrium medicorum* have come under his notice, which have been either effectually cured, or have experienced an extraordinary alleviation of their pains. Atonic gout is not of this class. Rheumatism, when without fever, and of a chronic form, particularly that kind which shows itself in the character of most obstinate pains in the face, head, teeth, shoulders, &c., and which resists all

attempts at a cure by means of cupping, embrocations, blisters, &c., often vanishes in a very short time, by the general or local use of the *Pandur* baths. Cutaneous eruptions are also cured by the same baths; and cases of this kind are said to be numerous every season at Kissingen.

For the convenience of taking the baths with the *Pandur* water, the King of Bavaria has caused a bath establishment to be erected, in a massive building, of a pleasing style, in connexion with an older structure, since re-modernized, which owed its existence to his late majesty, called the KUR-HAUS. There are in the right wing of the bathing-establishment sixteen bathing-rooms, divided by a passage passing through the middle. In each room there is a copper bath fixed in the ground, with cocks for the cold and hot mineral waters. In several of the rooms are well-stuffed sofas, with elastic springs, for weak or lame patients. Two of the rooms are appropriated for the *douches*. There is also a drop-bath, where the water falls from a height of thirty-eight feet. It is the order of the day, without exception, that all who drink the *Ragozi* shall bathe in the *Pandur*; but as the water of the latter is only $9\frac{1}{2}$ of R., some of it is kept boiling in large caldrons, in which it is received

direct from the spring for that purpose. The attendance at these baths is very good.

Baths are to be found also at all the principal hotels, as well as in the large, handsome, and well-furnished residence of Dr. Maas ; where there are several excellent suites of apartments and bedchambers, which, besides the convenience of being near the promenade as well as the springs, enjoy a view of all that can be seen of the neighbouring country beyond that spot. The baths in Dr. Maas's house are six in number, and there are very neat cabinets or dressing-rooms connected with them, supplied with proper furniture, a looking-glass, thermometer, &c. The bathers, in very cold weather, are made to go to bed after the bath ; but, in the months of July and August, or when the hot weather prevails, they dress and go out.

The *Königliche Kur-haus* is a long, low building, of red sandstone, of pleasing architecture ; and is facing the plantation. It has only one story. Behind it two wings have recently been built at right angles, forming two sides of a square, and which possess far greater pretension to architectural beauty. They are two stories high above the *Rez-de-Chaussée*. Interiorly the arrangement is good, and the suites of apartments, with wide corridors and ample staircases, give the whole a decided air of grandeur.

In the front or older building, the *Grande Salle à manger* is placed, together with the long suite of *Conversation-rooms*, in which, among other *innocent* entertainments performed, those of the *Roulette*, *Faro*, and *Rouge et Noire* are the most prominent. The rooms are perfectly well built, fashionably set off with furniture and decorations, and have a bright polished *parquet*. The beds are excellent. In June the prices are one quarter less than in July, during which, and the following month, the throng of visitors is considerable. A large room, which may serve both as a bed and a sitting room, will cost one florin and a half a day (2s. 6d.) in June, two florins in July, and the same in August. On the second story, in which the apartments are not so good, the prices are one-third less. There are also very habitable suites of rooms on the ground floor, which, though smaller than the rest, are neat, airy, and light, and their price is from one and a quarter to one florin and a half a day during the best part of the season. Of course two such rooms, or more, would be charged in proportion. During her *séjour* at Kissingen, the Queen of Bavaria (who likes that Spa as much as the King likes Bruckenuau), and, after her majesty, the Grand Duchess of Weimar, lodged in the best suite of rooms in the *Kur-haus*, which terminate in a *Grande Salle de Reception*.

All these various buildings, however, it is said to be the intention of the king to demolish, in order to erect something more in accordance with the reputation of the place, and worthy of his character as a man of taste. In the mean while the great improvement to which I have already alluded, now proceeding in regard to the colonnade, evinces the sincerity of his professions in favour of Kissingen: although there are those who pretend, that Louis of Bavaria, from a desire to make Bruckenuau the first Spa in Bavaria, had, until the last six years, neglected Kissingen. The representations of the many titled and wealthy visiters, particularly those from Russia, who flock yearly to Kissingen, and who called for better accommodations in return for the large sums they spent at Kissingen; but, above all, the recovery of Her Majesty, obtained through the means of the waters, which received from that circumstance an additional *éclat*,—induced the King to direct the several ameliorations that have taken place since. This encouragement has had the effect of causing new houses to rise in all directions, and several new streets are being erected in the environs of the *Kur-haus Strasse*. The latter street has itself been considerably extended in length, by the addition of some new buildings, which look very much like some of the palaces in Munich.

The erection of a new colonnade of white sandstone, designed with much taste, and in good style, is an event that has created great sensation at Kissingen. When finished it will be far superior to any thing of the sort which the other Spas of Germany can boast of; not only on account of its rich yet chaste design, but for its size, boldness, and the solidity of its materials. It begins in a straight line from the head of the promenade nearest the town, and proceeds till it reaches the place opposite the *Maxbrunnen*—where a superb and lofty *Conversation Saal*, lighted from above, as well as by lateral and front windows, is now completing. Beyond this the arcade will pursue its straight course some hundred feet; then take a turn at right angles and advance in front, so as to join the present red sandstone arcade. It is intended afterwards to demolish this latter and to rebuild it of the same size, elevation, and material, as the rest, with sexagonal pilasters, a semicircular arch, and a simple running frieze.

This great structure will not be completed before 1838. It has already cost 40,000 florins, on account of the foundation, which it has been found necessary to place on piles, in consequence of the unsteady nature of the soil in the neighbourhood of the river, on the margin of which the edifice is erected. When finished the

interior will be highly decorated, according to the prevailing taste in the capital, with fresco paintings equal, if not superior, to those in the superb saloon at Bruckenuau. The total estimate formed of its probable expense is 150,000 florins.

Besides the *Kur-haus* there are three or four principal hotels in Kissingen—establishments which look more like the inns of a colony in its infancy, than hotels, and which admit of considerable improvement. The *Hotel de Bavière* is at the head of the Bath-garden, and the *Hotel de Saxe* is more within the town. The one at which we were staying is still farther, yet near enough to the springs. The rooms, the beds, and the utensils of the table we found in it, were such as we met with at Gastein, Deinach, and other less frequented and retired Spas. The hotel is called the *Wiffelsbacher Hof*, and is kept by a little, quick, active man, who belies his own name of Kramp. He speaks French tolerably, and afforded us as good accommodation as the place can offer; although that be not of the best, compared with what we enjoyed at Baden, Marienbad, and Carlsbad.

Living is excessively cheap at Kissingen. A dinner for two persons, consisting of several dishes, and some excellent Bavarian beer, cost

one shilling and elevenpence. Every other repast was proportionately cheap. In the *Kurhaus*, kept by Pietro Bolzano, who is a pattern of an innkeeper, and a most intelligent and civil man, the *Grand Salon* receives daily, during the season, from two to three hundred guests, who partake of his table d'hôte, sumptuously served. The room itself, although not quite so handsome as the one at Baden, is yet showy, and fitted up in excellent style. Music is performed during the repast; and the expense of the dinner is a florin; but if the guest be a subscriber, 48 kreutzers (1s. 4d.), are charged. The supper in the evening is *à la carte*. There are four other tables d'hôte held in the town, at one of which the charge is only a shilling, while at the others "*on dine pour huitpence !*"

The number of visitors in each succeeding year, beginning with 1814, when only 173 attended, and ending with 1836, when 2200 arrived at Kissingen, shows the rising estimation of that Spa. It is, however, but just to remark, that until 1827, in which year the number had only slowly increased to 705, none but *bona-fide* patients were inscribed; as there existed, at that time, an order, that none but such as drank the water at least a week, should be inserted on the list. At present any one who arrives, servants and all, as

I remarked at Baden-baden, and even those visitors who never drink the water at all, are entered on the register.

Of the latter class the number cannot be trifling, considering that the extensive gambling which is constantly going on during the season at Kissingen, attracts a great number of idlers, *fainéans*, *escroques*, and dupes, among whom a vast deal of money is lost and won;—troubling, as Dr. Maas said to me, *la cure des Eaux*. All the physicians of such of the Spas in Germany as admit gambling, lament this unfortunate *mélange* of dissipation and health-seeking, as being often fatal to the principal object of the cure.

In the list of the arrivals at Kissingen for 1836, which is published with *beaucoup de luxe*, I find a considerable display of aristocracy and high-bred gentry, as well as *personnages marquans*, though not quite so sublime as at Carlsbad. The number of visitors of the higher classes has increased since the well-known and successful cure of the Queen of Bavaria. Among them it is impossible not to be struck with the many names of illustrious individuals from Russia,—that place of invalids and travellers, who will peregrinate in search of health to the summits of Mount Thibet or to the Caucasus; in which latter re-

gion, by the way (if recent accounts be correct), they stand a good chance of finding a new source of hygiæa, calculated to throw all the other mineral springs in the shade. There are some of these *illustrissimi* who appeared here and at Carlsbad in the same season, and who visited both places, probably for amusement only.

No. 1. of the Kissingen list, for 1836, embraced April and May. At that early part of the season not more than a hundred visitors had arrived, who were principally from the immediate neighbouring cities and districts of Germany. The throng began in June, it increased in July, and was at its climax in August, on the 31st of which month the last list was published. As many as fifty arrived in one day in July, consisting of almost every degree of nobility and gentility, from all parts of Europe. The English were not numerous. A stray captain of the navy, a colonel in the guards, two plain squires, and the *ci-devant* keeper of a celebrated hotel, not far from where I am writing, formed the total number of visitors from England. There is a curious album in Bolzano's house, adjoining the Kur-haus, in which a list is kept of all those visitors who have

lodged at his house, and in which such as have felt satisfied with their treatment by him, and their accommodations, are requested to sign their names. The book itself is splendid, and many of the autographs are interesting. Among these I read the names, coupled in most cases with an expression of satisfaction, of the father of the future queen of the French, the Duc de Mecklenburg Schwerin; of the Duc de Mecklenburg Strelitz; of the Grand Duke of Weimar; of Prince Peter of Oldenburg; of H. R. H. the Duke of Nassau; of Prince Adam of Würtemberg; and of a whole galaxy of *Princes Russes*—among whom shone conspicuous the Grand Duke Michel,—who, besides his name, in token of approbation of Bolzano's conduct, presented him with a ring of diamonds.

I shall say but little of the promenades in the environs of Kissingen. Some of the more distant are lovely; many of them are points of great attraction; and in this species of amusement the visiter at Kissingen has no reason to be dissatisfied. The climate of Kissingen is very good, the air pure, and there is excellent water, as well as excellent wheaten bread.

Society is upon an easy footing. Balls, and occasionally, concerts, serve as so many excuses

for the miscellaneous assemblages of people, which take place there, and in which asperities are rubbed down, and a temporary democracy is established. An invalid, who is not wholly absorbed with the consideration of his own ailments, may pass his six weeks at Kissingen, I should think, very happily, and with as much of gaiety as is compatible with his situation. Kissingen is evidently on the ascendant, and may be considered as one of the most efficient Spas in Germany, for the recovery of health under especial circumstances.

The *Ragozi* water is largely exported. Bolzano, who farms this branch of industry, showed me the whole process; took me through his extensive warehouses full of the *Ragozi*; and exhibited his last year's entries in his books, of the exported quantities of that water; by which it appears that 250,000 Cruchons (stone bottles) of it were despatched to different parts of Germany, France, and Italy. I could not help noticing the excessive care used in testing the soundness of the bottles before they are filled, and the attention with which they are corked. To those who choose to give the real Kissingen waters a trial, I may with confidence state, that they will find that which

is imported in stone bottles, stamped with the names of "Kissingen" and "Bolzano," successfully preserved. But Struve's imitation of it, which is to be obtained from the German Spa at Brighton, is equally good and efficacious.

CHAPTER III.

BRUCKENAU.

BOCKLET.

Position and environs of Kissingen—Road to Bocklet—The great SALINES of Kissingen—The intermittent SALT-SPRING—Curious phenomena—Attempted explanation—BOCKLET—Its four *quellen*—Physical and chemical characters of the *Ludwigsquelle*—Sulphuretted spring—*Sources barometriques*—Bocklet or Bruckenuau after Kissingen—Public buildings—Lodging-houses—BATH-ROOMS—Medical virtues of Bocklet—Diseases it cures—LIFE and TON—Environs—BRUCKENAU—*La Poste*—The Brunnen-Arzte—Promenade to the Spa—Valley of the SINN—Bird's-eye view of the "*Parterre Spa*"—Public edifices—The KING's dwelling—Lodging-houses—The springs—The *Sinnberger*—Its character and medical virtues—The *Wernarzer*—Its virtues—The *Sweet Spring*—The BRUCKENAUER—Its specific characters—Unique chalybeate—Contrasted with Tunbridge—Errors rectified—Diseases cured—The BATHS—Interior of the great KUR-HAUS—Magnificent taste—The first "*conoscente*" monarch in Europe—Living, amusement, gambling, and society—Influx of strangers—Presence of the KING—Temptations.

THE valley in which Kissingen is situated is of vast extent. The village is on the left bank of the Saale (called Franco-Saale, to distinguish it from other rivers of that name), upon a round elbow of flat ground, which is occupied by the public buildings. The mineral springs are

placed on the very margin of this elbow, close to which (and equally near to the river) is also a newly-discovered source of the best and purest soft water, together with several other springs, yielding likewise a beautifully clear and sapid water. A wooden bridge thrown across the river puts the two extended portions of the valley in immediate communication. Two hills, from six to seven hundred feet in height, stand at one extremity of the village, though not very near it, and are cultivated in orchards and vineyards, with a south-east and north-east aspect. A farther ridge, also of trifling elevation, but well wooded, stretches a little more to the right, and protects the place from the northern winds. Between these the Saale follows its course. In the east a much loftier hill, terminating at the south in a smaller hillock, and having at its summit two gentle swellings, on one of which are the ruins of an ancient castle, defend Kissingen, particularly the promenade, from the winds of that quarter. At the other extremity of the village, or town, whichever we choose to call it, the valley, for miles together, offers no vestige of a single eminence. It is probable, therefore, that the mineral springs descend from the *Trimberg*, the last-mentioned hilly range. The character of its rocks is that of red

sandstone, but the alluvial deposit which covers it nearly to the top is so very deep, that no evidence of that rock is externally visible.

Over and across this valley, then, and following the left bank of the Saale, I proceeded, after quitting Kissingen, on my way to Bocklet, whither Signor Bolzano, with whom I chatted in Venetian over old reminiscences of his native city, had preceded me. Dr. Maas, too, listening more to his own kindly feelings than to prudence, chose to accompany me to that Spa, although it was evident, from the state of fever he was in, that he ought to have remained at home, and in bed. Signor Bolzano is the *fermier* of the mineral springs of Bocklet, which he holds for an annual rent from the Archbishop of Würzburg. As the season of that Spa was quite concluded, and the establishment had already been put "in winter quarters,"—had not Signor Bolzano gone thither to prepare every thing, I should with difficulty, unaided by him, have been able to judge of the place or of its mineral springs.

Bocklet is distant about five English miles from Kissingen, and the road, shortly after having quitted the latter place, passes by the celebrated *Salines*, which I examined with great care, and in every one of their details. For that

purpose I mounted to the highest part of one of those singularly-constructed scaffoldings which serve to divest the brine-water, conducted thither from the spring, of all its earthy particles, by being dropped *guttatim*, from a great height, over bushes of blackthorn. Seen from a distance, these very lofty *Mansardes*, with their wide and extensive roofs, present a curious feature in the plain. Into the description of this singular establishment I will not suffer myself to be drawn by any consideration ; although the process of obtaining the salt is very interesting, and the whole contrivance curious and ingenious. I will only just mention, that the mineral salt-water which is to undergo the process I have only hinted at, before it is considered fit to be admitted into the great boiler for evaporation, is made to travel over a space of five German miles, in order that it may deposit its calcareous ingredients during that peregrination.

It is with the spring itself, from which this richly-endowed brine-fluid is obtained, that I have to deal. This spring I made it my business to examine most carefully, as it has lately acquired such a degree of notoriety, owing to its regular ebbings and flowings, that a learned physician of Würzburg, Dr. Osann, who attended the scientific meeting at Jena last year, deemed it important to read a paper before the savans

there assembled, which I happened to hear on the first day of the meeting, explanatory of the *rationale* of this very source. Another motive for examining the source itself, was the knowledge I had obtained of the fact, that the authorities at Kissingen were then engaged in devising a plan for bringing the brine into Kissingen straight from the *Salines*, with a view to establish baths of that water—an institution which, I have no doubt, will prove of great benefit in many cases of disease.

There are two salt springs, both of them close to the Saale, and a large reservoir besides. With one of the springs (the minor one, which has lately slackened its supply), and with the reservoir, I have nothing to do. I hastened, at once, to the principal and only curious source, called the *Runde Brunn*, the shaft of which is twenty-five feet deep and eight in diameter. It is placed in a square wooden building, covered over, of course; and in connexion with it are the aspirating pumps, which throw the brine into the lofty channels that are to convey it to the several *Graderhaus*—as those singular buildings to which I have alluded are called. This spring formerly discharged only one cubic foot of the brine in a minute; and this quantity, too, was gradually diminishing. In the year 1822, therefore, an artesian well, or hole, four inches in diameter,

was bored at the bottom, which was carried to a depth of two hundred and ninety-eight feet, through the compact sandstone; and now the spring rises, and it has risen ever since, with great force, discharging forty cubic feet of brine in a minute, with a temperature of 40° F. This spring often, and at very different periods, sinks considerably. Sometimes it used to fall for half an hour, or even several hours, and would then return with its former force. For some years past, however, there has been a great degree of regularity in these motions, which has stamped the source with the character of a positive ebbing and flowing spring.

We arrived at its border while the water was low. Upon throwing open the heavy folding trap-doors which are generally kept closed over the spring, I saw before me nothing beyond a round, and to all appearance, a deep well, the water of which could not be easily distinguished. Luckily the spring was just beginning to grumble and boil, and in three-quarters of an hour the increased and almost violent tumult of the surface, and the boiling noise, announced the arrival of the water to its usual height, within a foot or so of the top of the shaft. Its arrival was preceded by an extraordinary development of carbonic acid gas, a thick stratum of which lay

over the water, so that a candle, lowered into the mouth of the shaft, was instantly put out, its flame receding upwards. The keeper of the spring exhibited also another experiment: he dipped into the air of the shaft, while the rising water was within a short distance of its summit, an empty bucket, and removing it again immediately, apparently empty, poured its invisible contents over several lighted candles, all of which were forthwith extinguished by the heavy gas.

As the water approaches near to its highest level, the escape of gas and the commotion it occasions, are tremendous. The scene reminds one of the Sprudel at Carlsbad. But when once the water has reached its stationary level, it becomes tranquil, and remains so for three hours. It then again descends, and the deep stratum of carbonic gas which hovered over it descends along with it; so that after the gradual downward course of the water has begun, not a vestige of that gas is to be found, where before such a profusion of it existed. In its descent, which is always preceded by noises, as if several strokes of a hammer were heard, the water occupies twenty minutes, during which time it sinks a depth of from thirteen to fifteen feet. In ascending to the same elevation again, the spring occupies three-quarters of an hour.

Before the artesian boring was executed no such phenomena were ever observed. As I stood near and over the shaft, I experienced all the effects of an exposure to the gas in question. The skin of my face, my eyes, and my lips felt a pricking sensation; the head became confused; and the breathing asthmatic. I remarked that my feet became quite heated by standing on the margin of the spring; and when I filled my hat with the gas and placed it on my head, that part of my body felt presently in a glow.

Now the object of Dr. Osann's memoir read at Jena last year, to which I have referred, was to explain this phenomenon of the intermission, or ebbing and flowing, of the Kissingen salt-spring. He imagines that in the principal reservoir, placed within the bowels of the earth, from which the brine issues, an accumulation of carbonic gas gradually takes place over the surface of the water, just as we see happening in many other mineral springs which give out a large quantity of that gas. This accumulation, as it increases, presses down the surface of the water generally, and forces a portion of it upwards, through the artesian shaft or bore, until the quantity of water in the reservoir is reduced so low, that the gas can find means to escape through the various openings and fissures in the surrounding rocks left uncovered by the receding water. By this escape of

the gas, and the consequent rarefaction of that portion which yet remains, the pressure on the surface of the salt water being either taken off or considerably diminished, the column of the latter, which had previously been forced upwards, will again fall in the shaft, and back into the reservoir under ground, there to undergo afresh the same pressure, so soon as a sufficient quantity of carbonic acid gas shall be again collected. The author, with whom I conversed on this subject, exhibited a diagram to render his explanation more intelligible ; which, after all, I imagine, is the same that has always been given by those philosophers who have endeavoured to account for a similar phenomenon in other naturally intermittent springs where gas is present.

I doubt whether BOCKLET has ever been personally known to more than a dozen visitors from this country. The secluded spot in which this Spa is situated,—although full of beauties, and surrounded by verdant hills covered with oaks and beeches of great age, whose dark green forms a pleasing contrast to the waving corn-fields,—is too far remote from the beaten track of English travellers to be deemed by them worthy of a visit. Yet not only is the place deserving of one, but the springs themselves merit attention. Of this I satisfied myself on my arrival thither after leaving the *Salines*.

There are four mineral springs at Bocklet. The *Ludwigsquelle*, the *Fredericksquelle*, the *Karlsquelle*, and the *Schwefelquelle*. They all rise very close together, out of the compact limestone subimposed to the sandstone, and are probably branches of one and the same source; although in their chemical composition they differ not a little. They are all enclosed in round shafts of considerable depth, and a square terrace is raised around them, covered over with a large square pavilion, which is terminated by a handsome cupola, supported by two ranges of columns. Two flights of steps on each side lead from the terrace down to the springs. On the front of the building is inscribed, in golden letters, "Erected in 1787 for the benefit of suffering humanity."

The principal *Quelle*, occupies the centre of this pavilion. The water in it is 28 feet deep, and the diameter of the shaft is three feet. From recent analysis, not yet published, made by KASTNER, the professor of chemistry in the University of Erlangen, it appears that not less than 39 cubic inches of free carbonic acid gas are found in a pint of the water. This quantity of gas imparts a sort of perpetual motion to the surface of the water in the shaft, over which a vase has been placed to receive it.

I found on plunging my thermometer into the

water that the temperature marked was 52°. The water received in a glass is clear and sparkling; and the same remark applies to all the springs. The taste of the *Ludwigsquelle* is pungent, sub-acid, and inky. That of the *Fredericksquelle* is less so. The *Karlsquelle* is much more agreeable to the palate; the iron being but little perceptible, and the taste of carbonic acid prevailing. These three springs flow together into a square basin or reservoir, in the *Brunnentempel*, whence the water is conveyed by a leaden pipe to the bath-house.

The fourth spring, or *Schwefelquelle*, is distinguished from the rest by a remarkable sulphurous smell, from which circumstance it has received its name. In its composition it is much more simple than the rest; containing only five grains of solid ingredients in the pint, instead of nearly 46 grains, which the others hold in solution.

The temperature of all the springs is the same, and it never varies under any circumstances. Yet the weather has an extraordinary influence over the springs. If there has been a thunderstorm, or one be threatening, the springs throw out an unusual quantity of carbonic gas, and often with such force that the water will rise from one to two feet higher in the shafts in consequence. The afflux of water, also, is

liable to atmospheric influence; for when the mercury in the barometer is low, the quantity of water which springs up is greater, and its motion more violent. This fact places the springs of Bocklet in the class of those called "Sources barometriques." But to speak openly, these springs partake somewhat of the singular physical property of the saline springs near Kissingen; for they ebb and flow very sensibly; a phenomenon which seems to be co-ordinate with the phases of the moon. These facts I give on the authority of Dr. Maas, of Dr. Haus, who has written an able treatise on the mineral waters of Bocklet, and of Signor Bolzano. My own testimony may be added, as far as the action of the gas is concerned, and the oscillatory motion in the water, particularly in that of the *Fredericksquelle*.

An idea may be formed of the violence with which carbonic acid will force its way out of these springs, from this circumstance—that on enclosing one of them, the free escape of that gas having been accidentally prevented, a tremendous explosion took place, which hurled into the air the brickwork impeding the escape; and in the place where the shaft had been built, a conical cavity was seen, out of which the carbonic gas rushed with such vehemence,

that the water was tossed about in waves, and seemed as if it were boiling.

The mineral waters of Bocklet (the 4th spring always excepted) are specifically chalybeates, but they are said to be distinct from most of the other chalybeates or steel waters, for two reasons:—first, because they contain, at the same time, such a proportion of the salts of soda as serve to diminish the heating power of the iron and carbonic acid; in which particular they resemble the water of the *Franzensquelle* at Egra. Secondly, because the iron is combined in a remarkable manner, and acts differently in consequence, from what it does in other steel waters. For these two reasons, the Bocklet waters may be used safely in many cases of disease and constitutional peculiarity, in which ordinary chalybeates cannot be employed. Dr. Maas assured me that these waters are more tractable than any other steel water he is acquainted with, and may be used with advantage even where there are symptoms of pectoral disease; in which case, however, he holds that *Bruckenua* is much superior. The faculty seem to agree in this, that after a course of the depurative Kissingen, a course of the Bocklet waters, or of Bruckenua, will fortify the system, and complete the cure; just as the

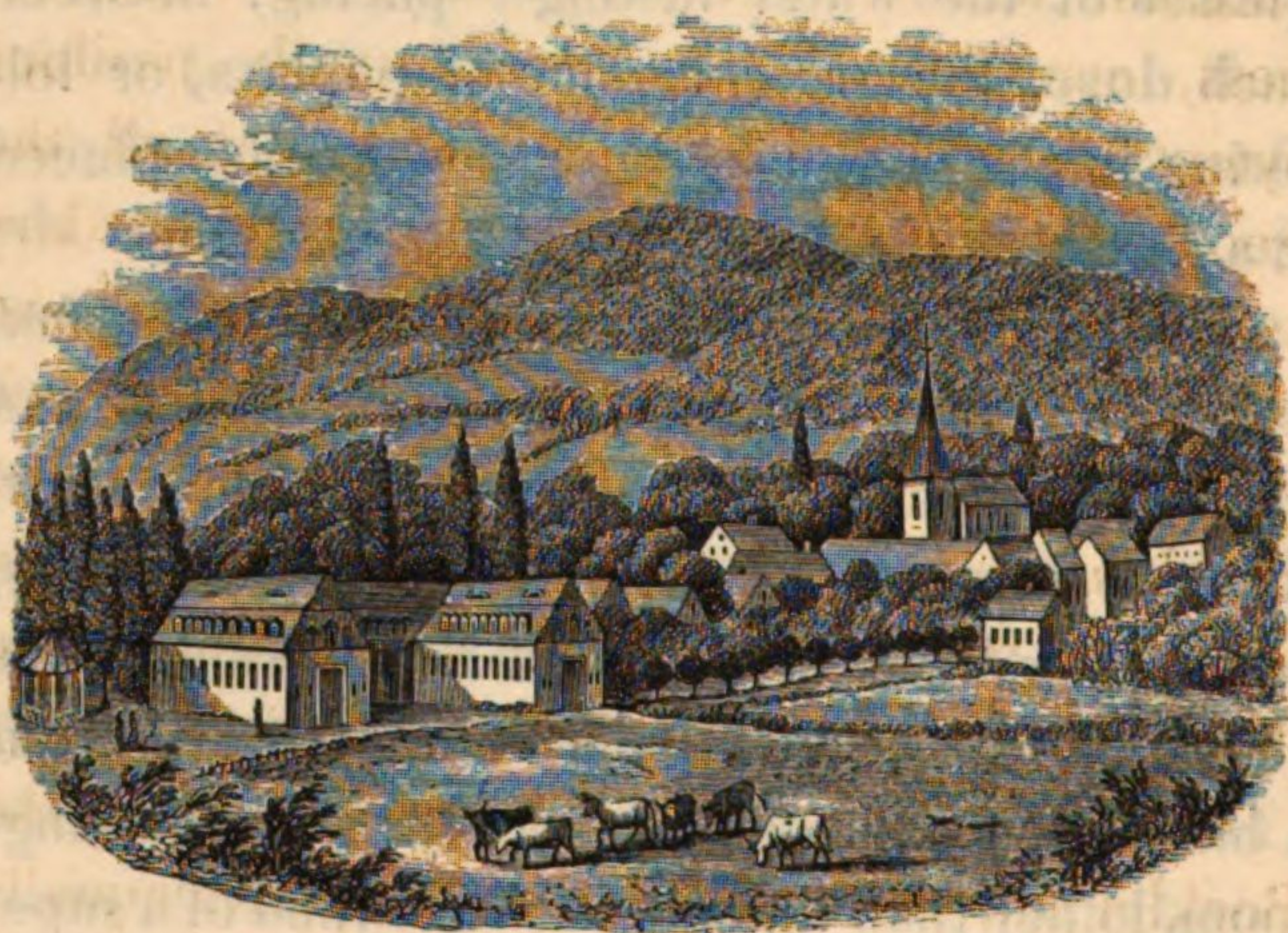
doctors of Ems or Wiesbaden are in the habit of recommending Schwalbach to those invalids who are about to leave their Spas.

The patients assemble around the spring early in the morning, and take from five to eight glasses of the water fasting; pacing, between each dose, the great avenue of poplars, or loitering in the public buildings, which are placed in a semicircular form around the pavilion.

Among these buildings the *Conversation-saal*, fitted up in the Italian style, with billiards and gambling-rooms, all well arranged and neat, deserve especial mention. Six lodging-houses, resembling little villas, stand by the side of the centre building. In the latter building, there is a handsome and well-proportioned banqueting-room, loftier than that at Kissingen, and of a superior style of architecture. A suite of apartments around this, simply furnished, and much in the style of an Italian country-house, is the one which the good and venerable Archbishop of Würzburg, lord of the domain, inhabits during the season.

The bath-rooms, which are better arranged than those at Kissingen, form a part of this cluster of public edifices; between which and the pavilion there is a promenade resembling more a real forest than an artificial plantation. These various parts of the Spa are grouped in a pic-

turesque manner, in the centre of a round and smiling prairie, which, seen with its gentle hillocks around, across, and on each side of the colonnade, presents a succession of very pretty landscapes.



The peculiar mode of action of these valuable steel-waters, renders them highly beneficial in a variety of disorders in which safe stimulation, and a bracing of the system, are required. I collect from Dr. HAUS, that the use of the Bocklet waters is proper in all cases of weakness, either of the whole body, or of any particular organ, whether from considerable loss of blood, acute mental affections, previous and severe illness, or frequent and difficult childbed; in

all which cases the loss of power is such, that it cannot be restored again by the mere assistance of medicine and nourishment. The Bocklet waters do not, like most chalybeates, produce that degree of excitement in the circulation which would lead to dangerous fulness, congestion, and other equally perilous symptoms. Dr. Haus considers that all the good effects of the Bocklet waters are secondary to the specific and primary influence, of a most beneficial kind, which it exerts upon the principal organs of digestion. Professor Spindler, and Hufeland, used to say, "Let him who does not believe in the virtues of mineral waters come and behold the effects of the springs of Bocklet."

What is here said of the virtues of the Bocklet waters taken internally, applies equally to the baths in which these waters are used, at a temperature of 96 or 97 degrees—much in the same manner as the *Pandur* is employed at Kissingen. There is a douche-bath also; and Bolzano has lately devised a simple apparatus for employing the carbonic gas, which escapes so largely from the centre spring, as a gas bath in some of the upper rooms of the pavilion.

I think I have stated enough to show the character of these waters in a medical point of

view. It would require a larger space than I can devote to this single Spa, were I to dilate further on that subject; although, through the unceasing kindness and patience of my *cicerone*, Dr. Maas, I collected a number of facts and important cases in my note-book, which would enable me to give a more extended medical history of the springs.

The season begins in June, and lasts only six or eight weeks. The usual price of a comfortable room is three-fourths of a florin a day. All the rooms enjoy a view of the beautiful valley, or of the public garden. There is an excellent table d'hôte. This I must take on the credit of Signor Bolzano, who comes from the very country for good eating, and who looks as if he liked it himself. The price for a dinner, at one o'clock, is 40 kreutzers a head (1s. 1½*d.*), but one which costs only eightpence (24 kreutzers) may be had at twelve o'clock.

The tone of society at Bocklet is said to be exceedingly pleasant and friendly. The guests live, as it were, *en famille*, or near together—dine together—drive or walk out in company—and assemble together again in the evening. Every one endeavours, therefore, to live in friendship and harmony with the rest, and to banish the useless and burdensome rules of a

strict etiquette. Often the societies of Kissingen and Bocklet meet together, and certain days are set apart for that purpose.

Besides this patriarchal and simple mode of killing time in this retired spot, the visitors have several interesting environs to explore, as a variety in their occupations. A hill called the *Stellberg*, not far off, offers, from its summit, an exceedingly beautiful prospect. Three romantic valleys present themselves to the eyes. The one of them, on the left, surrounded by a belt of hills, has the rustic village of Grosbrach in its centre. That on the right is the one in which Bocklet itself stands; and straight forward is a still lovelier valley, with the market-town of Aschach, whose ancient castle is a great ornament to the surrounding country. There is another pleasing excursion which the visitors make by walking to the village of Hohn, up the river, and thence to that of Windheim, to which the path leads over the Heilengeberg, through a romantic wood. But a still more beautiful promenade is that from Bocklet to Steinach, three English miles distant. Two paths lead to it. Those who prefer, to the one through the valley, the more fatiguing yet interesting path across the mountain, will be amply repaid for their trouble by the delightful prospects which pre-

sent themselves in various points of this mountain scenery.

Two high roads conduct to Bocklet, the one from the south, through Kissingen, the other from the north, through Neustadt, on the Saale, not far from Meiningen. There is no inn at Bocklet, and scarcely any body lives in it or near it during the winter.

BRUCKENAU.

There is no high road, but a pleasant and tolerably good cross-road, from Bocklet direct to BRUCKENAU. The more general course, however, is to retrace one's steps back from Bocklet to Kissingen, and thence through Hamelburg, and a most delightful drive across a smiling country, to reach Bruckenau at the distance of a post and a half. The road, as it approaches Bruckenau, passes between the lofty Kreutzberg, 3150 feet above the level of the sea, and the Dreystelberg, 2320 feet high, the highest pinnacle of which forms one of the striking features of the Spa.

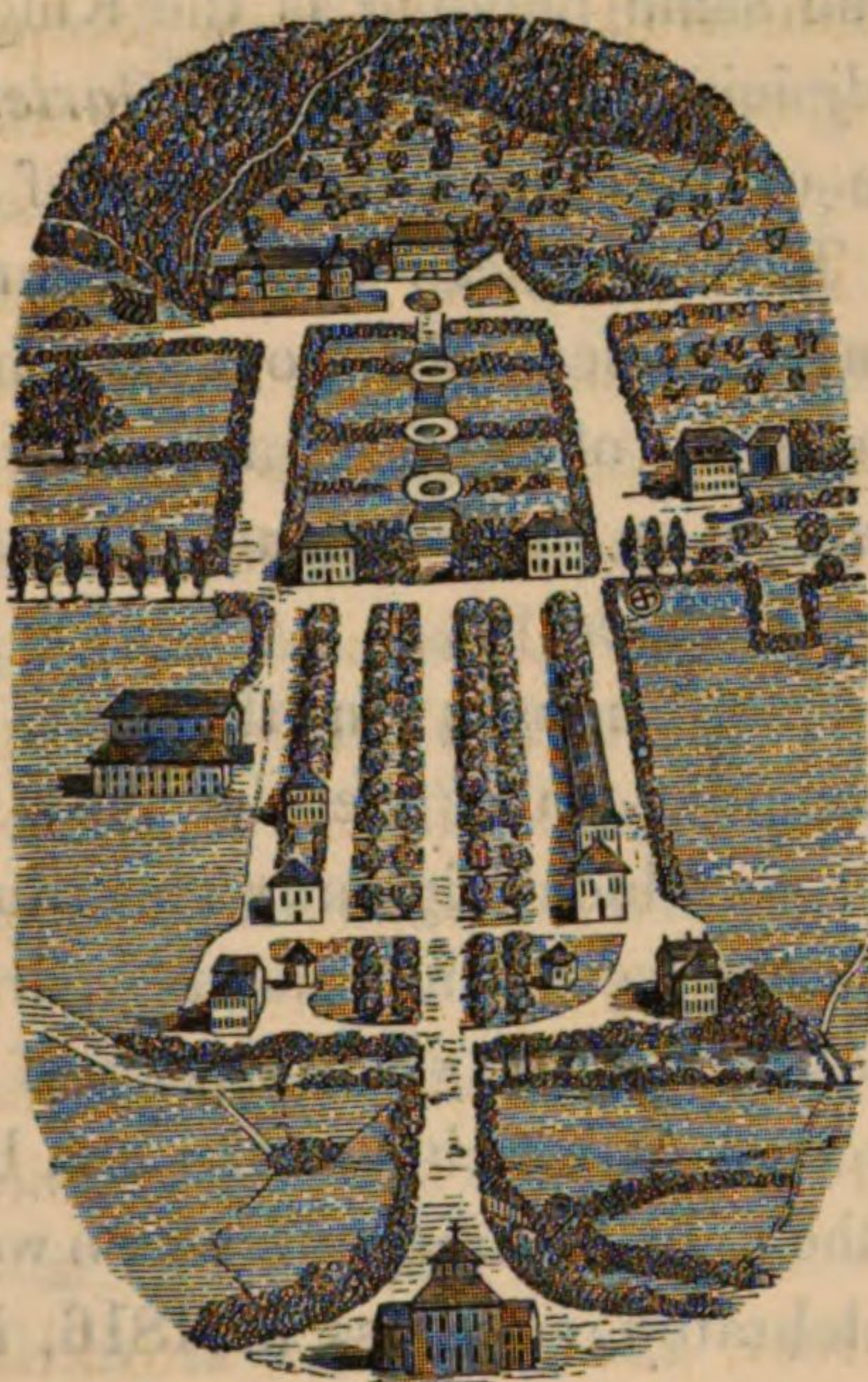
We put up at the *Poste*, the only good inn in the little town of Bruckenau, and glad was I to enjoy a night's rest, after the two previous days of incessant occupation and active bodily exertion, spent at Kissingen and Bocklet. I have

never been better or more comfortably lodged, during the whole of my excursions in Germany, than at the inn in question. The Spa, which derives its name from the little town I have just mentioned, lies at the distance of an hour's walk from it, in a south-westerly direction. As usual, having been most courteously received by the inspecting physician of the mineral springs, Dr. SCHIPPER, who resides in Bruckenuau, I proceeded in his company to the "*Heilquellen*," as the Germans properly denominate all "healing" mineral springs, accompanied by my young architect.

After a romantic walk towards the entrance of the expanded and cheerful valley of the *Sinn*, we ascended and went along the lower part of the acclivity of the Sinnberg, through a most lovely forest of lofty beech-trees, from amidst which, and on our right, we often caught glimpses of the fertile prairie at the bottom, and neat little hamlets scattered all over it. The limpid and garrulous Sinn, from which the hill borrows its name, meanders through the valley, adding much to its beauty and fertility. Besides the carriage-road on which we were then walking, and which resembles, in grandeur and breadth throughout the distance, an avenue leading to a royal chateau, there are retired

and private walks, and many footpaths in all directions, some pointing to, others deviating from, the spot in which the mineral springs are found. The Harthwald stretches nearly east and west, on the side of the valley opposite to us, and through the mazes of its forested acclivity, which possesses an additional character of beauty from the admixture of large oak-trees, we propose to return. Even the sight of the gentle SINN served, in the then mood of my mind, to whet the already keen edge of my mental wretchedness. That river, taking its rise from a romantic spot (which is an object of attraction to visitors) about four miles distant from the Bruckenuau Spa, after a short but joyous career, joins the Main, with whose waters it enters the Rhine, to reach, mingled with its waves, the English ocean, and bathe the English shores!

On emerging, at the termination of the royal *chaussée*, out of the wald, or forest, a neat and showy building appeared before us, insulated, and standing upon an elevated terrace. From this a bird's-eye view is obtained of the Bruckenuau Spa and its appurtenances, a representation of which will give a better idea of the localities than any description can.



Kellerbau is the name of this first dwelling, which is destined wholly for visitors. Its situation is lovely.* It stands greatly elevated above the valley of the springs, with a terrace, before alluded to, which faces all the other buildings, and is immediately opposite the *Fürstenbau*, at the farthest extremity of the Spa. In the latter resides his majesty, the King of Bavaria, during his sojourn at the *Heilquellen*. The queen often accompanies him. On the

* This is the insulated building in the lowest end of the vignette.

left of the same building is the King's eating-room, adjoining which is the *Gartenbau*, the residence of the junior branches of the royal family. These edifices are most unassuming in their appearance. In front they have some pretty *parterres* of flowers, and interiorly they much resemble an English country-house, simply but neatly arranged.

Three small houses on the left, near the great or middle walk, are the only three remaining of six which originally constituted "the baths." They were built ninety years ago by the Prince Bishop AMAND DE BUSEK, of Fulda,—to the dioceses of which city the Spa belonged, until, by the political transfers which were made at the celebrated congress in 1816, it passed into the hands of the sovereign of Bavaria. On the right of the centre walk is another cluster of houses, among which are to be distinguished two smaller and a larger edifice, united in one by Prince HENRY DE BIBRA, for the purpose of forming a *Tanz-saal*. It is called the *Saalbau*. This building, which was until lately the scene of every amusement, has changed its destination, since the King caused to be erected a much handsomer structure for that purpose, to which I shall presently allude.

As it is necessary, in giving directions from a distance, for the retention of a lodging in this

place, to specify the house or position required, I will, at the risk of appearing *homely* and dry in my details, mention a few other particulars on these heads, which will be useful to those who may desire to visit Bruckenuau. The lodging-houses are distinguished by particular names, as at Carlsbad. Thus, the first house on the right is called the *Lammbau*, the one in the centre *Bieverbau*, and the third *Loerbau*. The first on the left is the *Hirsch*, the second, or middle, is the *Widderbau*, and the third, the *Schwan*.

The three last-mentioned lodging-houses have a north-east aspect, and are therefore pleasantly cool during the months of July and August. Behind them is a double and vast building, which serves the twofold purpose of containing the baths and every thing pertaining thereto, and of affording excellent lodging-rooms for strangers,—who have the same convenience of bathing near at hand here as strangers have at Kissingen, Wildbad, Baden-baden, and at some other Spas. A little farther to the left of the last-mentioned building, rises an edifice which I have unfortunately omitted in the vignette, and which has only been completed a little more than two years. It is the celebrated KUR-SAAL (celebrated, I say, because already Ger-

many is full of its fame), which, with its lateral colonnade, towards the spectator who looks from the terrace of the *Kellerbau*, and with its noble front towards the centre walk of the Spa, rises in this sylvan and sequestered region of pure nature, to testify, for the hundreth time, the exquisite taste for the arts, the genuine love for the beautiful, the true and correct judgment in building, of Louis of Bavaria, the first "conoscente" monarch in Europe. If the eye stretches a little beyond this magnificent structure, it rests on the dense forest which, from the margin near the valley, to its higher summit, creeps up the side of the lofty Pfundsberg — affording a most appropriate background to the Kur-saal. Looking more to the right, the equally wooded and elevated *Harthberg* presents itself behind the humbler dwellings of the royal family; and shows on its highest pinnacle the famed monastery of *Voelkersberg*.

Having now become perfect masters of the *carte du pays*, let us descend from the terrace, by a flight of steps, into this *parterre* garden, stretched on the level of the valley, and proceed to examine the mineral springs. The first of these presents itself immediately before us, under a clump of lofty trees, at the foot of

the Sinnberg ; from which circumstance it is denominated the *Sinnberger mineral quelle*. Its taste is like that of the purest and best manufactured soda-water, limpid, and *petillante* with gas. It abounds in carbonates, particularly of soda. The temperature is 8° degrees of Reaumur. As it never seems to acquire the slightest degree of heat in the summer, so it has never been known to freeze during the hardest winter ; although the river close by be often frozen over. This remark applies to all the other sources of mineral waters in the place.

The water of this spring exerts its primary influence on the kidneys, and on all calculous disorders, even when the former, or the bladder, are already in a state of suppuration. Drunk with warm milk it is much recommended in chronic complaints of the lungs, in scrofulous and tubercular diseases of those organs, in chronic cough, and scrofulous diseases of children.

Dr. Schipper assures me of one quality of this same water, which, in my estimation, renders it very valuable, and that is the facility of promoting and establishing a habit of cutaneous perspiration, in constitutions which resist all attempts at such a result from ordinary medicines. When drunk for a period of five or six

days, in quantities of from five to nine small beakers, at given intervals, with a walk between, it is asserted to be a specific for that purpose.

About seven yards further from this source we find, in the centre, and at the bottom of a handsome polygonal excavation, the *quelle* which bears the name of *Wernarzer*. It contains more gas than the former spring, and is equally pleasant to the taste. The temperature is $8\frac{1}{2}$ of Reaumur. The saline ingredients are the same as those of the *Sinnberger*, though in somewhat larger proportions. Both waters contain but trifling indications, of carbonate of iron, and the total quantity of solid ingredients does not amount to so much in either as one grain in sixteen ounces of the water.

A short but interesting debate now ensued between honest Dr. Schipper and myself, respecting the alleged discovery, said to have been made in this source, of a salt so singularly misplaced in any mineral spring, that I cannot yield credence to the assertion; I allude to the "acetate of potash." Not fewer than three chemists are stated to have made this discovery in the water; namely, Lieblen of Fulda, who was the first; then Pickel, of Würzburg; and afterwards Vogel. I silenced at last my cicerone, by asking why none of those chemists, or he himself,

Dr. Schipper, had introduced that singular salt among the other ingredients named in the printed analysis of the spring.

Be that as it may, the *Wernarzer* is much extolled in spasms of the stomach, dyspepsia, and heartburn. In many cases of acrimonious secretions lodging in the stomach, or in the intestinal canal, it has been found decidedly useful. When drunk with warm milk, one-fourth of the latter is generally added. In that peculiar state of the stomach which has been ascribed to morbid sensibility, and where the ganglionic or sympathetic nerves are brought into play by the disorder, this water is greatly praised for its success. On other subjects of this kind, I need not, in this place, extend my remarks further.

At the distance of about thirty feet from the *Wernarzer*, and nearer to the river, a spring of fresh water rises, of so pure a quality, that it has been compared to distilled water. It flows without interruption from the earth, and was found, upon analysis, to be identical with distilled water; so that the chemists who visited this Spa to analyze the several mineral waters, used it as such, in their manipulations, after having ascertained that fact. This is called the *Süssequelle*, or the Sweet Spring; and it is a curious and rare phenomenon in the history of springs. A still more

curious one, however, awaits the stranger after he has crossed the river. He there finds, a few yards distant from the bank, and a little to the left, under a handsome pavilion, another and far different spring from the last, which seems in a constant state of ebullition, from the quantity of gas it throws out, and which deposits all round such abundance of oxyde of iron, that the sides and bottom of the basin are covered with red spots; while vessels of oaken wood, used to bale the water out, become black, and white linen or cotton cloth, dipped in it, is stained red and yellow.

This is the BRUCKENAUER—the spring *par excellence*. It is pleasant in taste, pungent, *petillant*, and exhilarating; but it leaves behind a very marked astringent sensation on the tongue. The general table at the end of the volume will exhibit its chemical composition. It contains exactly the fourth part of a grain of carbonate of iron in a pint of the water. The iron in this water is at its *maximum* of oxydation; and so intimately dissolved is it, owing to the great proportion of carbonic gas present, that the *Bruck-enauer* is considered to be the clearest and most spirituous of all known carbonated chalybeate springs. Hence, in all cases in which carbonic acid and iron are deemed salutary, the *Bruck-*

enauer is to be preferred to any other chalybeate waters, though they may contain a larger proportion of iron.

The peculiar effects of the *Bruckenaue* are in a high degree exciting, warming, astringent, and strengthening. It increases and quickens the circulation of the blood and lymphatic system, and improves and especially augments the red particles of the blood—giving colour to the most blanched cheeks. On the other hand, although it imparts tone to the whole body, it quiets first, and lastly arrests, every symptom of irregular mobility of the nervous system. It would be out of place here to enumerate more minutely the diseases for which the water has been especially commended. They are as extensive as those which are benefited by Tunbridge Wells, particularly in complaints of the other sex; but there is a wide difference in the mode of operation of the two springs, which renders the *Bruckenaue* infinitely superior to the Tunbridge water. According to Sir Charles Scudamore's analysis of the latter water, it is found to contain somewhat more than one-third of a grain (0.3435) of protoxide of iron in a pint of the water. With this larger proportion of iron in it, than the *Bruckenaue* has (in which there is only *one-fourth* of a grain of that substance),

the Tunbridge possesses a much inferior quantity of carbonic acid gas—a deficiency almost fatal to the use of such a chalybeate. The difference between the two waters, in that respect, amounts to not less than $35\frac{3}{10}$ cubic inches in a pint of 16 ounces; for, according to the same respectable English authority, a pint of the Tunbridge contains only 1.200, that is, $1\frac{1}{5}$ cubic inch of that gas; whereas there are not fewer than $36\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of it in the same quantity of the *Bruckenaue*, according to the chemists cited in my general table.

It is necessary, for the interest of science, that I should also, in this place, briefly rectify two errors which appear in the analysis of the *Bruckenaue*, quoted in a recent English work, to which I have had occasion to allude more than once. I know not why Mr. Lee, the author of that work, in his brief account of Bruckenaue (25 lines), has adopted a very old analysis of the *Bruckenaue* spring; according to which, that water is made to contain two grains, and nearly two-thirds of a grain, of oxide of iron, as the proportion of it in a pint of the water. The more recent analyses show how fallacious that analysis is. But with respect to the quantity of carbonic acid which Mr. Lee has also quoted from the same old authority, I am convinced that, had he himself

examined the spring in question, even superficially, he would have seen that the quantity he has adopted is incorrect; nor would he have quoted six and a half cubic inches of carbonic gas in each pint, when the presence of thirty more cubic inches is easily to be detected in it. Now, these two circumstances make all the difference in the world, not only in estimating the virtues of the Bavarian spring, but in forming a just comparison between it and the Tunbridge water, or even the Brighton chalybeate, to which latter also, Mr. Lee has, in some measure, compared it. To the latter, however, it bears no resemblance whatever: first, because the Brighton chalybeate spring contains sulphate instead of carbonate of iron; secondly, because it contains sulphate instead of carbonate of lime; thirdly, because it contains muriate of lime—which the *Bruckenaue* does not contain; fourthly, because it contains muriate instead of carbonate of magnesia; fifthly, because it contains a much larger proportion of common salt; sixthly, because it does not contain either the sulphate of soda or the sulphate of magnesia, which the *Bruckenaue* contains; and, lastly, because the Brighton chalybeate has only two cubic inches of carbonic gas, according to Mr. Daniell, whereas there are $36\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of it in the

Bruckenaue. Invalids, therefore, who read Mr. Lee's book, must not imagine, from what that author has stated at page 222, near the end of his volume, that in going to Brighton to drink the natural chalybeate of that place, they would be taking any thing resembling in the smallest degree the *Bruckenaue*.

Dr. Schipper detailed at full length some very striking instances of complaints, particularly of the stomach, and some very interesting ones of females, which were completely cured by a just application of the three springs of Bruckenaue. Of a few of these he allowed me to take notes; but their details would be misplaced in the present volume.

I have already alluded to the baths. My readers may therefore conclude that the water from all the springs is used internally and externally; but in general the *Bruckenaue* is that which is used for bathing. This water is never warmed for the baths, but one or both of the other two springs being warmed by means of a proper arrangement, a mixture is made of them in the bathing-tubs, in the proportion of two parts of the chalybeate, and one of the mild saline spring, so as to raise the temperature to between 96 and 98 degrees of Fahrenheit.

Baths like these are exceedingly powerful

agents. They produce a feeling of general increased activity, redness of the skin, afterwards lassitude, heaviness of the head, and occasional sinking, approaching almost to fainting, if used improperly. But in cases of a relaxed state of the skin and its functions, or of the muscular and nervous system, bathing in these waters is of essential service. None but a physician well acquainted with the case of the patient, and the real nature of the waters at Bruckenuau, can determine whether bathing or drinking the water be the preferable mode of treating a disorder submitted to his consideration, or whether the two should not rather be combined. There are few chronic diseases in which such a combination is not beneficial.

Having satisfied myself, from personal knowledge, of these several facts, I proceeded to examine the entire establishment of the baths, which more or less resembles those at other Spas. Neatness and cleanliness, however, seem to be the prevailing characteristics here. There are ascendant and lateral *douches*-baths, and the drop-bath also.

In the interior of the new KUR-HAUS I spent an hour in contemplating its various beauties, affording leisure at the same time to my son to take an architectural sketch of it. This is ano-

ther of the great architectural works of which Bavaria may well boast, and the idea and design of which were suggested by the King himself. It is the handsomest building of its kind I have seen in my general excursions to the Spas in Germany ; and its various decorations are equal to any of the most exquisite of the productions of the Bavarian artists. Much as the Kur-saal at Wiesbaden has been admired, and justly so, this of Bruckenuau places it completely in the second rank. Over the great entrance, interiorly, is the king's tribune splendidly fitted up, with withdrawing rooms adjoining. From this place the royal family witness the gay throng below, which assemble here every night, as in the *Conversation-haus* at Baden. On particular nights the throng are allowed to add to the ordinary amusements of the evening that of dancing.

Vis-à-vis the king's tribune is the orchestra, arranged in a gallery over the great supper-room, which is placed at the farther end of the grand salle, opposite the principal entrance. On the left of the latter are several rooms, fitted up in good style, devoted to gambling, in every possible combination of mad chances. On the right, a grand flight of stairs leads to the king's gallery. The pavement is beautifully tessellated ; the

plafond richly painted, in fresco. From it depend five gigantic lustres, which are said to give to the interior, on gala nights, the splendour of sunshine ; lighting up every part of a building, which, for loftiness, daring, proportion, and dimensions, is such, as English people seldom witness in their public edifices. In fine, the whole structure is grandiose, and a model of taste and beauty. It is the production of GUDENSOHN, a native of Lindenau, in Switzerland. This individual having shown, when very young, and while at Munich, considerable taste for architectural drawing, the King of Bavaria sent him, at his own expense, to Italy and Greece, to learn his art and complete his studies. He is now residing in Würzburg, employed in public works on account of the crown. I did not ascertain what such a public building might have cost in Bavaria, but it would be easy to calculate what sum would come out of the exchequer in this country, were such a one to be *attempted*.

In the interior of this magnificent hall, the visitors of the Spa dine at a table d'hôte for forty-eight kreutzers a head, and sup for twenty. During both repasts the orchestra performs, and adds to the inebriation of the moment, already excited by the loud buzzing of many voices, the sight of many fair women, the fumes

of the viands, and those of the Rhenish wines ; so that when the company disperses through the different parts of the hall, and many of them reach the solemn and silent receptacles of the bankers and the croupiers,—at the sight of the whirling ball, and the green table heaped with gold, their purses leap from their satchels, and ruin follows.

The influx of strangers to the Spa of Bruckenuau is considerable every year. The presence of the King and of his family, is a strong inducement with many, for preferring it to other German Spas. The society is of the very best description, as may be supposed, and the prevailing *ton* is that which high breeding gives to great *réunions*. I have conversed with more than one person of distinction who had spent a season or two at Bruckenuau, and they all spoke in terms of great satisfaction at all they had seen and enjoyed. This Spa possesses all the pleasing features of Baden-baden, without its grosser mixture of the excessive noise, the *mélange* of characters and vice, and the unceasing bustle which prevail there. Yet there is no restraint on account of the presence of the court, except what education and good taste would establish in any society, even without the presence of such exalted personages.

Another temptation to visit Bruckenuau (to those at least who are fortunate enough to procure house room in time), is the reasonableness of the charge for every thing that constitutes life.

A third temptation is the loveliness of the place, and the salubriousness of its climate, which, however, is rather too hot in the summer months. Add to all which, the energy and efficacy of its mineral springs.

It will be borne in mind that the Spa itself lies away from the town, or any village, and is composed of no other buildings but those which I have enumerated, and which, out of the season, are shut up and left to their fate.

The King will, no doubt, as his majesty holds Bruckenuau in especial favour, continue to improve it in all its parts, and will probably add to its accommodations, and attractive features, such a suitable residence for royalty, as shall become a striking and imposing object in the general plan of this delightful Spa;—to which I feel tempted to affix the distinguishing name of the “PARTERRE SPA.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE NASSAU SPAS.

HOMBURG. KRONENBERG. SODEN. SELTERS. FACKINGEN.

GEILNAU.

Return to Bruckenau—Dr. SCHIPPER—A learned postmaster—Road to Schlüchtern—Natural beauties and dangers—Improvements suggested—FRANKFORT—Useful reference—Excursion to the *Taunus* Spas—Their division and topographical position—Environs of Frankfort—Admirable hydraulic works—HOMBOURG—The Margravine—Mineral *quellen*—Acidulous spring newly discovered—Taste and character—Comparison with *Kissingen*—Use in the treatment of diseases—Dr. MULLER—His opinion—View of the country—A procession—KRONENBERG—Fortress of *Königstein*—SODEN—*Milk-spring*—Natural tepid salt-baths—Nauseous waters—Cure of Scrofula—Road to NIEDER-SELTERS—Seltzer-water—FACKINGEN—Its situation—Character of its water—The strongest alkaline spring in Germany—Excellent in dyspepsia—Its superiority to Schwalbach—*Brunnen* of GEILNAU—Its water compared to Selters—Its superiority and larger quantity of gas—Delightful position of Geilnau—Exportation of the ACIDULOUS MINERAL WATERS of Nassau.

IN returning to the little town of Bruckenau from the *Parterre Spa*, our good-natured conductor led us through many of the by-paths, and artificial walks, cut through the forest of the Harthwald, on the north side of the valley, each more lovely than the preceding. They serve as promenades to the *Kuregäste* or visitors,

who have designated a few among them by the names of the several children of the King.

Having, at last regained our head-quarters at *La Poste*, and thanked most sincerely our friendly *escorte*, who had devoted the best part of a whole day to our service, we took a hearty leave of him. Dr. SCHIPPER is one of those simple-minded, straightforward *galantuomini*, as the Italians properly style them, who use with discretion the sufficient stock of knowledge they possess, so as neither to appear ignorant, nor to affect a superiority for acquirements they do not possess. Yet Dr. Schipper is far indeed from being deficient in that species of information which renders a medical man, situated as he is, valuable to his patients and fellow-townsmen. Throughout my inquiries, and in reply to the many hundred questions with which I assailed him, and which I admit myself guilty of pushing to extremes (like a pumping or cross-questioning counsel) on occasions of this description,—the worthy doctor exhibited a facility of expression in his answers and descriptions, that quite surprised me. Our conversation, which had begun in German, as Dr. Schipper does not speak the French, or any other modern language, getting, at last somewhat limping, through my own fault, we adopted the Latin idiom as the mean

of communication ; and in this manner I obtained all the particulars I required, respecting the mode of action of the waters on different diseases. In bidding me adieu, he placed in my hands a small German work, written by him in 1828, on the nature and effects of the Bruckenuau mineral waters, of which he requested my acceptance in memory of our acquaintance, and my visit to that Spa.

During our absence, mine host of *La Poste*, a tall young man, dressed in the style of a smart *yäger*, aided by a most civil landlady, had prepared for us a sumptuous *Mittag* repast, which, as usual, as a mark of civility, he carved and served to us in person ; standing, for that purpose, at the end of the table. He addressed me all the time, to my no little astonishment at first, in the purest Latin, which he spoke with great fluency. In the course of our conversation, having ascertained that he was not only very intelligent and well-informed, but a proprietor also of land in the neighbourhood, the farming of which he himself superintended, I proceeded to draw from him all I could, respecting many points of the inquiry which I was desirous of instituting in this part of Bavaria. The results of my perseverance were most satisfactory. This person (who was, by the by, very good-

looking) had studied the law, and practised at the bar in the courts at Würzburg, when an affair *de cœur* with a young lady drove him from home, and made of him, first a postmaster, and then an innkeeper. If the little wife whom we saw was the object for whom he had made such a sacrifice, one could hardly have suspected her of having excited so romantic an attachment.

I consulted this gentleman innkeeper as to my best course to Frankfort,—having determined to visit all the Spas on the Taunus mountains, before the season was quite over in that gay region of mineral watering-places. To my great surprise he proposed to send me direct to *Schlüchtern*, on the Fulda road. I knew of no such carriage communication, and none but a third-rate cross-road was marked on my especial map of the district. On being assured however, by the postmaster, that a proper carriage-road existed, and that, although the whole distance to *Schlüchtern* was four German miles, or eight stunden, we should, with three horses only, perform the journey, with his postilion, in three hours and a half, I decided to proceed in that direction. That I acceded to his proposition I heartily repented at every step afterwards; especially at each village through which we had to pass after crossing the frontiers of

Bavaria, and which, I will take the liberty to assert, are in a state not at all creditable to the country to which they belong.

I have often, in the course of the present narrative, shrunk from the attempt at describing natural beauties in the midst of mountain scenery. On this occasion I experience the same inability of doing justice to my subject. It is not possible to convey, by words only, the effect produced on our minds by the beautiful tableaux and scenes which, in rapid succession, broke upon our wondering eyes, in the mountain range that divides Bavaria from Hesse. The road, after going along the lovely valley of the Sinn, as far as the baths, winds up the Volhersberg to reach a village called *Zundersbach*, crossing, at the same time, two other green hollows equally beautiful. On all sides the peaks of other hills, richly cultivated, or crested with beech and oak forests, presented themselves; and whether going down amidst the prairies of the successive valleys, or ascending the acclivities of the numerous hills by which those valleys are surrounded, the aspect of the country was every where smiling and lovely. Yet the appearance of the few villages we saw was in no part otherwise than wretched; and the inhabitants, who are of a stunted stature, with countenances

by no means agreeable, looked poor and ill-dressed : the reason of which is, that beauty of landscape and fertility do not always combine.

The steep descent through *Zundersbach* into the deep valley, at the termination of which we were to reach *Schwarzenfels*, halfway to the end of our stage, was one of the most appalling I ever witnessed. I expected, at every instant, to find the carriage falling to pieces. There were many such passes along the road; and when we had a right to expect that, on attaining the threshold of a village or small town, we should have the happiness, at all events, of travelling over some flat and smooth pavement, we found them in a worse state, if possible, than the roads, without any pavement at all, or the semblance of a road. On the whole, to such as wish to go to Bruckenau from the Frankfort or Fulda road, I should not recommend this line of cross communication from *Schlüchtern*, unless on horseback, or with a light, yet very strong vehicle. I state this with the more confidence, as those travellers who proceed from Frankfort, and all the way to Fulda, in order to reach afterwards Bruckenau by a regular post-road, will see all the beauties of this most lovely region, which we crossed with so much discomfort, displayed before them in the form of an extended

and magnificent panorama on their right hand, from the height of the *chaussée* to Fulda, without the alloy of discomfiting sensations occasioned by the detestable road we followed.

To people of stronger nerves, than I could boast of at the time, the *trajet*, after all, may be nothing; and certainly I will admit, that what is gained of enjoyment in performing it, well deserves the sacrifice made in order to obtain it. I feel convinced that if this territory through which the line of communication passes, were in the dominions of the Sovereign of Bavaria, a good road from Schlüchtern to Bruckenuau would not have remained so long a desideratum. But, even as things are, it is a question whether it would not be for his majesty's interest (since it is likely that Bruckenuau will become a fashionable and much-frequented Spa) to propose to his less wealthy and less powerful princely neighbours, to defray the whole expense of a handsome and inviting *chaussée* through their states, for the purpose of facilitating the communication between the Rhine and Bruckenuau.

If this be considered impracticable or impolitic, another remedy, I should imagine, against so inconvenient a communication as the present might be found, besides that of compelling tra-

vellers to go as far as Fulda, which is seven stunden beyond, and nine stunden more to the north than Bruckenau, to reach which, afterwards, so much ground must again be retraced. The remedy to which I allude would be to convert the present road from *Gellnhausen*, the first post-station after HANAU, through Orb and Obersinn, into a regular macadamized *chaussée*, following the river Sinn and its valley until it reaches the baths, after skirting round the gigantic Dreistelberg. This whole line of road would lie within the Bavarian territory, immediately after leaving *Gellnhausen*, and would be shorter than any other now existing, and more lovely than can well be imagined.

However, in spite of all the difficulties I have described, we actually performed the whole distance in the time specified by our landlord of Bruckenau, and we felt quite delighted when, after having changed horses at Schlüchtern, we found once more the britzschka rolling over a smooth *chaussée*, on our way to Saalmünster, and downward to Frankfort.

On this last important city, the emporium of all the bustle of Germany, I shall only make the same observation I made before, respecting Dresden and Berlin. If the reader be desirous to form a nearer acquaintance with its plan, its

situation, and its inhabitants; or with its principal edifices, its gardens and environs; or with its various collections both of science and art, its hospitals, and its literary institutions; or with its churches, its streets, and principal hotels; or with its society, commercial importance, and places of amusements;—if the reader, I say, be desirous to know enough of all these things, to afford him a correct notion of what Frankfort is, I can conscientiously, and at once, refer him to the volumes so often alluded to in the present work,* in which I venture to assert that they will find every thing needful touching all those points of inquiry. Nothing newer or at greater length has been stated since, by the many subsequent English tourists through Germany, no matter under what title they may have published their travels through that country.

My present was the sixth visit to Frankfort. I remained in it several days, having considerable business to transact, all of which I accomplished with the kind and effectual assistance of the British minister, Sir Thomas Cartwright, and the burgomaster. But with this part of my late

* See from page 150 to page 188 of vol. ii. of my "Travels to St. Petersburg," where a plan of the town, and several illustrative vignettes, will be found under the head of Frankfort.

continental occupations the readers of the present volumes can have no concern. All that I may be expected to state with regard to my present visit to Frankfort, is the fact that I made it the convenient head-quarters from whence I directed my course to the several Spas situated in the mountain region of the Taunus; while at the same time I profited by all the opportunities which my situation afforded me, of investigating those more important questions respecting which I had it in commission to collect every possible evidence.*

Taking the river Lahn at the north, the Nidda and the Rhine at east and west, and the Main at the south, for the confines of that mountain region to which the name of TAUNUS has been given, we find an extent of territory, marked in strong relief on the German map, measuring 2700 square miles, in which mountains rise above the level of the sea, varying in elevation from 780 to 2600 feet. This highly interesting district contains, according to Stifft;

* I stated, in one of the early chapters of my present work, the nature of the questions which I had been commissioned to investigate in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France, and which refer to agricultural, statistical, and sanitary matters of fact; with the view of making the acquired information available at home.

author of a geognostic description of the duchy of Nassau, 124 springs ; but although he has enumerated many, it would puzzle the keenest geologist to determine what is really a mineral spring among those mentioned by him, with the exception of about only twenty, some of which have been known from time immemorial. A few are of a more recent date, and one or two have been but very lately discovered or brought into vogue.

This mountain region of Germany, therefore, which includes the best part, if not the whole of the Grand Duchy of Nassau, has not been so highly favoured by nature, in point of mineral waters, — whatever some recent authors may have said on the subject, who have had no opportunity of comparing what they had seen, with the much more important and extensive ranges of mineral springs which other parts of Germany have the good fortune to possess.

In point of fact, the Taunus, or, in other words, the Grand Duchy of Nassau, may be safely said to be poor in mineral springs of a striking and efficacious character, with the exception of Wiesbaden and Ems ; and the reputation which one or two other sources besides, of a much inferior class compared to those two, have lately acquired in this country, must be ascribed to the humorous description given of

them in a well-known volume, of which I shall have to say a few words presently. This circumstance, coupled with another, of the nearer neighbourhood of the Taunus Spas to England, accounts for that superior opinion of them which is entertained in this country—an opinion which is not subscribed to in Germany, by those who are best able to judge of these matters.

Following, as safer guides than mere playfulness and good-humour, the experience of medical men, the testimony of patients, and the indications of chemistry, in determining the relative value of the Nassau Spas, we may assign the first rank to Wiesbaden, Ems, Geilnau, and Selters, and the second rank to Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, Fackingen, Soden, and Hombourg. It would scarcely be worth while to form a third class, with a view to embrace the remaining eight or ten mineral springs; so insignificant are they in reality.

Again, looking to physical geography for a subdivision or classification of the Nassau Spas, we might arrange them, as I have done in my present geographical group of the Spas of Germany, into mineral springs of the Lower, and mineral springs of the Upper Taunus. The former stand at an elevation of not more than 400 feet, the latter at little more than 900 feet above the level of the sea. In regard to alti-

tude, therefore, the Nassau springs are again less favoured than those of Würtemberg, Salzburg, Bohemia, and Bavaria. According to this classification we find among those of the Lower Taunus, Ems, Wiesbaden, Geilnau, Fackingen, and Selters (291, 323, 337, 338, and 400 feet); and among those of the Higher Taunus, Soden, Kronenberg, Hombourg, Schlangenbad, and Schwalbach (437, 512, 700, 897, and 910 feet). All those in the first subdivision of the Nassau group are in the valleys of the Lahn, or the Rhine. Those in the second division ascend higher, and creep up towards the plateau of the Taunus.

For travelling purposes, however, these divisions are not of much use; and to those who are desirous of visiting in succession, the several springs here mentioned, either from mere curiosity or for the sake of their health, another and a more natural order of arrangement must be adopted, so as to economize time, and save unnecessary trouble. For that purpose the proper line would be from Frankfort, to Hombourg, and Selters, and back to Kronenberg and Soden; thence to Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, and Schwalbach; concluding with Fackingen, Geilnau, and Bad-Ems. For the sake of convenience to myself, however, the reader must do me the favour of following me through this and the two next or con-

cluding chapters of the work, without looking very closely to topographical order or succession.

I set off from Frankfort on my way to Hombourg (a name which, from an interesting circumstance, has become so familiarly known to Englishmen), in a carriage of the country, drawn by two horses, which was to convey me to the four mineral sources first mentioned in the last arrangement, and bring me back, at an expense of nine florins a day, besides another to the driver. It was agreed that, during the excursion, I should be at liberty to extend my visits to other spots of interest to me, and that I should be allowed to stop for an hour or two, wherever occasion demanded my particular attention in the investigation, principally agricultural, which I wished to combine with my other objects.

The country northward of Frankfort, for a considerable extent, is a plain variously and richly cultivated with corn, vast fields of potatoes, and every other useful herbage. The soil is little coherent and arid; but in those parts which are nearest to the town, and are highly manured, it looked oily and rich. Here the land is subdivided into many orchards and gardens, exhibiting the character of the utmost fertility, from which the Frankfort markets are supplied.

The traveller unacquainted with their pur-

port, would startle at the appearance of a number of short, square, tumuli-like pyramids of stone, which, not far from Frankfort, cross the plain in a line, but at considerable distances from each other. They are the apertures into a subterranean aqueduct, of recent construction, which reflects the greatest credit on the engineer who devised and executed it, and by means of which the purest water from the hills is brought in abundance, for *home* consumption, into Frankfort. This series of admirable water-courses I one day examined, under the guidance of the burgo-master, Monsieur Starck, and the inspector of the hydraulic works; descending for that purpose into more than one of the subterranean reservoirs, at the depth of from 30 to 40 feet, and walking along two of the principal aqueducts. One of these is 1800 feet long, from one aperture to the next, and is built all of stone, six feet high, and vaulted; and the other, 2400 feet in length, likewise of stone, seven feet high, and similarly vaulted. The construction of the works, and the truly scientific principles on which all the operations are conducted—especially the meting out of the water to the consumers, which is regulated in a subterranean hydraulic chamber, by one of the simplest contrivances imaginable,—deserve high praise. This great structure, which has cost three hundred thousand florins,

is one of which the citizens of Frankfort may well be proud, and which will perpetuate the name of Burgomaster Starck, under whose administration it was completed.

The flat country continues as far as Bonames, a considerable market-town, two-thirds of the way to Hombourg, with the Nidda river in front of it. The place has one or two good-looking country-houses, belonging to the citizens of Frankfort, who come hither to ruralize. It is surrounded by fertile fields, bearing abundant and rich crops, and covered with fruit-trees. This character of the land improves more and more, the nearer we get to Hombourg. The village of Gonzenheim, by which we passed, on entering the frontiers of the sovereign prince and consort of Elizabeth, the princess-royal of England, exhibits at once the beneficial effects, as I imagine, of her presence and watchfulness; for in no other of the adjoining districts of this region did I observe the like favourable appearances. The people were all cleanly and neatly attired. The whole population were just issuing from church, with a grave, quiet demeanour, each person, even down to the children of eight or nine years of age, carrying in their hands, or under their arm, that one sacred volume which alike denoted the nature of their religious worship, and their capability of reading it.

The nearer approach to the capital is by an excellent road, macadamized, and resembling one of the best English roads. The country on each side is in excellent cultivation. Here and there groups of men and women, or a whole family in their neat Sunday-clothes, were seen taking the diversion of walking. The women, like those of Frankfort, even in the more inferior classes, have a cheerful and pleasing countenance, with fair complexion, and many of them are good-looking; but they are almost all short of stature. Close to Hombourg the country seems formed by a succession of gardens. Cross roads, in excellent order, intersect it in various directions, leading either to a village or to some delightful point on the hills. The high street, straight, clean, and cheerful, conducts nearly in a direct line to the chateau. Its white, minaret-like looking tower, springs from amidst the tall trees of the surrounding forest, and becomes an object of attraction on the top of the gentle hill on which Hombourg is situated. The background of the landscape is formed by a succession of many lofty hills.

Hombourg, unwilling to be behind-hand with any other place in Germany in the article of mineral waters, made the most of one which, after the suppression of an old *saline*, or salt spring, started suddenly into existence. I found it in a green hol-

low formed by the hill on which the town is situated, and the range of bergs which constitute the eastern frontier of the margravine's territory. The approach to the Source is by a handsome carriage road, and likewise by many paths, which cross the fields nearest to the town. The spring is in the centre of a round green dell, surrounded by a polygonal wall three feet high, which is surmounted by a railing between dwarf pilasters. A double flight of steps leads down to the spring, the water of which is contained in a shaft of red sandstone, two and a half feet in diameter. An occasional solitary bubble of gas is seen to ascend, and the water is not very limpid. It tastes slightly of carbonic acid, not unlike soda or Seltzer water from which the gas has been allowed to evaporate. The *après-goût* is alkaline, and by no means pleasant.

On the side opposite the steps a stream of very limpid water is seen, constantly flowing through a tube, into a stone basin, the bottom of which is strongly stained with the deposition of oxide of iron. I tasted this water also, which I found loaded with muriate of soda, or common salt, and having the styptic taste of iron besides; but with scarcely any indication of carbonic acid. I do not recollect any mineral water falling under my notice, with a taste so peculiar as that of this second spring. The great predominance

of common salt gives it more the character of the water in the intermittent salt well near Kissingen, than of any other I know.

In order to form a correct idea of the locality of the spring, and judge of the probable direction from whence it came, I ascended one of the neighbouring hills, to a spot called the Belvidere. The ducal town, with its Saracenic white tower, which distinguishes it from the other villages, is on our right, and behind it rises the Great Feldberg, at an elevation of 2600 feet; forming the extreme point of the margravine's territory to the west. Before us, looking south-east, a vast and rich champaign country extends as far as Frankfort; and in the distant horizon the Main, with the Odenwald beyond it, an occasional bend of the Rhine, and the whole range of the Taunus chain (forming a low horizon of which Ober Ursel and Königstein are the nearest and most prominent peaks) compose the great panorama offered to our view, as we sat on the bench within the Belvidere.

In the course of last year a new and more important spring having been discovered, not far from that which I had examined, I returned to Hombourg in hopes of finding Dr. MULLER, *medizinal-rath*, or counsellor and physician to the margrave and margravine, in order that I might

have the benefit of his assistance and information. In this I was not disappointed. My worthy *confrère*, full of good nature, and although fatigued from his rounds of visit through the country, escorted me to the newly-discovered *quelle*, on the subject of which he had previously put into my hands a short printed account, written in German by Dr. Liebig.

This new source is situated a little farther, and still more in the plain, than the one I had formerly examined. It stands nearly on the site of the old and exploded *saline* to which I have alluded. The water is turbid, possesses a great quantity of carbonic acid gas, but does not *work* as much as the *Salzequelle*, or *Louisenquelle* at Franzensbad, although it is stated to contain as many as 48 cubic inches of carbonic acid in the pint of 16 ounces. Dr. Muller considers it equally efficacious with the *Ragozi* of Kissingen, to which he compares it. Judging of the solid ingredients contained in both waters, the analogy is certainly borne out, as my readers will ascertain if they look at my general analytical table. But the taste is as different as possible from that of the *Ragozi*, and I took the liberty of telling Dr. Muller so; adding, at the same time, that were it not for the greater quantity of carbonic acid gas, its taste would be very much like that

of the first spring I examined, issuing through the tube, and to which, as I afterwards learned, the name of *Badequelle* is given. I subsequently made the experiment of suffering the chief portion of the gas to escape, and I found then, that the taste of common salt was as strong in it as in the former source. This convinces me that the water in the two sources is derived from one and the same origin;—that of the lower or newly-discovered source having lost some of the muriate of soda, and gained an additional proportion of carbonic acid gas, in its progress through a stratum of *tourbe* somewhat similar to that at Egra.

I need not state that Dr. Muller considers the new *quelle* of Hombourg as particularly efficacious, in all the same complaints in which saline acidulous mineral-waters have been recommended, and that his opinion having weight with the inhabitants of Frankfort and other neighbouring towns, a regular influx of visitors and invalids to the spring has taken place for the last two summers, and is likely to increase. The liberal-minded and anxious margravine—to whose management these and many more weighty matters, I am told, are confided—is exerting all her energies to render this newly-acquired object of attraction, in her ^{late} husband's dominions, worthy of the

patronage of strangers,—by placing it in a condition that shall leave nothing to be desired, in the way of embellishments or accommodation.

On leaving Hombourg, the road affords no point of interest until Ober-Ursel is passed. This is a very old walled town, belonging to the Duke of Nassau. Beyond it, following a southwest course, the road ascends through rich orchards and corn-fields, with several pleasant valleys on each side, presenting a more cheerful and fertile region. The great hills of the Margravate of Hombourg, accompanied us on our right, all the way until we reached the summit of a lofty mountain; when, turning our back to the Grosse Feldberg and the Elizabethenberg, we descended towards KRONENBERG, another acidulous saline spring.

The view of the plain through which the Main winds its course as far as Mainz, with Frankfort and the Schwartzwald mountains in the distance, remained open a little to the left of us, until we entered a young forest, through which there are many beautiful vistas. The principal of them is terminated by the mountain-top of Falkenstein, fifteen hundred feet high, surmounted by a castle. Here the country assumes a more interesting character. The graceful beech, intermingled with the fir, the

cypress, and the dwarf oak, creep up and cover the sides of the lesser hills, which have in this part the soft undulations and rotundity of alluvial deposits. On approaching Kronenberg the country assumes a wilder aspect. A forest surrounds the little town, and the lofty church peers over the trees; while the winding *chaussée*, reflecting from its glazed stone-coloured macadamized surface the rays of the sun, breaks the even monotony of the universal green tint that prevails around us.

A long procession of villagers, of both sexes, in their Sunday apparel, was seen afar to wind its way towards us. They looked, at that distance, like school-children. The wind, which blew fresh from the west, had wafted to us the distant sound of their vesper hymns; and now, as they approached nearer and nearer, defiling at last on each side of the carriage, we perceived them to consist of the principal inhabitants of the bourgh, who were proceeding in pilgrimage to a holy sanctuary, chanting various prayers, some carrying unfurled banners, and others the cross, with the crucified Saviour.

The *Sauerbrunnen* at Kronenberg detained me but a minute. It may be agreeable for the poor dwellers of the neighbourhood, or in the place itself, to be able to dip their beakers in

this tolerably pleasant mineral water, resembling that of Fackingen ; but its importance is really not sufficient to draw any stranger to it, unless he has like myself, some additional motive for the excursion.

At Kronenberg I again left the carriage, and, with my son, scrambled to the top of the hill of Königstein, twelve hundred feet high, to examine the old ruins of its once celebrated castle, in which the clubists of Mainz, during the earliest period of the great French revolution, expiated their political crimes ; just as, a century before, many of the citizens of the same town, then under archiepiscopal dominion, had found a termination to their sufferings, after a long imprisonment in the dismal dungeons of this mountain fortress, which we had full leisure to examine.

Without returning to Kronenberg, the road—which is wide, straight, hard, and smooth,—and is only just finished—leaves the foot of Königstein, and descends as far as SODEN ; where I examined and tasted of three, out of seven, mineral springs of tepid water found there. It is the fashion here to number the springs, besides giving them names, as elsewhere. All of them are cased in shafts, more or less wide, of sandstone, over the surface of which it is easy to detect the depo-

sitions of red and yellow oxides of iron. The general appearance both of the springs and their locality is by no means inviting; the water is turbid, and one feels a disinclination to drink it. The temperature is nearly 76° , which renders the water suitable for bathing in the summer. No. 1, or the *Milchbrunnen*, which serves for that purpose, contains but little free gas, and tastes saltish and inky. I may say the same of No. 3, or the *Germeindsbrunnen*. No. 5, or the *Sauerbrunnen*, is enclosed in wood, and is the only spring I saw which is covered by any superstructure. This is the most important spring. It discharges a larger quantity of carbonic acid gas than the rest, and its taste is weakly saltish and inky, or astringent. It is also the coldest of all the springs, being a degree and a half of Reaumur less in temperature than the rest.

The muriates prevail in all these waters—a circumstance which gives them a peculiar brackish taste, not likely to be corrected by so small a proportion of carbonic acid gas as there is present in the water. I should consider the Soden water, particularly that of No. 1, to be strikingly efficacious, if used as a bath, in scrofulous humours or cutaneous eruptions, and also in rheumatism. This same No. 1 is drunk in quantities of four or five, and even more glasses, before

breakfast. Some feel no inconvenience from it; but in the majority of cases, whether used internally or externally, all the springs of Soden exert such powerful agency over the human frame, that it is necessary to be even over-cautious in their application, either way.

The Germans are too fond of discovering mineral waters, where only a little dirty water, with kitchen salt, and some iron or steel, are present. I should be sorry to recommend such uninviting springs as those of Soden appeared to me to be, for diseases of any sort; or advise any body to take the trouble of going thither in search of health. Yet new houses are building in all directions at Soden. The springs are to be cleansed and put in decent order, and pavilions will probably be erected over them. The Badhaus, too, is to be placed on a superior footing, and it is expected that the number of visitors, which is already on the increase, will, in a short time, become as great as can be desired.

From Königstein the road ascends in a north-westerly direction, and in a most irregular or zigzag course, to avoid hills and precipices; until, after passing through the small town of Kamberg, it reaches the celebrated brunnēn of NIEDER-SELTERS, or *Seltzer*, as it is more commonly called. As few persons think of

visiting a mineral spring which, being apart from all the rest of the world, and supplying only a pleasant and virtueless water, for distant consumption, offers no attraction whatever besides, I do not introduce in this place an account of Neider-Selters, except to remind the reader that it is a source of wealth to the ducal sovereign of this country. There is not, either in the spring itself, or in the village which gives it its name, or in the environs, a single feature that can be considered as a sufficient motive for detaining my readers a single moment. No throng approach here from distant lands, to drink at the salutary spring; but a mere squad of men, women, and children, in no degree picturesque, are to be seen, from early morn to evening's gloom, employed, for a few kreutzers, daily, in the ordinary operations, common at all the other acidulous effervescent springs from which water is exported, of sorting bottles, washing them, filling them with the mineral water, and testing their soundness; discarding those which fail in this essential quality; corking the sound and full ones; putting a leather cap on and sealing the latter; and then hurrying them all into the magazines of the duke, for exportation.

The temperature of Seltzer water at the spring is higher than that of springs in general, of the

same class ; for instance, it is one-third higher than that of the Fackingen and Geilnau mineral effervescent waters ; yet it contains much less carbonic acid gas than either of them. The existence of a larger quantity of the latter, therefore, cannot be admitted to be the cause of heat in mineral waters, as some authors pretend. The presence of fifteen grains of carbonate of soda in the Seltzer water, imparts to it its principal merit as an absorbent, in cases of acidity of the stomach ; but why, even in that respect, Geilnau or Fackingen is not preferred, I confess myself unable to comprehend.

FACKINGEN, which for beauty of situation, is far superior to Neider-Selters, lies between Nassau and Limbourg ; the latter important town being on the high road from Selters to Nassau. The position, in the bosom of a smiling and romantic valley, by the side of the Lahn, encompassed all round by forested hills, is picturesque in the extreme, and offers a cool and pleasing retreat during the summer months. The village, however, affords no accommodation to those who proceed thither to drink the water at the source ; but as Dietz, a small town a short distance from the spring, offers every convenience in that respect, the visitors remain

there. A direct, though slightly curved walk through a beautiful country, leads from Dietz to Birlenbach, and thence to the Brunnen, which rise in a meadow, near the village of Fackingen.

The water from these mineral springs is unquestionably the strongest alkaline water in Germany ; and on that account it ought to meet with greater attention than it has hitherto received from the faculty. As a medical agent in stomach complaints, and above all in decided cases of gravel and calculi of the uric or lithic kind, the highly carbonated water of Fackingen, used with perseverance, is far superior to the Schwalbach springs. Its taste is not so pleasant as that of the Paulinen, nor does it contain so much carbonic acid gas ; but as an alterative and absorbent, its virtues are of a much more decided character. These waters too are largely exported, though not to the same extent as that of Selters ; and they have been very successfully imitated by Struve. Dr. Bischof, who has published a very able account, not only of Fackingen, but of Selters also, and of Geilnau, speaks highly of the powers of the former on the human constitution labouring under chronic disease.

On the opposite bank of the Lahn, and nearly within sight of Fackingen, stands the Brunnen of GEILNAU, a small village on the right side of that river. Here again, in regard to this particular mineral water, there is a puzzling problem to resolve. Why should not the Geilnau water be as much sought after, and deemed as palatable, as the Selters or Seltzer? In the first place it has a lower temperature of not less than eight degrees of Fahrenheit; which, in summer, is no trifling advantage. It is nearly the same in composition as to solid ingredients, and it effervesces much more, is more piquant and pleasant to the taste, and contains half as much again of carbonic acid. If there be any difference it is in the quantity of common salt. But there again the advantage (so far as taste is concerned, at all events) ought to be on the side of the Geilnau, a pint of which contains not a fraction of a grain of that salt, whereas Seltzer water holds as many as sixteen grains and a quarter of it in solution. The carbonate of magnesia, the phosphates of soda, and the carbonate of iron, are very nearly in the same proportion in each of the waters; and with regard to the principal alkaline ingredient, namely, carbonate of soda, the difference in quantity is

so trifling that it need scarcely be taken into consideration. Still the Seltzer holds the sovereign sway as an exported water, and will continue to keep the station in that respect, until people, instead of following, *mouton*-like, what every body else does, will begin to think for themselves, and give a trial to the Geilnau as a beverage in health, and to the Fackingen as a remedy in disease.

I need hardly say that the position of Geilnau is delightful. It partakes of the character of that of Fackingen. The river enlivens both; but the former standing at the head of a graceful bend of the Lahn, with a curtain of wooded hills in front, beyond the river to the east and south, presents altogether a more *riant* landscape. The town of Holzappel is close to Geilnau, and thence to the metropolitan city of Nassau there is but a pleasant drive.

Mineral springs have their days of vogue, and days of neglect. Geilnau has experienced both. It is now reviving under the fostering care of the grand duke, who husbands these liquid mines or treasures in his dominions with a prudence and sagacity which do him great credit. Geilnau water is now exported to a considerable extent—nearly as great as that of Fackingen.

Taking these two springs and Seltzer together, as being waters particularly palatable, clear, delightful, *piquantes*, and *petillantes*, the number of large and small bottles of them exported out of the *Herzog's* dominions, cannot be much less than two millions yearly.

CHAPTER V.

WIESBADEN.

An old acquaintance—Situation of Wiesbaden—Minute description of its plan—Best situation for lodgings—*Boulevards extérieurs*—Interior of the town—Crooked, narrow, and hot streets—Position of the hotels and bathing-houses—The Eagle, or Post-hof—The KRANTZ-PLATZ—The Englische-hof—The Rose—Other Bad-houses around the platz—Hotels simply—The Nassauer-hof—Ville de Frankfort—The Friedrichsburg—Caution to strangers—Dr. PEEZ—Interview—The springs—The KOCHBRUNNEN—Appearance and physical characters of the water—Analysis, taste, and smell—Error rectified—The SCHÜTZENHOF-QUELLE—The ADLER-QUELLE—Their relative temperature and characters—Description of the baths at the Eagle Hotel—Hotel des *Quatre Nations*—Its baths—Those of the Englische-hof—Prices of the baths and of the apartments—Private lodgings—Cuisine—Table d'hôte—Living and restaurateurs—The KUR-SAAL—Exterior—Internal appearance—A gala night—Dancing and its result—Drawing-rooms and gambling-rooms—Superb furniture—The gambler and man of pleasure—BALZAC—Supper and refreshment-rooms—The LUSTGARTEN—Night promenade—A reverie—Striking contrast—Company in the Kur-saal—The great COLONNADE—The shops—Public establishments at Wiesbaden—Environs—BATHING and drinking the thermal waters—Effect of the baths—Efficacy in certain disorders—Striking cases—The hypochondriac at Wiesbaden—RULES for bathing and drinking the water—Bathing at home and bathing abroad—DIET.

Read Saison!
throughout the
Chapter

ONCE again, *me voilà en pays de connoissance*. This is my third visit to Wiesbaden; but, on the present occasion, instead of looking at it

with the eyes of indifference, or, at most, with those of curiosity, my whole attention was directed to the consideration of the place—first, as the centre of all the local knowledge to be obtained on agricultural and other subjects connected with the Duchy of Nassau; and, secondly, as a Spa of great and tried efficacy, which it was my duty, as a medical man practising in the metropolis, to make better known to the English public.

In the first volume of my former book of travels, so often referred to in these pages, I introduced a slight sketch of Wiesbaden as a bathing-place. At that time the town and its situation appear to have made a favourable impression on me. Ten years have elapsed since, and the impression, far from having been weakened by time, seemed to be more vividly and strongly excited in favour of the place on my revisiting it, and examining every part of it, with a degree of attention greater than I had bestowed upon it before.

Leaving the “free city,” *par excellence*, over a wide, well-constructed, and smooth *chaussée*, our vehicle rolled onwards to Hattersheim, placed near one of the bends in the river Main; and thence, at the distance of four German miles and a half, or two stages from Frank-

fort, we reached the capital of the Sovereign of Nassau. The near approach to Wiesbaden disposes the traveller in its favour. Nature and art have happily combined together, to stamp it with a character peculiar to itself. Placed in the bosom of a fertile valley; surrounded on almost every part by the smiling and verdant hills which form the descending range of the Taunus towards the Rhine; boasting of numerous and elegant modern buildings, which greet the stranger on his arrival, right and left; and lastly possessing some wide and modern streets, which, during the season, are seen crowded with well-dressed people; Wiesbaden is calculated to please the stranger at the very first sight. How such an impression is kept up, or whether it be modified by any nearer acquaintance with its interior, its accommodations, and the mode of living in it, as well as with the principal object for which a stranger decides upon making Wiesbaden a place of temporary sojourn, we shall be able to ascertain by the following description.

I allowed myself to be driven, on our arrival, to the Eagle Inn, which is also the post-house; first, on account of the convenience of having the means of quitting the place near at hand when required; and secondly, because it was,

according to my knowledge of former times, considered the best hotel, with the best establishment for bathing. Things, however, have much changed since, as we shall see presently, when we come to muster the hotels and bathing-houses in the place.

Before I proceed further, I must request the permission of my readers to sketch, for the use of those who are totally unacquainted with the locality of Wiesbaden, and who may at some future period be desirous to visit that capital, a topographical outline of its plan. This is the more necessary, as, in selecting any particular situation for their residence, invalids could have no better guide than an acquaintance with the position of the town and its principal streets, its places of public resort, and its hotels or lodging-houses. I know, from experience, that at this very moment, invalids who meditate an excursion to Wiesbaden, would be glad to know something of its topography,—which is not detailed, or, if at all, is but slightly detailed, in the recent works that have appeared in England, on the Rhine and its neighbouring districts.

Wiesbaden occupies a tract of ground nearly level, the area of which is about a mile and a quarter. Its shape, owing to the recent im-

provements and additions, is now a regular parallelogram, with one of its narrow ends pointed. It resembles, in fact, the side of a pointed pyramid lying down, with its greatest length north-east and south-west, the point of the pyramid being towards the north-east. Here the several peaks of the Taunus mountain screen the town, and especially the promenades, the springs, and places of public resort, from the cold and cutting winds of that quarter; while, at the opposite end, a southern aspect, and the insignificant elevation of the ground, whose swelling diminishes as it approaches the confluent banks of the Rhine and Main, towards Mayence or Mainz, exposes that part of the town to a warmer sun and more genial breezes, admitting, at the same time, of a thorough ventilation of air over Wiesbaden. It must not be concealed, however, that this very circumstance, which is so favourable to those who sojourn in this place during the autumn and winter, and which actually gives to Wiesbaden an anticipated spring, compared to the surrounding districts, is not equally favourable during the summer, or bathing season; at which time the weather is frequently so hot as to be scarcely tolerable.

On the protected side of the town we find,

first of all, the celebrated Kur-saal, with its colonnade and green lawn before it. This establishment is eccentric to the figure or shape of the town, which has a beautiful wide street called *Wilhelm Strasse*, running at right angles with the Kursaal Lawn, to bound it at the north. In this strasse is situated the ducal palace, with a whole range of other showy and first-rate buildings, which terminate at the south-west end in the *Rhein Strasse*, and at the north-east end, in an angle, occupied by one of the best hotels in Europe, well known under the name of the *Quatre Nations* (Die Fier Jahreszeiten). A series of green fields and promenades, separated from the street by a handsome railing and a wide foot-path, planted with trees, lie opposite the whole length of this range of buildings, which may be considered as forming a species of *Rue Royale* in Wiesbaden.

Crossing, next, an open space called the *Sonnenberger Thor*, which leads into the interior of the town on the left, we find the theatre, a neat and tasteful edifice, suitable to the place, and in harmony with the surrounding buildings. Round this we enter another long street, called the *Taunus Strasse*, consisting of a row of good-looking lodging-houses on one side, and on the other of a double line of trees ; following

which we pass into the *Schwalbacher Strasse*, and so on until we join the west termination of the *Rhein Strasse* before mentioned.

These several streets then may be considered as the *boulevards extérieurs* of Wiesbaden, encompassing the city, which has no fortification to surround it, nor gates of any description. They are also the only regular streets built in straight lines in the place; except two others which run parallel, not far from and inside of the *Rhein Strasse*, stretching across the town from the *Wilhelm* to the *Schwalbacher Strasse*. They are called the *Friedrich* and the *Luizen Strasse*. The old and the new *chaussée* to Mainz start from the latter street, from which, also, branches off a handsome square called *Luizen-platz*, adorned by an edifice of considerable merit—the principal church in the town.

All these *quartiers*, and another placed between the *Taunus Strasse* and the *Rotter Strasse*,—in which there are two other parallel short streets, with moderately-sized and neat lodging-houses for strangers, called the *New Strasse* and the *Stein Gasse*,—constitute the modern part of Wiesbaden, in which most of the visitors prefer and are recommended to reside during their cure. Their respective situations are airy, not far from the country, and

from the most frequented places, and yet sufficiently within reach of the springs and bathing-establishments—most of the latter of which are in the heart of the town.

Nothing can be more irregularly built, more crooked, narrower, or more suffocating, than the streets in the interior; and unless imperative economy, or a desire to remain *incog.*, should induce an invalid to seek such retreats as these, I should recommend them to be avoided as places of residence. From experience I know that if those persons who visit *Town Spas* (as I hold Wiesbaden to be) voluntarily deprive themselves, by the improper choice of a dwelling, of the great auxiliary to mineral waters—pure, genuine, unsophisticated air from the hills, or the plains, or the forest, whichever may happen to be around them—they might as well stay at home, and be satisfied with drinking the artificial mineral waters.

The position, for example, of the hotel to which I drove, is one of those I condemn. That hotel is situated in a street dignified by the name of *Lange Gasse*, away from all the handsome and gay-looking buildings, and with no prospect before it but that of tiled roofs above, and a narrow thoroughfare for carriages below. The street at the widest end terminates in

a bit of an open space, with a dozen trees in it, called KRANZ-PLATZ, in which is placed the Englishe-hof, a neat and moderately large house, and the Rose, another Bad and Gast-haus, which is pleasant and smiling. The English hotel is also a Badhaus, having several "Cabinets de Bains;" as he who runs may learn, by turning the corner and looking up to the sign. It is the fashion here, as in Baden-baden (between which town there is the greatest resemblance in point of hotels and bathing arrangements), that all the hotels which have the advantage of possessing sources of their own, or the right to have the mineral water direct from the mineral sources by means of pipes, should proclaim that circumstance in large golden letters over their door. The Rose has, besides, a magnificent Speise-Saal, or banqueting-room, quite detached from the hotel, and situated a little way farther towards the promenade. This latter is formed by a continuation of the Taunus Strasse, placed at the foot of the first gentle swelling of that mountain, and in it there are several good-looking houses, and among them a new hotel, of loftier bearing than any of those just mentioned, called Hôtel de la Promenade. This house is favourably and agreeably situated, enjoying the western sun; but it has no baths.

It is around the little open space just mentioned, or Kranz-platz, that the principal hotels and bathing-houses are nearly all clustered together, deriving their warm mineral water from the principal source, which lies close by them. Those to which I allude, besides the few I have already enumerated, are the Römerbad, the White Rose, and the Weisser Schwan, the Angel, the Black Ram, and the Flower. There is here also a *Goldenen Kette*, as at Schwalbach, and it contains baths ; and a Golden Crown, with the same convenience, close to the Eagle or Post-hof. To complete this necessary though dull part of my information, I will at once enumerate and name the remaining establishments, in which the double convenience of an inn and a bathing-house are combined together. These are the Spiegel, the Parisen-hof, the Sonnenberg, the Lilie, the two Golden Rams, the Half-Moon, and two or three others of little importance. The *Quatre Nations* has also a private source of mineral water for its baths.

Of the hotels which have no baths attached to them, I need only mention, as by far the best, the Nassauer-hof, the Ville de Francfort, the Friedrichsburg, and the *Homme Sauvage*. It is in these hotels, and never at any of those which have baths of their own, that an invalid,

unacquainted with Wiesbaden, and going thither for a season (unprovided with lodgings, secured beforehand), should get himself set down on his arrival. He then should send for one of the physicians, to whom he may have been recommended, and for whom he should, if possible, bring a brief written statement of his case, in order to consult him as to the best baths he ought to take. For it must not be concealed, that of the many sources of hot mineral water, which here, as at Baden-baden, are offered for the service of the invalids, many are of inferior and even doubtful qualities and powers. I hold, from experience, those only to be effectual and genuine *Wiesbaden baths*, which are supplied direct from the principal springs. The physician will then point out which of these, or any other, possessing a mineral source of its own (like the eagle or *quatre nations*, for instance), the invalid ought to select, and thither he will then proceed, and take up his abode for the season ; unless he prefer private lodgings.

Here then is the PLAN of Wiesbaden, or *la Carte du pays*. An invalid will, I hope, by means of it, be able to choose, even before he leaves home, the spot, the hotel, and the bath, he would prefer to the rest, and take his measures accordingly. Some of my readers may feel disposed to think

that I have wasted too much space in describing streets and hotels; but as this Spa consists of nothing else, besides the springs, and a few places of amusement,—and as the information I have given is precisely of that description which best suits a stranger desirous to go to Wiesbaden,—I had no alternative but to be dull in order to be useful. We shall probably have occasion, by and by, to take our *revanche* for these matters of fact, and tiresome preliminaries.

Having, *more meo*, after a wholesome breakfast, at five o'clock in the morning, peered into every corner and part of the establishment at the inn I occupied, like a perverse and persevering “I hope I don't intrude,”—I proceeded afterwards to present my letter of introduction from Kreysig to Dr. PEEZ, whom I found fortunately at home in the Wilhelm Strasse, where he occupies a suite of very pretty apartments on the basement story. The doctor received me with great courtesy, and was delighted at the account I gave him of his old friend, whom he seems to hold in great veneration. Dr. Peez shares, with another physician, at Wiesbaden, a gentleman of great reputation, Dr. Hof-rath ROULMANN, “*inspecteur des eaux*,” the best part of the practice in the

place. He is the author of a "Treatise on the Thermal Waters of Wiesbaden"—which, being of a more recent date than that published in 1823, by his colleague, Roulmann, and being the result of twenty years' practice at Wiesbaden, forms a very valuable guide to those who wish to become acquainted with the subject on account of their own health. Dr. Roulmann was unfortunately, when I called upon him, absent from home on a distant professional engagement. From Dr. Peez, who, like Roulmann, is a *medizinal rath* of the Duke of Nassau, I obtained, in the course of two hours' interview, borne most patiently by him, every local and general information I could desire; eschewing as unnecessary, all those subjects with which my two previous visits to Wiesbaden had made me acquainted. With my usual good fortune I found my *confrère* both willing and disengaged, and I therefore proposed a visit to the springs, the bathing-establishments, and the public buildings.

The only public thermal spring in Wiesbaden, which bears a distinct name, is the KOCHBRUNNEN, or boiling spring. It is situated not far from that cluster of bathing-houses which I have enumerated, as being near a little open space. It is enclosed within a low polygonal wall, with an

iron *grille* through which access is had to the water. Curling volumes of steam, as from a boiling caldron, constantly hover above this building, which is quite open at the top—so that in rainy weather the spring is not protected, though the water-drinkers are so, by a light pavilion or tent, erected in front of the iron railing.

There is something ignoble in the whole appearance of the thing, which to one who had seen the king and queen of the German Spas, and the many noble satellites that follow, was particularly unpleasant. Add to it, that the water looks yellowish, and its surface is always covered by a film, of a light, earthy, and organic substance, called “the cream” (*der Kahm*) which gives it a dirty appearance. How different from that most noble of all mineral fountains, the Sprudel! Although here, by confining the small quantity of gas which the water throws out, within a small basin, like a shell, they try to produce a feeble imitation of that fountain. *Kochbrunnen* is most decidedly a misapplied name. The spring, to say the best, is but *simmering*, and not a boiling spring. Its temperature is fifty-six degrees, according to Kastner; but in the course of repeated trials made by myself, I could not detect, by means of my own thermometer, more than fifty-five degrees of heat.

It is here that the invalids assemble to drink the thermal water, and from thence all the conduits ramify, which convey that water to the several hotels, having bathing-establishments. Within the polygonal circle that imprisons the dirty-looking spring, a few glasses are kept, for such as choose to drink of its water; for which purpose the invalids descend a step or two to dip the vessel in the fountain. It requires some courage, and no queasy stomach to confront, early in the morning, and *à jeun*, such a beverage as this.

But drinking the *Kochbrunnen* is not the special object for which invalids generally come to Wiesbaden; and in that respect the place again resembles Baden-baden, where neither the principal spring is inviting in its appearance (although the water is infinitely more clear and limpid), nor is the number of water-bibbers considerable. The reader who is desirous to know all the chemical particulars of this spring will find its full analysis in my general table. Its taste, as I stated on a former occasion,—and as the “old man of the brunnen,” who extended his visits to this place after having left his elysium of Schwalbach, repeated after me,—is best compared to weak chicken-broth

slightly salted. There is a peculiar odour, too, belonging to this water, resembling that of lime in the act of being slacked, and while as yet quite hot: this I omitted to notice before. The faint resemblance of such an odour to that of sulphur, has induced some people to think that the water at Wiesbaden contains that substance; indeed, in one or two recent English authors on medical subjects, the Wiesbaden water is actually called a sulphurous water. I need not say that this is an error.

The other two most important springs in Wiesbaden are the *Schützen-hof* (the Huntsman's spring), and the *Adler-quelle*, or the spring at the Eagle, the inn in which I resided. The former supplies, among other establishments, the general public bath for the lower classes, where they can bathe for two or three kreutzers a head; its temperature is at least thirty-five degrees of Fahrenheit colder than that of the *Kochbrunnen*, and its water is the only one that is truly clear and limpid. I saw it as it issues from the rock. With regard to the natural thermal source at the Eagle, the temperature of which is also many degrees inferior to that of the principal spring (as 140° R. is to 156° F.) I must quote the pencil notes taken on the spot, and include an account of the baths in my

statement; because I find that my excellent friend, Dr. Peez, has been somewhat poetical in his description of that establishment; whereas I profess throughout this work to bow down to no idol but stern reality; as I have no other object in view beyond that of truly informing my readers.

“ There are a great many baths, or bathing-rooms in our hotel, distributed in several parts of the building, and new ones are being constructed. The principal baths are placed on each side of a long room, vaulted, and having an open skylight, through which the steam escapes. Each bath or basin is deep in the ground, of about twice or three times the size of an ordinary slipper-bath. The *cabinet* or room in which it is placed, is very narrow, and the partition between each is thin, and not above seven or eight feet high. Hence the slightest movement or whisper of your neighbour can be heard. The water is conveyed to each basin through a pipe, direct from the source, which is the property of the master of the inn, and lies close by, in a narrow court-yard. Here it may be seen steaming and bubbling up, almost noiseless, and always of the colour of rain water which has ran through filth, or over a bed or hill of yellow clay,

after a heavy shower. The escape of many minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas, gives to the water the appearance of water simmering over a fire.

Besides these three principal sources, there are numerous other *quellen*, of which people have taken advantage, by establishing over them a bathing-house, or an hotel. The principal of these is that of the *Quatre Nations*; the temperature of that source is about 150 degrees of Fahrenheit. The baths are here arranged with more attention to comfort and privacy. Each is placed in a separate apartment, neatly fitted up; some of them, indeed, are superbly furnished. The basins or baths, are of an oval or a square shape, and deep; access may be had to many of them direct from the bedchamber, by an *escalier dérobé*. I noticed here the corroding effects of the thermal water, on the material of which the steps leading into the basin is composed, and on the wall around the room. As yet no substance has been found, either for the inside of the bath, or to cover the wall of the room, that will resist the influence of the water. It is not improbable that pure muriatic acid exists in it. I inquired why they did not follow the practice of Toeplitz, and line the baths with tiles of

porcelain? The answer was, that the patients, owing to the slippery nature of the material, when covered with the water, would be continually liable to falls.

The Englische-hof is another of the bathing-establishments which I ought to mention before I close this subject. It receives the water from the *Kochbrunnen*. I was much pleased with its arrangements and neat interior. It looked like a very desirable residence, and the baths are all that one could wish. Dr. Peez strongly recommends this house, and I should say with great justice. The establishment is extensive; although judging by the front of it one would feel inclined to think it otherwise. But, *fronti nulla fides*.

The prices of the baths vary from 48 kreutzers to a florin, in almost all the best bathing-establishments. With respect to the rent of rooms, or suites of apartments in these establishments, the amount depends, first, on the locality of the hotel, secondly, on the part of the hotel occupied, and thirdly, on the particular period of the bathing season. The "Quatre Nations" is certainly the most extravagant house at Wiesbaden, in respect to charges for rooms; but, *en revanche*, one may be *en prince* in it. In the middle of the season a suite of fine rooms,

well furnished, on the *bel étage*, and two rooms for servants, will cost from 15 to 16 florins a day (1*l.* 5*s.*) Contrasted with Ems, this charge is about half the price paid for similar apartments there. Again, a single room, with a little boudoir for one person, and a private staircase leading to the bath, at Wiesbaden, will cost from 5 to 6, and from 8 to 10 florins a day, in the best part of the season. At the Eagle, and at the Englische-hof, the same convenience and accommodations may be obtained for one-third less.

Of the hotels which have no convenience for bathing, I would only notice in a more especial manner the Nassauer-hof, which is placed in one of the best situations in Wiesbaden. The landlord, Götz, is a remarkably obliging person, and very reasonably inclined. For a suite of rooms well and conveniently disposed, and furnished with four beds, he has charged not more than from four to five florins a day (8*s.* 4*d.*) This circumstance has rendered his hotel very popular, and the influx of strangers is consequently very great; drawing away from the more extravagant hotel of the *Fier Jahreszeiten* many of its guests.

Lodgings are to be had, as may be supposed, on any and many terms, according to the part

of the town, and the sort of house, in which they are found. I am acquainted with a most respectable family who engaged, at a very good house, the *Berliner-hof*, two sitting and five bed rooms, with one dressing-room, and two rooms for servants, the former on the ground floor, and the latter above, for forty florins a week. The apartments were rather scantily furnished. For a little more money they might have been obtained on the principal story, which is always more desirable. The house is admirably situated, perhaps the best in the town, being a single mansion at right angles with *Wilhelm Strasse*, and with a southern aspect. Sometimes private lodgings, on the principal story in the house of some respectable inhabitant, may be had for less money, equally convenient and large, situated either in the *Taunus*, *Rotter*, or other equally fashionable streets, for 30 or 35 florins a week, which will accommodate seven or eight individuals, servants included. *Ex uno disce omnes*. Nor need I go over the whole of the list of lodgings and prices. Bachelors will find means to place themselves very snugly here, and for very little money—for less indeed than half what they would have to pay at any watering or sea-bathing place in England.

As I am on the subject of accommodations and the comforts of life, I may as well dispose of all I have to say on those subjects ere I proceed to speak of the public buildings, of the virtues of the mineral waters of Wiesbaden, and of the society of visitors. It is not precisely the order of things I have hitherto observed, but it will answer the purpose just as well on the present occasion.

A table d'hôte is the order of the day at Wiesbaden. The most dashing, as a matter of course, is that which is kept in the Kur-saal. Here, at one and at four o'clock, P.M., the company assemble, as at Chabert's at Baden, and for the sum of one florin at the first hour, and one florin and forty-five kreutzers at the second hour, a tolerably half-and-half dinner—Gallo-germanic—may be obtained. The attendance of strangers, however, at the most fashionable dining hour of the two is by no means so numerous as at Baden. In the evening, from eight till ten o'clock, *soupers à la carte* are constantly going on.

The saloon in which the dinner takes place on ordinary days is a good-sized and well-proportioned room, one of a suite branching off to the left, at the upper end of the great hall, and opposite the gambling-rooms. From the circumstance of its being hung with green paper,

this great eating-room is called "le salon vert." But on a Sunday the general company assemble at one o'clock, around the tables placed in the great *Saal*, as represented in the vignette; and the coup d'œil on those occasions partakes of, and is even superior to, that prestige which we noticed at Baden-baden. On all such occasions a band of music plays from the upper gallery.

The *Speise-Saal*, or summer banqueting-room, of the hotel I lived at, is a noble and well-proportioned building, with two galleries, one at each end, supported by four Doric columns, of solid marble. A range of eight windows below, and a square attic window over each of them, admits a splendid light into the room, in which three parallel ranges of dining-tables are in daily and full operation. I have elsewhere alluded to the banqueting-room of the Rose, the interior of which is even superior in beauty of decorations to the one just described. In fact, Wiesbaden can boast of a greater number of these establishments than any other Spa in Germany; at each of which, one or two such establishments, of a very striking character, are generally to be met with.

I occupied a large double-bedded room at the Eagle, for which I paid one florin and three-

quarters. I paid a florin a head for dinner, and mine host, Christian *Schlichter*, charged me nearly as much for breakfast, knowing that, when a guest rises at five o'clock, A.M., bathes in the Kochbrunnen, drinks the thermal water at the Schützen-hof, and walks for two hours afterwards, he is likely to bring home an appetite capable of discussing a *déjeuner à la fourchette* stout enough to enable him to go on without murmur until the latest hour of the table d'hôte dinner.

Sometimes a family living in lodgings may find it convenient to procure a dinner from a restaurant. Many excellent establishments of that sort there are in Wiesbaden, from which a good homely repast may be had for a very moderate sum. Who would quarrel, for instance, with a soup, a roast leg of mutton, two boiled chickens, eight veal cutlets, a large dish of potatoes, an excellent large rice-pudding, with sundry sauces, bread, tablecloths, table-napkins, &c., at the expense of six florins altogether, or ten shillings? Yet such things have been, and may be again; and a family, consisting of nine persons, who enjoyed the abovementioned treat, continued to do so for some time during the season of 1836.

The only mischief of these species of arrange-

ments is, that the purveyor generally gets sick of his bargain in a short time, and inflicts upon you the trouble, after grumbling at several scantily provided dinners, and after many, but vain remonstrances, of seeking another restaurateur who will behave better; of going, in fact, from Rosse to Schäfer, or from Schäfer to Rosse—both good, but both troublesome.

As discordant accompaniments to this subject, I may state, that bread at Wiesbaden is very indifferent, that good spring water is not to be had on easy terms, in spite of the late improvement, and that the Rhenish is either bad or extravagant—I say extravagant, because it is never good; and thus ends *La Cuisine*.



What stranger arrives at Wiesbaden who will not at once, or as soon as he can, walk to the centre of all that is beautiful, in the way of buildings and nature, in that capital—I mean, to the large open space consisting of a square lawn, headed by the KUR-SAAL, flanked on the left by a long and striking colonnade, and on the right by a garden and the neighbouring hills? Thither I proceeded with my son, in order that he might have an opportunity of contemplating the interior of a building, the form and arrangements of which could not fail to interest a young student in architecture.

The portico of the Kur-saal, consisting of six Ionic columns, would be deserving of admiration, were it not surmounted by a pediment too high, and, consequently, too angular, disfigured, moreover, by a sloping dark roof, which entirely destroys the effect of the architectural design of this elevation. But the greatest failure in the general design of the front, is the low wing on each side of the principal building, with columns of mean dimensions, and completely different from any thing that deserves the epithet of beautiful. These wings are occupied by coffee-houses, billiard-rooms, and other similar places of public resort. How singularly these dwarf structures would

contrast (if compared to them) with the massive and lofty pillars which rear their heads by the side of the Conversation-haus at Baden!

But if the exterior is liable to some criticism, the interior of this elegant building is calculated to disarm it. The ingress to it is through a corridor, and the *coup d'œil* which presents itself on passing the threshold of the inner door, either during one of the table d'hôte dinners in the afternoon of a Sunday, or during one of the public or subscription balls in the evening, is brilliant, and, for an instant, dazzling to the senses. I have still in remembrance, as vivid as the impression of yesterday (now that I call them up for this occasion), my feelings of admiration when, during a great festival of the description last alluded to, I first entered this splendid building, nine years only after it had been erected.

A magnificent hall, apparently 130 feet long, in breadth half that number of feet, and 50 feet high at least, with a coved and richly ornamented ceiling, from which depended several brilliant lustres, appeared before me animated with one great wave of human faces, moving to and fro in the vast area of that building. A gallery, projecting about ten feet from the wall, runs on each side of the hall, beginning at the upper end, and terminating at the

other extremity, where it joins the ducal tribune, which is placed over the principal door of entrance. These galleries are supported by fourteen solid marble columns of the Corinthian order, of a gray and pleasing tint. The capitals, frieze, and architraves, are in white and gold. In the centre of the left-hand gallery a numerous and well-assorted orchestra made the arched ceiling reflect down, upon the merry throng below, their harmonious notes, among which the flagelet and the octave seemed there on purpose to mark, with their shrill and acute sounds, the measure of the giddy dance. The ducal tribune, hung in crimson velvet, and adorned in gold, was resplendent with every thing that imagination could paint to itself of gentle, noble, and royal blood, animating a select assembly of exalted personages, on whose breasts shone the dazzling star, or on whose heads waved the lofty plume.

That season had proved unusually brilliant, and the society collected at Wiesbaden, although in some respects, and unavoidably, of a mixed kind, had proved more than ordinarily attractive. Dancing was then, as it ever has been, and ever will be, the magic chain that draws distant (and it may be discordant) elements together. On such occasions, many who enter the

ball-room free and unfettered, meet in the throng with the being who is fated to give a turn to their destiny for life ; just as we hear of lesser establishments, nearer home, where that elegant diversion, which the wonders and the graces of a Taglioni have almost ennobled, is said to prove at times the first *light* step to a *heavy* chain. On the great occasion to which I allude, more than one princely and noble alliance took its origin in that splendid assembly ; and I remember, that when the circumstance was divulged somewhat later, it brought to my mind the truth of one of those light couplets which form the charm of the French vaudeville, so much preferable to the insupportable theatrical entertainments of the present day :

“ Souvent, au premier coup d’archet,
Mainte affaire en dansant se traite,
Et l’on glisse plus d’un placet,
Tout en faisant le molinet.”

Under the right hand gallery, decorated like the other on the opposite side with statues and busts, which Dr. Peez has since, with justice, styled *obscænæ volucres* ! with the additional observation from Horace, of *hic non erat locus*, I made my slow and often checked way towards the upper end of the hall, where I entered

a splendid range of apartments, which I saw open and brilliantly lighted up on my right, The first four rooms, furnished with all the elegance of a Parisian drawing-room, and embalmed with a profusion of flowers, placed in porcelain vases, that stood reflected before lofty and broad pier-glasses, presented the usual symbols of gambling. In three of them a large roulette-table was in constant motion, and seemed to be the favourite game of the place, In the fourth, the *Rouge et Noire* displayed its variegated colours, and attracted a crowd of misguided creatures, many of whom were destined, perhaps, never to taste happiness again after that evening. A large withdrawing or conversation room, fitted up in blue, was adjoining to these four temples of ruin ;—in all of which the dazzling and varied tints of the draperies, the splendid clocks that decorated the chimney-pieces, the tall and rich candelabras which lighted up every angle of the apartment, the magnificent and pendant lustres which were a hundred times repeated in the many mirrors cunningly arranged around the rooms, and the highly-polished and slippery *parquet*, of the finest wood, offered to the eye a scene of luxury that I have nowhere witnessed since, among the rest of the Spas of Germany — not even at Bruckenuau, whose Kur-saal, as a

building, is so much superior to that of Wiesbaden.

These scenes existed then, as I found them to exist now, and the insanity which then hurried people towards them, from an early hour in the afternoon until after the rising of the next morning sun, continues even now to people the same haunts, as often, and as long, during the season. The gratification of gaming at high hazard, so full of danger, is quite inexplicable. As in the case of many other unlawful pleasures, its votaries are to be found in the same, and perhaps in increasing numbers, equally deaf to reason and religion, during every season that passes away at these gay and fashionable Spas ;—as if no awful example of its exterminating tendency had ever opened their eyes to the imminent risk of their situation. The unlawful gratification once tasted, it seems as if nothing but *épuisement* or death can arrest the career of the guilty transgressor. “Le plaisir,” says the mistaken and misunderstood chief of the modern romantic school of France, “est comme certaines substances médicales ; pour obtenir constamment les mêmes effets, il faut doubler les doses ; et LA MORT, où l’abrutissement, est contenu dans la dernière.” How many illustrative examples of the truth of this well-expressed fact fall under the yearly cognizance of the physician !

I soon quitted this abode of alluring vice, to cross the hall, over the platform, which rises three steps above the floor. In doing that, I passed before the lofty windows and glass door which, in the daytime, serves to light the upper part of the hall, and entered a suite of rooms corresponding to those I had just left, and which are placed immediately opposite. Here I found a different scene before me. The banqueting, or green room, to which I have already made allusion, fitted up as a *buffet*, served for the distribution of all the most choice refreshments; and the remaining rooms were thronged with people who preferred supper and ices to dancing and gambling.*

As neither my appetite, my inclination, nor my disposition, suggested to me the idea of the slightest participation in any one of these amusements, I escaped from the refreshment-rooms, as soon as I had surveyed with a curious, a critical, and a professional eye, many of the groups whom I saw gaily preparing for themselves an indigestion and the nightmare. Finding the glass door which leads into the *Lust Garten* open, I stole away through it, and wandered

* The same process, precisely, is gone through in present times, whenever a grand ball or festival is celebrated in the Kur-saal.

over a considerable extent of those pleasure-grounds, which are adorned with a variety of devices and contrivances, due to the power and skill of those who know how to torture art into grotesque imitations of nature, by means of parterres, shady glades, vanishing vistas, murmuring brooks, rocky grottoes, and still lakes.

The moon shone doubtfully across my path, which was by no means so solitary as I had anticipated, considering the intense interest which seemed to rivet the company within the building. Perhaps the vignette I here present to my readers, will afford them some notion of the interior of the edifice, and the various parts of the hall itself, which I have endeavoured to describe.



After my walk among these still and rural scenes, I returned to the hall as the nearest clock of the town struck one, and sat myself in the recess of one of the windows, half concealed by its sweeping, silken drapery; when, casting a glance now at the moving throng within, and anon at the garden without, I fell into one of those contemplative reveries which will often obtrude, even in the midst of the most tumultuous scenes of gaiety. The trees, and some ill-defined white buildings, with a dark background, imperfectly seen by the pale moonlight through the window, presented a vague and fantastic resemblance to colossal spectres enveloped in their shadowy grave-clothes, like the nuns in "Robert le Diable." At times they reminded me of the gigantic images of Holbein's famed "Dance of Death." Then, by a mere turn of the head, I beheld, in the splendid Kur-saal, dazzling with the streams of light that descended from the many tapered lustres of gold, the "Dance of the Living."

There were assembled, as I before observed, on that particular occasion of festivity, the loveliest and the noblest of the company then at Wiesbaden, from many lands, and of many nations, agitated by deep emotions, or intent only on the frivolous joys of the moment. But all seemed happy and gay; the

fair ones glittering with diamonds, and some wearing flowers in their tresses, or within the tight zone that encircled their waist; while others displayed them fastened in garlands on their light robes, down to their very feet. Many a heart, perhaps, beat on that occasion beneath the lace and the blond, in tones little accordant with the inspiriting music from the gallery; while the quick and light step of others who waltzed near them, free from the thoughts of to-morrow, made the gossamer tissues float in aerial clouds around the slender forms of the dancers. Then came the shouts and exclamations of the gamblers in the contiguous rooms, at some unexpected stroke of good or bad fortune; or the solemn warning from the bankers reached my ears, of "*Faites vôtre jeux, messieurs,*" followed by the awful proclamation, which must have sounded like a knell to many, of "*Rouge perd et couleur,*" and the jingling of the gold, which changed masters in consequence, and the buzz and unintelligible murmur of general conversation. All these things I saw and contemplated during the short half-hour I remained musing at my post; not, I trust, without deriving benefit from the reflection they excited. How many of the performers in that scene have probably passed away since, who would have

been far happier had they, like myself, been contemplative spectators, rather than actors on the occasion !

In the Kur-saal one is sure of meeting, at all hours of the day, crowds of people engaged in a variety of occupations, either of breakfast, dinner, and supper, or of conversation, or on business, as in a large and well-frequented club. Balls take place in it during the season every Sunday and Wednesday. In the evening of the other days of the week, the company assemble in and wander about the garden already alluded to, in the rear of the building ; and in the morning, early, many are seen either parading up and down, or sipping their coffee or tea, under the great colonnade, where a band of instruments attend to perform during the breakfast-hour.

The colonnade at present is one of the largest in Germany ; but it will yield in extent and beauty to that now erecting at Kissingen, of solid stone. Here the pillars of Grecian-Doric, of which there are forty-six, are stuccoed over, and their proportions are not without fault. But the most objectionable part of the colonnade is its roof. The length of this building, which is raised on a low sub-basement, and which was erected only ten years ago, is five hundred

feet, and it is twenty feet wide ; under it there are about sixty shops, filled with every description of merchandise, objects of luxury, and nic-nackery. At each end the colonnade is terminated by a handsome square corps de logis, converted into a superb magasin de nouveautés, librairie, &c. It is intended, at no distant period, to erect a similar colonnade on the opposite side of the great lawn.

Wiesbaden possesses, besides these striking establishments for the convenience and amusement of strangers, other institutions ; a public library, from which books may be borrowed under certain restrictions ; a cabinet of antiquities ; a museum of paintings ; a casino ; a well-managed hospital ; and a theatre, to which I have already made allusion. To none of these places I shall refer in detail ; a description of them not being necessary to the design of my present volumes.

Neither shall I digress from my principal object, by attempting to enumerate the several points of attraction which Wiesbaden possesses in its environs : most of them, indeed, I have already alluded to in my account of the journey thither from Frankfort ; and others I shall have to mention or describe, in giving an account of

the road to Schlangenbad and Schwalbach—both of which places, by the way, are reckoned among the most attractive excursions for the guests at Wiesbaden.

Having now cleared the ground of every thing essential to be known to my readers, in respect to living, let us see what great object this vast assemblage of many springs, hotels, lodging-houses, public and magnificent buildings, institutions, and promenades, has been destined to facilitate or to produce: in one word, let us consider the medical virtues and efficacy of the thermal springs of Wiesbaden. In referring to the hot mineral water of that Spa, I must be understood to allude principally, and indeed almost entirely, to the *Kochbrunnen*, and to the practice of bathing in it. My knowledge on these two points is of many years' standing, has been personally acquired, and has since been considerably augmented by my recent visit, and the interesting conversations I had with Dr. Peez;—who, by the bye, as the season was drawing near to a close, felt, like many of his brethren at other Spas, the effects of incessant professional occupation, in a deteriorated state of health.

One of the principal effects to be noticed in using the mineral water at Wiesbaden, is the

great change that supervenes in the state of the skin. From being dry and ruvid, it becomes moist and soft. Sometimes only a little redness of the skin, at other times a slight eruption, ensues, in the course of bathing; and through this series of simple phenomena alone, many chronic disorders have been cured.

If a patient bathes for old gouty and rheumatic pains, he will often find them increase at first, and become more intense: his walk will be more difficult, the joints more stiff, the muscles exceedingly sore. In eight or ten days these symptoms will disappear, and recovery will follow after the full course of the waters.

The appetite and functions of the stomach are generally augmented after a few baths. The action of the intestines is sufficiently promoted, by the proper and internal use of the water. The Wiesbaden water is held, with some justice, to be of a purgative quality. When the baths have not been injudiciously recommended, sleep is generally improved by them, it becomes uniform and regular, and is not disturbed by dreams. The result of such a regularity is an augmentation of vital energy in the patient. It is, however, of the utmost importance not to allow sleep to overcome the patient while in the bath. When it does so further bathing would be a

source of danger, without properly consulting a physician upon that point. Such a sleep, to say the least, is suspicious, and is generally accompanied by a heavy and full pulse, as well as by a tendency to giddiness.

In cases of paralysis I found the baths of Wiesbaden of an efficacy nearly equal to that possessed by Toeplitz. A very remarkable case of recovery from a total suspension of the faculty of moving the limbs, unconnected with any rheumatic affection, came under my notice three years ago; Dr. Peez related to me several other diseases of a similar kind.

The internal use of the *Kochbrunnen*, or of the *Schützenhof*, will be found very successful—much more so than Cheltenham or Leamington—in all cases of congestion, fulness, and obstruction in any of the abdominal viscera of both sexes. The baths must in all these cases be combined with the internal use of the water, and if the subject be a female, the necessity for bathing is still more urgent.

I saw some patients, one of them a lady and from England, who were about to leave Wiesbaden perfectly cured from the most agonizing torture of tic-douloureux, which Dr. Peez had succeeded in removing by directing the power of the *Kochbrunnen*, both internally and

externally, to the re-establishment of certain hemorrhoidal secretions which had been suddenly checked.

A case of gout that had left the patient, Mrs. —, a perfect cripple, was also shown to me, in which the internal use of the *Kochbrunnen* and the baths had restored health most completely. In this case, however, Dr. Peez had found it necessary to use, more than once, some slight doses of calomel.

Wiesbaden, like most of the thermal springs, enjoys a distinct reputation for the cure of that singular malady, the subjects of which are much to be commiserated, styled *hypochondriacism*. What a dreadful picture of human wretchedness the hypochondriac at Wiesbaden presents! He is sombre, thoughtful, or absent, in the midst of a laughing world. For ever brooding over his fate, his disease absorbs the whole of his attention. He disdains even the most trifling conversation with his fellow-creatures, and flies from those ephemeral acquaintances which are so easily formed at watering-places, exactly because one cares little how soon after they are forgotten. In fact, he would feel himself alone in the world, and never concern himself about those around him, did he not envy their healthy looks, their firmer muscles, and their sounder

stomachs, which can sustain an indigestion with impunity. Such a character one meets at Wiesbaden, as I found it at Gastein, at Carlsbad, and again at Toeplitz.

I should always recommend patients to begin to drink the *Schützenhof*, which, though charged with the same ingredients contained in the two other sources, has them in smaller proportions, particularly the iron. This water, which possesses, moreover, the *agrément* of being pure and clear, is more readily digested, and seldom produces that peculiar reaction which is generally remarked after a few times of using the *Kochbrunnen* and the *Adlerquelle*.

After about three weeks the stronger water may be used, either externally or internally.

The water is generally drunk early in the morning, on an empty stomach, and before the bath; the quantity is from four to six beakers, each of four ounces, with an interval of a quarter of an hour between each glass. Some, who find it difficult to perspire, should drink the water as hot as they can; others, on the contrary, can only support it when in a tepid state.

Breakfast follows half an hour after drinking the water, and precedes bathing for about the same length of time. This meal should be of the lightest description. A cup of coffee or

chocolate, with milk, or a basin of soup, with the yolk of an egg, will be sufficient.

The baths should seldom exceed 98° in temperature, and half an hour in duration. Some extend the time to three-quarters of an hour. A repetition of the bath on the same day is not to be recommended in general ; but where it is deemed essential to bathe twice a day, four hours, at least, should elapse between dinner and the evening bath.

There is at Wiesbaden the same convenience which one finds at Baden-baden : in both places an invalid who prefers living in lodgings, and is unwilling to attend any of the bathing-establishments, may bathe every day in his own house, in a large wooden tub or bath, which he hires for forty-eight kreutzers a week, and gets it filled with the water from the *Kochbrunnen* overnight, so that the temperature may come down by morning to the proper degree. Women bring the necessary quantity of water from the spring, at an expense of about tenpence, or half a florin, for each bath. Where this method is deemed to be the most convenient, it will be as well to have a small quantity of the water brought direct from the spring in the morning, in order to add it to that which has been kept to cool from over-

night, and which would become too cold, while the patient is bathing in it, without such an addition.

I have known a patient who followed this method, and was much gratified with the result. He had been recommended to get out of bed and into the bath, which was placed for that purpose in the dressing-room, and to return to bed for half an hour after the bath. This gentleman was obliged to breakfast while dressing; nature requiring that restorative with as little delay as possible.

The drinking of some of the cold acidulous mineral waters at the same time with bathing, instead of drinking the *Schützenhof*, was at one time much more the practice at Wiesbaden than at present. Dr. Roulmann, however, who is somewhat of the old school, keeps up that practice, and I know a patient of his who, at eleven o'clock, drank a small cruche of the *Paulinen* water in four draughts, at intervals of ten minutes.

The large bottles of the mineral waters of Schwalbach may be readily procured at Wiesbaden for ten kreutzers each, and for seven kreutzers the small bottles. All the bottles bear the seal of Schwalbach.

When I reflect on the very miserable condi-

tion of some of the baths in many of the bathing-establishments, I am not at all sure that the plan of bathing at home is not the best. The Earl of —, who was at Wiesbaden last year, a perfect cripple from spinal paralysis, before he took up his abode in the sumptuous hotel *de la promenade*, was living, for the convenience of bathing, at a most uncomfortable place, in which the baths were of the worst description.

Wiesbaden has lately got again into fashion with the English, who now frequent it in considerable numbers. During my last visit but one to that Spa, very few invalids of that nation were to be seen there.

The number of strangers of all nations who visited Wiesbaden last year amounted to 9400; a number inferior, as we have seen, to that of the visitors of Baden-baden, in the course of the same season; but greater than the number of those who visited the Bohemian or Bavarian Spas.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHLANGENBAD.

Lucky rencontre—A pleasing neighbour at table—A sister author—Admiration and admonition—"SOUVENIRS of a Summer in Germany"—"BUBBLES from the Brunnen of Nassau"—Room for something more *solid*—Road from Wiesbaden to Schlangenbad—Distant views—The RHEINGAU—The country—*Neudorf* and *Raenthal*—Valley of Schlangenbad—Richness of soil, and beggary of labourers—SCHLANGENBAD—First impressions—Disappointment—Tiny hills and tiny woods—The monument—*Inscribo-mania*—A repast—*Episode bachique*, or an essay on Rhenish wines—The RAUENTHALER, or the rival of *Schlängenvasser*—Caution to bibbers of Rhenish Sack—The BEAUTIFYING spring, no beauty—Appearances—Quantity of the water—Scanty supply—Temperature—The *derrière du rideau* at Schlangenbad—The BATHS—The hotels and the hofs—Physical and chemical characters of the mineral water—How to imitate its cosmetic power—The SNAKES—The mineral virtues of the Schlangenbad water—A WONDERFUL CURE.

I HAPPENED one day, by mere good luck, to be seated at the table d'hôte of the *Hôtel de Vienne*, at Dresden, next to a young lady whose every appearance bespoke her an Englishwoman. She was accompanied by a fair countrywoman of hers, who sat on the other side, and beyond them, a gentleman, evidently of high breeding, and who seemed to have "seen the world," chatted occasionally to both, with that easy fami-

liarity which bespeaks domestic authority. After the interchange of those trifling acts of civility which are often the prelude to a little nearer acquaintance among perfect strangers, placed under similar circumstances,—my *incognita* expressed her joy at again hearing the welcome accents of her native language, which were just then going on right merrily on the opposite side of the table, between some dashing young gentlemen and my two sons, all from the banks of the Thames, who had recognised each other. This burst of nationality on the part of my fair neighbour led to a further conversation, in the course of which she mentioned having recently resided for some weeks at *Schwalbach*, and having also visited the “bath of Serpents,” not far from that place.

It seemed as if fortune was determined to favour me in my tour of *mineral-quellen* investigation, by placing within my reach on this, as it had done on former occasions, the ready means of obtaining information. I therefore tried to avail myself of so propitious an opportunity of culling from one whom I had by this time discovered to be *tant soit peu* of a *bas bleu*, all the particulars I could obtain respecting those two celebrated Spas. But my candid and previous declaration to my neighbour, that I was a poor author in

search of materials for a book on mineral waters, and that it was my intention to visit both Schlangenbad and Schwalbach for that purpose, spoiled the whole thing completely. She silenced me at once by declaring, in her turn, that to attempt such a task would be to tread on hallowed ground; that after the "magic pages of the old man of the Brunnens," it would be rash to endite others on the same subject. The rebuke was borne with proper humility on my part, and I strove to back out of the scrape I had got into, by assuring her that, as I meant to visit the said "brunnens" in my capacity of a professional man, I might stand a chance of gleaning something, even after the full harvest of the "old man;" although I could not hope to count the exact number of windows of all the buildings with as much precision; nor describe with equal felicity the slated roofs of the houses; nor tell whether the streets of Schwalbach looked like a two-prong fork or a table-knife; nor, in fine, paint in colours as vivid and as pleasing the bucolics of cows and pigs, which the old man had sung in prose almost as excellent as the lines of Virgil and Theocritus. With this assurance my fair interlocutor seemed satisfied, and there ended our dialogue.

Some days after this little adventure, chance

made me acquainted with the gentleman of the happy travelling trio just alluded to, and I had the honour of being introduced by the English consul at Leipzig to Sir W—— C——. The dedication to his lady of a certain book recording the “Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany,” which has recently appeared in London, at once brought to my recollection the Dresden anecdote, and helped me to the name of the author of that clever work. Miss D——, of the table d’hôte at Dresden, thought I, accompanying Lady C—— in her tour through Germany—and the author of the “Souvenirs” which are dedicated to her ladyship, can only be one and the same person; and right vain am I of my sagacity, that I set down my fair co-guest at the *Hôtel de Vienne*, even on a single and short interview, as equal to that which she has since so ably performed. But in that publication the fair monitress herself has not adhered to the purport of her advice to me, on the subject of the two before-mentioned Spas; but, on the contrary, catching the very spirit of her eulogised “old man,” she descants with playfulness on almost every topic which Schwalbach suggests, and Schlangenbad reminds her of; and she grows eloquent and fluent as she proceeds with the subject; ending at last by virtually enditing a

number of pages equal to those her idol-author has written upon the two Spas in question.

To attempt to enter the same field after two such gatherers would bespeak rashness on my part, were it not that the English readers, much as they have been amused by the perusal of the "Bubbles" and the "Souvenirs," have yet to learn, *du fond au comble*, what Schwalbach or Schlangenbad are really worth in a medical point of view, and what are their real virtue and condition as medicinal springs, stripped of the borrowed charms which lively and humorous writers can impart to them. In that sense the Spas in question are perfectly unknown in this country—as much so, indeed, as any of those far more important mineral springs which it has been the main object of the present volumes to describe; and although hundreds of people from the chalk cliffs of Dover, or the auburn waves of old Thames, have flocked to Schwalbach and Schlangenbad since the appearance of the "Bubbles,"—to dip in the *beauty-bath* of the latter, and sip the *saurewasser* of the former, either from curiosity or in search of health,—they have done so blindfolded, without a true guide, and without knowing beforehand, whether they might not better remain at home, or proceed elsewhere, as far as their health was concerned. The

task I have imposed upon myself, therefore, is to supply, professionally, these various desiderata.

It was after a long and interesting visit to the baths and springs of Wiesbaden, that we set off from that suffocating town on our way to the "Serpentsbath," or Schlangenbad. One of those lovely days, at the conclusion of the summer, in which nature seems redolent with fragrance and beauty, as well as heavily laden with her bounties, shone upon us. But to see and enjoy these luxuries in the present instance, the traveller must wait until he has reached some of the elevated points of the road, after passing through sundry matter-of-fact cabbage and turnip fields, around, and at some distance from Wiesbaden. From the first summit which we reached, the windings of the Rhine as it descends before the city of Mayence, the back view of the ducal gardens of Biebrich, and part of the Main, are seen to great advantage. The enjoyment of these objects, however, is of short duration; for the road (which by the by is rutty and heavy) suddenly dips, and all is again reduced to the monotonous reality of arable fields, at that time partly stripped of their crops. A few insignificant hillocks continued in sight, for some time on our right, of the magnitude perhaps, of Shooter's-hill.

In the absence of every thing that is picturesque in this extensive plateau, over which we were then travelling, one could not help admiring the condition and great fertility of the country, and the very creditable state of its cultivation. The trees, however, are scantily distributed over the plain, and are principally stunted plum and apple trees. On turning our backs to Wiesbaden we had certainly turned from the only striking region of interest and landscape effect in this part of the Taunus; for both of these mark the situation of that town. A second hill, or high ground, once more offers to the spectator a pleasing transformation of objects. The mighty Rhine stretched before us, and at our very feet, was now seen expanding in double and nearly parallel lines, forming those many and pretty islands, which render its navigation so intricate between Bingen and Mayence. The tudesque domes, and the connecting bridge of the latter city, appeared from the top of this second hill, as if we could touch both, did we but stretch our hands forward.

Our faces, turned to the Elysium of wine, "Der Rheingau," we descended rapidly along the rough cross road to the very margin of the Rhine, where at the small village of *Schierstein*, we joined the beautiful macadamized *chaussée*,

which, coming from Biebrich, keeps ascending in the direction of Schlangenbad, skirting, in part, the inland confines of the Rheingau. The *détour* or elbow in the road from Wiesbaden to Schlangenbad, which the post insists on making, is an inconvenience to which such travellers as proceed direct from the former place to Langenschwalbach are not subjected; for the road to this last-mentioned Spa, from Wiesbaden, lies directly across the Taunus, eschewing Schlangenbad, which it leaves to the left, and passing between two interesting hills, the *Hohe Wurzel*, and the *Rothe Kreuz*, beyond which it joins the great *Chaussée*.

The country is every where fertile, the soil deep, *gras* and rich. Every inch of it is in cultivation, and the plain at the foot of the hills between which the road passes, might be said to represent a succession of gardens. In the mean time, as post-horses never stand still, though they proceed but slowly, the land around us kept assuming more and more character as we kept moving forwards, especially on the right side of the road, where one great hill succeeded another. Villages and villas dot their long undulating line, and with the masses of dark forests or insulated clumps of trees which frequently occur, and the occasional peering of the naked rocks out

of the soil, assist in imparting a peculiar and interesting aspect to the scene. The road is hard and good throughout. A line of young fruit-trees skirts it on either side, and from under the lower and loaded boughs of those on our left, we caught, ever and anon, a glimpse at the broad and tranquil stream, our eye resting, at the same time, on the lofty shores of the opposite bank.

In half an hour we were insensibly transported into a paradise, rich beyond conception, traversing, all the time, dense and formal vineyards, the juice of which is destined, perhaps, to gladden the heart of gourmands yet unborn. After a gentle sweep round to the right, the road reaches the humble village of *Neudorf*, placed at the opening of a small defile, and between two hills of moderate elevation, clad with vine; while on the left, and higher up, peers the church-tower of *Rauenthal*, the two emporiums of the true East Rheingau juice. Lovely spot this! gilded and warmed by the south and south-east rays of the sun, I should be tempted to place within it the invalids to whom I recommend *la Cure des Raisins*. But alas! my admission into the hamlets quickly destroyed all illusion; for every thing I saw in them betokens misery among the inhabitants. Such

will always be found to be the case, as I observed in another publication, in all vine countries.

We had now fairly entered the valley of Schlangenbad,—a narrow prairie of not more than a few hundred yards in breadth. The hills on each side are low and round, and where the rock does not pierce through, they are covered with underwood. It is not easy to divine why these very hills, which have a most favourable aspect, situated between *Neudorf* and *Klost-Tiefenthal*, are not, like the rest, planted with vine. The soil and the situation seem to be particularly suited to such a cultivation. Before reaching the last-mentioned little village, the valley expands to about twice its original breadth, the hills all round become loftier, and some portion of their sides are converted into arable land. The sun warms this little amphitheatre with shadowless splendour in every direction; yet underwood alone is suffered to occupy the ground which vines, rivalling those a little way farther towards the Rhine, might occupy with certain success. Nor is the height of the hills such as to render the cultivation in question impracticable. It is money and hands that are wanting.

The higher we ascended, the grander became the features of the surrounding landscape. The lovely and the soothing succeeded to the wild and the alpine. A small group of two or three huts alone, was seen here and there, in the bosom of the valley, which the ascending road, in its capricious windings, enables us progressively to sketch out more and more ; until at last, after a gentle sweep round to the left, our peregrination terminated in front of the old Bad-haus of Schlangenbad.



The sudden turning from what appeared lovely and smiling, to a small sequestered spot

resembling an open *marktplatz*, in a village of the second order, was a change for which I was not prepared, and my first impression was one of disappointment. To a traveller who had seen in succession all the principal baths and mineral springs of Germany, placed in situations in which grandeur of scenery vied with the greatest profusion of natural beauties, the sight of such a spot as this was not calculated to excite feelings of admiration. A narrow circle of hills, the loftiest of which, reckoning from the level of the terrace near the Gast-hof, is about a quarter of an hour's ascent, surrounds a small cup or hollow, in which three or four huge barrack-looking edifices spoil the effect of what might otherwise be looked upon as a tranquil and rural retreat. Since the "Bubbles" first burst on the admiring public of England, many are the dwellings which have reared their roofed and ugly heads within this narrow compass, putting their blanched faces, pierced I know not *with how many windows*, in violent contrast with the gentle green of the hills that rise behind them. On the acclivities of these hills, and through the tiny forests with which they are clothed to their very tops, innumerable winding paths have been cut, much in the same manner as through similar woods in other places; which

paths, snakes and vipers are said to be particularly fond of frequenting. In none of my rambles, however, did I chance to meet with one of those graceful reptiles.

I looked for the “great forest” which the “old man” had entered, to escape the artificial hedges, and the parade, and “with which the hills in every direction” were said to be clothed, that I might enjoy the like scenery; but I looked in vain. There is a hill certainly, at the back of the old Bad-haus, and there is a wood upon the hill; but the latter has not a single large or majestic tree in it; and the former I ascended in five minutes exactly—reaching in that time a rustic pavilion, which is erected not quite on the summit, but on a ledge very near it. This ledge juts out, like a small rounded promontory, into the valley, with a perpendicular height of perhaps 300 feet, and no more, from the level of the great *chaussée*, which is seen to ascend opposite to it, like a continuous broad sheet of Irish cloth laid down to bleach on a grassy field. On each side, the hills dwindle gradually into trifling eminences, until a full view is permitted of the distant horizon, embracing the greater part of the vine-bearing Rheingau, in the direction of *Eltville* and *Hattenheim*, as well as of the road we had just left.

The broken shaft of the dwarf pillar, which records in golden accents the gratitude of two loving and EMBELLISHED *sposi* (so runs the story), is still standing where the "old man" first beheld it. But it is now disfigured with ill-carved, mis-shapen, and jaw-torturing names of many individuals, who have probably visited this monument in consequence of the feeling description given of it by the "old gentleman," and who love to go down to posterity on other people's backs, or by riding another man's hobby. The column has been shorn of a portion of its top, by some malicious or ill-intentioned person; or, perchance, by such as wished to carry to their distant homes a fragment of this votive tribute to the powers of the Serpents-bath, as a talisman to preserve the *satin* beauty of their skin.

Seats are placed under the rustic pavilion, and a table, equally roughed on its surface by the inscribing mania of visitors, is added to the accommodations of the spot, to tantalize you with the notion of refreshments and pic-nics. The pavilion is erected on a rock, which, near to the DE GRUNNE monument, still peers above the ground, and protects the pillar placed close to its edge from the precipice beneath it.

On our arrival several groups of people were

sipping their *post-mittag* beverage under the trees, on the small terraced walk belonging to, and adjoining, the old Bad-haus, which the reader will notice on his right, on inspecting the vignette. The scene looked quite primitive, and the actors were happy, no doubt. The softest breeze was wafting to and fro, with gentle murmur, the tiny foliage all about, and the sun, as if glorying to rest on such a theatre, shone most splendidly. A civil French-speaking kellner received us at the door of the Gast-hof, or hotel, and promised to regale us with a good repast, as soon as the guests should have cleared the table d'hôte, which was then quite full. In the mean while we followed his advice, and rambled in all directions, first hurrying, as a matter of course, to the top of the rock just mentioned.

Our turn for manducation came at last, when we entered the eating-room of the Nassau-hof, placed in one of the angles of that building, and sat down before a neat and cleanly-decked table, to a repast which our long walk, and a still longer previous fast (since a very early and mere coffee-breakfast at Wiesbaden), rendered more delightful. The kellner was not slow in presenting me with a long and sumptuous list of what he called "*du vray*," and, with

great simplicity, asked us, “Trinken Sie wein?”

Indeed I was not come all this distance, into the very heart of the Rheingau, to drink the *Schlangenwasser*; still less to ask for a *cruche de bierre* (my ordinary beverage); and so we ordered the *Damen Wein* RAUENTHALER, from the Berg Ausbruck, a favourite hill in these parts. This wine was emphatically marked on the list “1834,” and lower down in the scale of prices we found the same wine of 1813 much cheaper, yet that of 1831 again dearer. The *Johannisberg* of 1831 stands next in monetary value; but the very best of it, as compared to the Rauenthaler *damen wein*, was as one florin and forty-five kreutzers is to two florins and forty-two kreutzers, *la bouteille*. There were Rauenthalers of 1819 and 1826, at one florin the one, and forty-eight kreutzers only the other; showing, that the opinion of my old friend, the Russian minister at Frankfort, to whose Lucullian repasts I introduced the readers of my travels to Russia in 1828, was accurate,—namely, that old Rhenish is not worth the glass bottle which holds it. The *Hattenheim* wine was in the same predicament on our list. The *Hocheinner* “de la comète (1822)” might be drank for two florins; the *Rudesheim* of 1806 for one-quarter less; and

the *Markobrunnen* of 1783 for one-fourth more of that money. The most extravagant of these wines was a Rhein-wein *mousseux*, which was marked three florins and a half, but of which I took care not to partake, *pour raisons*. The reader will bear in mind the secret divulged at Egra.

I have not tasted so delicious or so fragrant a wine as this identical Rauenthaler. As yet, I know not how soft and softening the *Schlangenwasser* may be, but if it be one tithe as soft, pleasant, and pliant as this very wine of the country, the beauty of the exterior, which is said to be produced by the one, may indeed rival the beauty of the interior, which must result from the quaffing of a *chopine* of the other. The two fluids are the rival idols of the place, and the wine may probably be the reason why many *invalids* prolong their *séjour de santé* in this place, under the plea of cosmetizing their skin with the water, when in reality they think of nothing else but filling it with *Rauenthaler*. Be this as it may, the juice is delicate, it has a body which warms and cheers the very heart, it runs as smooth as oil, and acid temperament it has none. The colour of it is that of the richest gold, and the fragrance that of a flowery grove. *Vive le Rauenthaler damen wein!*

We next tried the *Johannisberg* of 1831:

car il faut savoir se sacrifier quand on fait des recherches. Alas, what a sad change was there ! Poor, wretched stuff ! Thin, acid, acrimonious, like the proprietor of the hill on which it grows. I complained to our lively kellner of the inferiority of this wine ; which he admitted—observing, at the same time, that the *Rauenthaler* was perfection, and that every body, indeed, preferred it. As he had before stated that a great many Russians, and a still greater number of Englishmen, had visited Schlangenbad in the summer, I naturally inquired whether they had all admired the *Rauen-wein*. Ah ! (exclaimed the unsophisticated libeller of those nations, raising his hands to heaven) *sehr viel, sehr viel* ; which I translate thus : b—yful, b—yful. *Cela va sans dire.*

To be serious—(for a medical author, on occasions like these, should check rather than encourage a bibbing propensity)—there are few of the Rhenish wines so innocent, light, or harmless, as some people are wont to imagine and declare. I am no wine-drinker myself, and I have only introduced the foregoing little *épisode-bachique* to break the monotony of my description, and *égayer* the reader if possible. On the occasion in question, and twice or thrice afterwards, I ventured, while travelling along the Rhine, to take as much as half a pint of

different wines, the genuine growth of the country; and on every occasion I found that their treacherous coolness, and pleasing smoothness, changed, in about two hours, into an agitating formation of acid in the stomach, and a feverish heat of the system. The *Rauenthaler Damen Wein* is the only one I cannot accuse of such mischievous propensities.

Things are seldom as pretty and as fine in reality as they appear in print. I am just as much liable as any other author to the retort on this point, no doubt. But my disappointment at the view of Schlangenbad, in regard to its mineral water, was as great as my expectation of its general beauty and loveliness had been considerable. After the perusal of my brother tourist's description, — after reading of the “celebrated water which rises milk-warm from the rock,” and of the “delightful element,” — and after the impression sent abroad among the people of England of this much-extolled Schlangenbad, — who would not have expected to find a limpid natural spring, or brook, collecting, in a sparkling basin, its beautifying water, so that Narcissus might mirror himself in it, or Orcus emerge from its bosom, changed into a Narcissus? But no such brook, no such basin, is to be found near at hand. Bad-houses (indeed bad houses) there are unquestionably, and one is the new, and another

is the old, and so forth ; and both have bathing-rooms under ground (or, as the old man of the bubbles properly calls it, “on the cellar-floor”), in narrow and dark corridors, the sight of which is enough to give one the horrors. But as for the brunnēn itself, one must scramble somewhere behind the Neu-bad-haus, or the old one, to find it ; not as an Heliconian spring, but—as what, think you, my reader ?

There is a *derrière du rideau* in most things : —that of Schlangenbad is not very pleasing to inquire into. Better to continue to enjoy the notion of the delightful and cosmetic properties of the water, than to go behind the scenes, in a nasty narrow little bit of a yard at the Old-House, to peep into the small reservoir under ground of the three sources which supply that celebrated bath, and which are generally kept carefully locked up. The illusion would then, indeed, vanish quite. In the New-House the source is larger and deeper, and gives a better idea of its real character ; still it is but a square reservoir of a few feet each way, with no depth, and nothing about it to recommend the spot. The whole quantity of water which these various sources yield amounts only to 150 *ohms*, or 3375 gallons in one hour ; which is but a scanty supply, compared to the prodigal outpourings of the springs at Wildbad, Gastein, and other

thermal sources. I much fear that the sick heifer, to which the discovery of the springs has been ascribed, could only have got her hoofs wetted in a source so shallow.

Tested with my thermometer at the mouth of the pipes which supply the natural water in the old Bad-haus, I found its temperature to be 86°. In the Neu-bad, on the contrary, being nearer to the real source just described, the water was a degree warmer. There is, as may be imagined, a degree of rivalry in the two establishments, although belonging to the same chief: the attendants at the newer take good care to tell you of the fractional superiority of heat in their bath-water over that of the older establishment; both of which, by the way, are so far young and old, that the one is a *centenaire*, and the other a *bi-centenaire*.

This inferior natural degree of heat of the Schlangenbad water renders it necessary that hot water should be added to it in preparing the baths. In this operation the natural water itself, which has been previously heated, is often used; but occasionally, as the attendants admitted, some common hot water is added to the baths, in consequence of the scanty supply from the natural source. The generality of the bathers, however, know nothing about this, and

about many other *secrets du métier*, which a ferreting doctor alone is permitted to find out; and they dip into the bath tub, or vase, with the fullest confidence that they are bathing in the real snake-water.

Of these bathing-tubs, or basins, there are twelve in as many rooms in the old Bad-haus, and one of them is of marble. The water is admitted into the basins from two cocks. Immediate access is had to the bath-rooms from the bedchambers above, by an *escalier dérobé*, which leads to the dark, and damp, and dismal bath-corridors I have already mentioned. In the Neu-bad the marble basins are five in number, and six others are of different materials. The water is deep in the basins, and admitted at pleasure. Some of the bath-rooms are comfortable, and well fitted up.

I have already mentioned as an hotel the *Nassau-hof*, contiguous to which is the *Kur-haus*, with the *Restoration* next to it. The whole of this establishment, with the Alten-bad and the Neu-bad-haus, are the property of the Sovereign Duke, whose officers fix and regulate the price of lodgings, and every thing else, with the exception of the eating and drinking. The new buildings which have risen up in this sequestered spot since the visit of my brother tourist, are

the *Russische-haus*, in which the préfet resides, the *Englische Hof*, the *Stadt Wiesbaden*, and the *Shöne Ansicht*; one or two of which the reader will find indicated on the left of the vignette. The visitors, therefore, are sure of meeting with adequate accommodation on their arrival.

At almost all these hotels a bedroom, with just furniture enough to say that it is not unfurnished, costs about a florin a day. Some rooms are rated lower; and there are prettier apartments also, for which the higher charge of a florin and twenty kreutzers is made. In the Nassau-hof the visiter must provide his own bedding. With regard to food, every article is as cheap as at any other better frequented Spa. The dinner at the table d'hôte costs one shilling and eightpence, or a florin; and I found that the expenses of all my repasts, refreshment to the postilion, baiting of the horses (as there is no post in the place), baths, wine, *pourboires*, &c., had amounted to about seven florins, or three florins and a half a head, as we were *two* consumers.

The Schlangenbad water is said to soften the skin. It does so only like any other water in which the larger proportion of its saline ingredients consists of carbonate of soda and magnesia. Such is the case with the Schlan-

genbad. The notion that this peculiar quality of the water is due to the animal matter derived from the snakes, or say rather little vipers (for they are nothing else), is absurd ; for after the most scrupulous analysis, no traces of animal matter can be detected in the water. These reptiles are by no means uncommon in deep, shaded, and rocky groves or dells, particularly near water. They are to be seen, for instance at Burscheid, close to Aix-la-Chapelle, under the trees, and near the spring, contiguous to the Rose hotel, in abundance. I found, one day, the ground in that situation, strewn with them ; some of them evidently quite young, and many of them dead. They are also frequent visitors at Wildbad, not far from the edges of and in the forest ; but no one ever dreamt of ascribing any of the virtues of those respective mineral waters to the presence of these creatures ? At Schlangenbad, however, they keep up this notion by a farce which is exhibited to all new comers, and which seems to have made a great impression on the " old man."

The kellner who had waited upon us at table, having put the question to me, of whether, in our walks, we had met with any of the *schlangen*, and having received a negative answer, immediately said, *Vous en verrez ;* and

up he called a little boy, who (much in the way of those poor young creatures from Como or Lucca, whom one sees wandering in tatters through the streets of London with white mice in a cage) was in the practice of running from hotel to hotel, with a deal box under his arm, containing two or three of the said *schlangen* or common vipers. The little fellow produced and opened his little "Zoological," and we had the sleek and graceful twiners out. Placed on the table, they began to exhibit their elegant evolutions and convolutions, darted out their little thread-like bifurcated tongues to catch ants if there had been any, and were again consigned to their nest of hay, out of which they had been disturbed. A town-clerk will show you the city arms and badge of a place which he wishes to stand high in your estimation. Just so with the kellner of the Nassau-hof: in exhibiting the *schlangen* he was only showing off the "arms" of his village.

It is curious also that the *schleim* and bitumen which are found in the thermal waters of Gastein and Wildbad, and to which some people are inclined to ascribe a portion at least of *their* beautifying faculty, are not present in the Schlangenbad. This water contains in every pint three grains of carbonate

of soda. If we suppose, therefore, a bath to consist of seventy gallons, or 560 pints of the water (taking it for granted that all the water supplied is genuine), it will hold, in solution, exactly three ounces and a half of carbonate of soda; besides which it will contain nearly an ounce of carbonate of magnesia. Now let my fair readers (if I should be fortunate enough to have any) cause an equal amount of those two saline combinations to be dissolved in their tepid baths, and I will answer for the consequences, as far as the lubrication and satinization of their skin are concerned. But with regard to the promised delight from the baths at Schlangenbad, neither their natural temperature, nor their composition, could be expected to induce any such feeling. The sensations experienced in them appear to me to amount to no more than the natural sense of comfort, generally felt in summer, upon entering a tepid bath. In conclusion, when I set myself to compare Schlangenbad with other thermal springs, and especially with Wildbad, I frankly confess that I felt great disappointment at the result of my inquiries.

The medicinal virtues of the *Schlangevasser* are somewhat less problematical, though not very striking. Their action on the system is

not very evident; it is slow, and it will prove effectual, if the use of the water be continued with perseverance, and not otherwise. As a sodaic beverage in slight cases of dyspepsia, it will be found useful. It soothes, unquestionably, certain degrees of morbid irritability of the intestines; but the amount of benefit is not very considerable. The Schlangenbad water may be drunk in quantities of from five to eight beakers every morning, without inconvenience. In my conversation with some patients, I learned that its internal use had proved successful in scrofulous disorders, and cases in which a tendency to gravel and acidity in the stomach existed. I am not acquainted with more than two or three cases of disease cured by the internal use of this water. People, however, seldom go to Schlangenbad to drink the water. Their chief object there is bathing; and many hundred invalids, after taking the Ems waters for six weeks, repair to Schlangenbad for that purpose.

It is incredible how greatly the number of visitors to that Spa has increased, since the writer of "The Bubbles" has proclaimed, in his merry mood, the beautifying property of its bath. To the "old man" himself the descriptive volume of the bath, if not the bath itself,

has proved beyond doubt a *sovereign* beautifier. It has made a young man of him, a knight, an assistant poor-law commissioner, a lieutenant-governor of a colony, and lastly a baronet :

“ The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
But these are none of them.”

Authors are not always so lucky.

CHAPTER VII.

SCHWALBACH.

Road to Schwalbach—The Taunus hills—The plateau—A surprise—LANGEN-SCHWALBACH—Wrong position—Tracing the springs—Leavings of the “old man of the bubbles”—True *local* of Schwalbach—Comparisons at home—Poetry and reality—Pompous descriptions — Dr. FENNER de Fenneberg—Visit to him—A scene—A disappointment—The SPRINGS—The *Paulinen*—The *Weinbrunnen*—The *Stahlbrunnen*—Their taste and physical characters—Presence of steel in all of them—Errors rectified—Dr. Fenner’s pocket volume—An incorrect guide—Effect of the *Paulinen*—Medical powers of the *Wein* and *Stahlbrunnen*—BATHS—Their efficacy—BAD-HAUS—Description of the apartments—Distribution and prices of the baths—A medical character—HOTELS—the *Post-Hof*—New buildings — Favourable situation—Coup d’œil—The “two-prong fork” newly tinkered—Influx of strangers at Schwalbach—The French cannot make “Head” against the English—Amusements — Environs — Climate — Living—Church service.

ADIEU to Schlangenbad, and on to the next Spa, LANGEN-SCHWALBACH, over a continuation of that same beautiful and smooth *chaussée* by which we had come, after leaving the border of the Rhine. We followed the direction of the narrow valley, ascending it at every step, while an insignificant mountain-stream, differing but little from a gutter after a shower of rain, keeps murmuring down it. One mile only of the valley of *La*

Mourg, near Forbach, is worth more than the whole of this drive, in point of natural beauties. The alluvial hills, when we had reached at last the summit of the road, presented exactly the same geological characters which I had noticed in other districts of the Taunus chain. In one particular spot, a rock jutting out of the barren acclivity, on the left of the valley, and a corresponding one of the same kind on the opposite acclivity, showed, by their surfaces, where a violent separation must have taken place in times far gone,—when, perhaps, the very humble streamlet of to-day was a mighty torrent, occupying the whole of the narrow valley as its channel. This feature occurs just before the village of *Wambach*, by the side of the Red Cross Hill, to which is attached a dismal story, that has escaped even the keen-eyed inquisitiveness of the “old man of the brunnens.”

Beyond *Wambach*, farewell to all the beauties of the humble valley of *Schlangenbad*. The scenery then becomes one of the most ordinary character. A little further on we joined the high *chaussée* which comes direct from *Wiesbaden*, ever the same, broad, fine, hard, and smooth, and which traverses henceforward that singular plateau of the Taunus on which the ducal hunting-schloss, called *Die Platte*, and the *Trompeter-*

berg, rear their peaked heads, with many others, not far away to the north-east. The nearer hills, among the very summits of which the road has found its level course, are most of them highly cultivated, and some clothed with dwarf forests. Altogether, however, the scene is by no means inspiriting, and the wide expanse all around us appeared for a moment desolate.

Presently we found ourselves rattling down at a rapid pace, with wheels unshackled, into the vale in which Langen-Schwalbach is seated. When we had reached about the half of our downward course, our eye caught the deep hollow, or head of the valley, wooded all round on the sides of the hills, and down to the very edge of the prairie which formed the bottom of the valley. It was to us a beautiful and unexpected surprise, and I took it for granted that, in this little heaven of verdure, which contrasted singularly and pleasingly with the dull ploughed fields we had just traversed, I should find planted the much-extolled paradise of the "old bubble-man." *Pas du tout.* Excepting a neat white house on the crest of the opposite shore, no vestige of town or village appeared as yet in sight; but in due time, as the road, after having nearly reached its level, suddenly whirled round to the right, the cream and pink coloured Bad-

haus, with its heavy arcade of square pilasters (resembling the sombre porticoes of Bologna), and the various buildings which constitute, as I afterwards found, the upper part of Schwalbach, burst upon us at once. Beyond this scene the round hills looked barren; so that, in seeking this much-extolled watering-place, we had to leave, at a rapid pace, a lovely though brief region of enchantment, to sink into a hollow range, nearly destitute of natural beauties.

There is no denying it: Langen-Schwalbach has the ill-luck of being placed at the wrong end of its valley. There is no comparison between the romantic and secluded charms of the head of this deep hollow, which you discover only when about halfway down the precipitous road that leads into the village, and those of the opposite end of the valley, in which the new town partly lies, and the old town altogether. This glaring truth becomes even more evident when we consider the position of the mineral sources, which, for the convenience of nearness to the town, have been tapped, and made to spring up, in times not far remote (and, in the case of one of them, very recently), too far away from what nature intended should be their appropriate locality.

There are three springs of mineral water in

this place. One of them is called the *Paulinen*. Its existence dates only since 1828. It was discovered not far from the other two sources, which have been known a little more than half a century. The desire to unite, within one and the same circle, three such fountains, induced the good people of Schwalbach to establish the newly-discovered one precisely where its water was first detected. Had a little reflection been summoned to their councils on the occasion, these wise people would have perceived that the scantiness of the supply, and the relative position of the discovered spring, pointed out the necessity of tracing the real source much higher up, towards the head of the vale, and away from the village. This, however, was not done, and the spring was opened, with great glee and ceremony, close to the upper end of the village, an illustrious princess of Nassau giving to it her own name. But the water has since been playing the truant. At first it became scanty and unwilling, and at last it threatened a dearth, which was alarming. Then, and not till then, some one wiser than the rest, suggested the propriety of tracking the healing spring to a higher source up the valley, where it was actually found in the greatest abundance, purer, and more limpid, and with a profusion of gas. Here, then, it was

determined at once to erect the necessary shafts, seats, and pavilions,—which operations were in full execution when I visited the spot—a spot that will henceforth be designated by the appellation of *Neu-Quelle*. All this has taken place since the publication of Sir Francis Head's description.

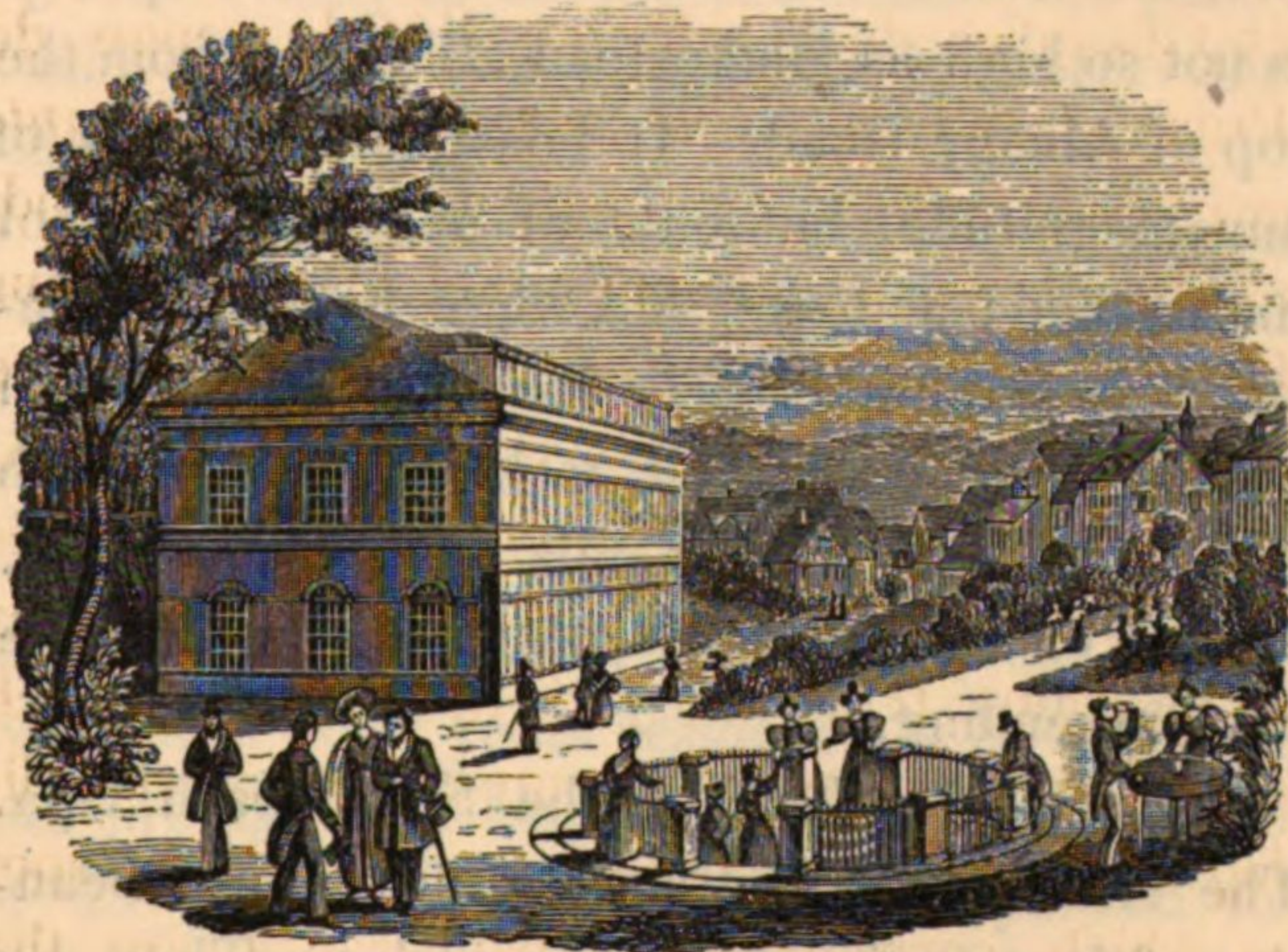
On examination of the geognostic locality of this *Neu-Quelle*, in which the *Grauwake* prevails, I feel a sort of conviction that, near it, and, therefore, in the very region I before alluded to, as being the most romantic, and as likely to be the seat selected by nature for her salutary springs, would be found, if persevering search were made for them, the fountain heads of the two other springs which give to Schwalbach its reputation. It is not unlikely, therefore, that at no distant time the *bourg* or village of Schwalbach will migrate away from its present position, higher up into the valley, leaving the present or modern, and the older position, to become old together;—just as the former left the latter not many years since, when the springs now frequented, and first discovered in 1780, were found to be superior to two others, which for centuries before had been the only springs in *Old Schwalbach*, lower down the valley, but which are now completely deserted.

The gifted writer who has been before me in describing the situation of this Spa, has confined his graphic touches to the building materials and the streets of Old and New Schwalbach. He has not glanced at that part of the *local* which, in a Spa, forms a great leading feature—the natural situation of the springs, and the scenery around them. This (besides every thing that is chemical, medical, and physical) he has left for others to do ; and I am thankful for the gleanings, although I despair of benefiting my readers by it, to the degree in which they have been amused by the dexterous reaper who has preceded me. If I am not led away into the poetical and imaginative, like my predecessor, while I endeavour to convey an accurate notion of reality to my readers, it is because I describe “ things as they are,” and from notes pencilled on the spot,—like the sketches in a painter’s portfolio. What is homely is homely ; and if nature has denied to Schwalbach those beauties which form a halo around most of the other Spas I have described, the pen of imagination should not supply their place.

Fancy two of the Surrey hills, near London, placed opposite each other, with an oblong slip of pasture land at the bottom, between them, through which a stream *one foot* wide (except

after heavy storms) worms it way down the middle of it. Place, halfway on the acclivity of one of the hills, a handsome *chaussée* or macadamized road, with a descent of some feet to the mile, until it reaches the very gate of a large building called the Post-hof hotel. Plant on the summit of the other, or opposite hill, an insulated house or villa, such as one sees every day on Tulse Hill, and call it,—as the poetical FENNER de Fenneberg, “Docteur en Médecine, Conseiller intime de S. A. le Duc de Nassau, et Chevalier de l’Ordre de l’Aigle rouge de Prusse,” styles it,—*Une couronne resplendissante qui semble planer au-dessus de la vallée*; and, above all, let the said house belong to Monsieur GRANDPIERRE; and a proper idea will then be formed of the “heavenly retreat” of Langenschwalbach, as I have heard the *conseiller intime* himself call that village. Where the green part of the valley terminates, and the buildings which constitute the modern or upper end of the village begin, a species of parterre marks the spot in which, surrounded by balustrades, are the three mineral springs, at no very great distance from each other. The Bad-haus, to which I have already made allusion, stands on one side of this open and favoured place; while, on the other side, or that which is in a line with, and is,

in fact, a continuation of, the great *chaussée*,—the Post-hof hotel, and many other buildings of the like destination, facing each other, form the entrance or beginning of a long and crescent-like range of variously-shaped dwellings (placed on high ground, and backed by a ridge of moderately-sized hills), constituting the modern part of the village—the court end of the Spa. The vignette I here introduce will serve to convey a tolerably correct idea of this locality.



From the windows of my apartment at the Hôtel de la Poste, a showy and palace-like building, I surveyed, at leisure, these several localities, which lie all within the space of a single *coup d'œil*, and among which I must not

omit to mention also the promenade. The latter runs along the margin of the opposite hill, beginning at the springs and ascending the valley, at the upper part of which it crosses the fields towards the new Paulinen, where it joins a returning path through the valley, parallel to the great *chaussée*, which stands at a considerable elevation over it. In all this panorama, nothing but what is of the most ordinary description of rural features, presents itself. The hill nearest to the springs is not so high as Hampstead Hill, seen from the top of Albany Road. It boasts of no trees of any magnitude, but only of a few patches of underwood; and the said white house of Monsieur de Grandpierre is the only object which breaks the monotony of its acclivity,—along which the narrow and zigzag walk before described, planted on each side with young acacias, may be seen ascending.

Such is the *local* of the Schwalbach Spa. The situation is pretty, but the natural beauties of it are of a secondary order. They are beauties (to speak again of homely landscapes) the like of which one may expect to find in many parts of Derbyshire or Yorkshire, and such as I have seen eclipsed a hundred times, on the charming road from the Menai Bridge to Penryn

Castle. The wood to which the "man of the bubbles" alludes in his description, containing oak and beech trees, with "abundance of slugs, red snails, and immense blackbeetles," and to which he ascended by "zigzag paths cut in various directions," is part of that identical sylvan and romantic scenery which forms the head of the valley away from Schwalbach—to which I referred while descending the road from Schlangenbad, and which is almost too distant a feature of real beauty to be pressed within the panoramic circle. I have described nearer the village.

After this matter-of-fact account of the place, I will not trouble my readers with the inflated and pompous description of the very same locality by the chevalier *de l'aigle rouge*. It will be sufficient, in order that they may judge of the degree of credit which is due to that writer (who after forty years residence in Schwalbach has produced at last a 24mo pocket volume of 60 pages, descriptive of the Spa and its efficacy), that I give a specimen of the French vocabulary he has employed on the occasion. The little vale is "un profond vallon entouré de collines bien boisées." The slip of grass land at the bottom of it, and the stream, one foot broad, scarcely visible, are "une nappe de la

verdure la plus fraîche qui forme le fond du tableau entrecoupée par l'azur d'un ruisseau limpide dont on admire les ondes" (!), &c. &c. The little parterre between the *Paulinen* and its next door neighbour the *Weinbrunnen*, which I have marked in the vignette, is represented by "milles fleurs variées, cultivées par des mains habiles, qui repandent le parfum le plus suave dans la vallée." Lastly, the first view of the buildings, such as I have described, is expressed by "une rangée de maisons resplendissantes de mille couleurs, dont les unes sont fort-élevées, adossées au pied d'une côte couverte des plus beaux épis, surprend on ne peut plus agréablement, le voyageur." Verily the worthy doctor has dipped his pen in a rosy ink, and cannot be said to have seen the objects he describes with "one eye" only.

To this inspired *confrère*, as soon as I had surveyed the field of action, and taken my notes and bearings, I hastened to pay my respects, preceded by a boy whom the master of the hotel had directed to show me the way. Evening was fast advancing when I entered a straggling barn-like dwelling, which, somehow or other, has escaped the pencil (or *la plume caustique*, as the doctor himself has called it) of the "old man," and in which Dr. Fenner de Fenneberg

resides. My conductor having, with a familiarity which amounted almost to rudeness, thrown open a folding door, I perceived the doctor in his favourite costume, a *robe de chambre*, seated at a small table in the middle of a room, the arrangement of which, owing to the doubtful light of an ill-burning argand lamp, I could not readily distinguish. Before him stood three or four smoking-hot dishes, principally of vegetables, including potatoes, which a son and daughter, as I took them to be, were about to share with him. I offered to withdraw, but the chevalier, snatching up the ponderous lamp, and seizing fast hold of my hand, as he approached the door on the threshold of which I stood cap in hand, would not hear of a retreat. Politely deaf to my entreaties, he insisted on leading, or rather dragging me, while he lighted the way with the identical lamp, into another room. “Vous venez sans doute de l’Angleterre?” said he, and I bowed. “Apparemment que vous êtes pressé, puisque vous venez si tard : nous allons dépêcher votre affaire bientôt ;” and, still keeping possession of my hand, down he sat me on an iron spring sofa, once elastic, no doubt, now, alas ! as uncomfortable as if I had suddenly sat me down on the top of “nine pins.” But here a suitable explanation on my part took

place, and my humble self being, thereby, converted into a *cher collègue*, instead of a still more *cher malade*, I soon felt the grasp of the hand relax, and the symbol of the "Union fire-office" was presently dissolved. Earnestness no longer resisted the entreaty which urbanity dictated, that the host should return to his supper; and in five minutes more the "chevalier médecin inspecteur des Eaux de Schwalbach," and myself, were as far apart as if we had never been together. Still he most readily acceded to my request, of being allowed to visit the several springs and the bath-rooms in his company, at eight o'clock the next morning. I proposed six, that being my general hour of doing business ever since I had left England; but he seemed shocked at this, and I agreed to his own time.

I believe I have already mentioned the names of the three mineral springs at Schwalbach: they are the *Weinbrunnen*, the *Stahlbrunnen*, and the *Paulinenbrunnen*. The water in all of them is as clear as crystal, and slightly bubbling. The taste of the latter, particularly at the newly-discovered source higher up in the valley, where it contains more carbonic acid, is simply pleasant. That of the first spring differs from it in having the usual *après-goût* which, partly saline and

partly chalybeate waters have ; yet the predominant taste is that of carbonic acid. The *Weinbrunnen* offers to the taste the same sensation which one experiences on applying the tongue to a bar of iron, and with it there is mixed the acidulated taste of Seltzer water. This spring is also emphatically called “the chalybeate water.” It lies heavy and very cold on the stomach, as I found to my cost—much more so than either the *Weinbrunnen* or the *Paulinenbrun.*

The quantity of carbonic acid gas is greater in the *Paulinen* than in either the *Wein* or the *Stahlbrunnen*. The relative proportion in a pint of the latter is twenty-three cubic inches, that of the *Paulinen* being twenty-nine.

There is steel or carbonate of iron in all the springs. The *Paulinen* contains the least of it. With regard to the other two, the question, as represented by the worthy doctor in his little manual, is a perfect puzzle. According to the analysis of KASTNER, which is the most recent, the reader will find in my general table, that the *Stahlbrunnen* holds in solution three-quarters of a grain of the carbonate of iron in a pint of the water, while the *Weinbrunnen* is represented to hold as much as eighty-five out of a hundred

parts, into which a grain is divided, and, consequently, to contain thirteen one-hundredth parts of a grain more than the *Stahlbrunnen*. Yet the latter is, as I before observed, emphatically called by Dr. Fenner the *Steel spring*; and the writer of the "Bubbles" repeats the appellation, calling it by the two names of the *Strong Stahl*, or the *Steelbrunnen*. But the good doctor, I fear, is not much of a chemist, and still less of a calculator; for I find that, although he quotes and adopts the statement of Kastner, who analyzed the waters of Schwalbach, and who has assigned to the said Steel spring, or *Stahlbrunnen*, twenty-three cubic inches of free gas, whereas the *Weinbrunnen* has twenty-six; yet in describing the properties of the former, he says, "*l'acide carbonique s'y rencontre dans une proportion plus grande!*" Another striking deficiency in the chevalier's little work, which, I am sorry to say, renders it altogether useless, is this,—that in the analyses said to be quoted from the chemist before mentioned, the number of grains assigned to some of the ingredients is wrong; and the sum total is still more so, when compared with the numbers placed against each individual ingredient. I have not been able to find the original publication (if any) in which Kastner has given to the world his analyses of

these waters, in order that I might compare it with the quotation of Fenner; but as I find that all the former chemists who have from time to time analyzed the *Stahlbrunnen* and the *Weinbrunnen*, assign to the latter, and not to the former, the largest proportion of steel, I must conclude that Dr. Fenner's quotation from Kastner, which also ascribes a greater quantity of steel to the *Weinbrunnen*, must be correct. If so, what becomes of the propriety of calling the *Stahlbrunnen* "the Steel spring," or "the Strong Stahl," or, in fine, "l'eau chalybée?" It is thus that errors are perpetuated, until somebody takes the trouble to inquire into them.

I am ready to admit that the taste of the *Stahlbrunnen* would warrant the appellation of "eau chalybée," which chemistry denies to it; and, I should say also, in my capacity of a physician, who has tried both waters more than once, that medicine would likewise warrant that appellation, judging from the effects it produces. If so, the explanation of the phenomenon, with regard to the *Stahlbrunnen*, that with less steel there is a greater effect produced by it on the organs of taste and the stomach, must be sought in the circumstance of a smaller proportion of free carbonic acid gas being present in that spring. In such a case the

flourishing statement of the “Chevalier de l’Aigle rouge” about a “commotion électrique,” and “force enivrante,” ascribed by him to the *Stahlbrunnen*, from erroneously supposing it to contain more carbonic acid gas than it actually holds, becomes good for nothing. Indeed, I fear that, medically speaking, I must close his little book, not only as an imperfect, but as an unsafe guide; and I have entered into all the preceding technical details (for the first time in my present volumes) purposely to warn such of my readers as may choose to set off for Schwalbach, impelled by the lively account of it from the pen of Sir Francis, not to rely too much on the printed pages of the baronet’s monocular physician.

Dr. Fenner is as enamoured of the *Paulinen* as Dr. Heidler at Marienbad is of the *Kreutzbrunnen*. But the latter physician finds tangible reasons, in the water itself, for his predilection. The *Paulinen*, on the contrary, is not remarkable for any very salient physical or medical character. It is a pleasing, light, carbonated, and aerated chalybeate, with too little of any alterative or purgative ingredients to produce any very decided effect. Still the *Paulinen* is in great vogue, especially with the ladies, who surround the spring every morning with eager

steps. The water of it does not lie so heavy and uncomfortable on the stomach, when first drank, as that of the other springs.

The other two springs are agents of greater power; and whenever atony, without irritability or any inflammatory tendency, exists, either the *Weinbrunnen* or the *Stahlbrunnen* will be found of essential service. Of these facts I have a full and personal conviction, from observations which have fallen under my own notice. Having examined these waters many years ago, I have been in the habit of occasionally recommending the *Weinbrunnen* for cases of weakness of constitution, sluggish circulation, and want of energy in the muscular system of the body. Female indispositions there are, also, which have been relieved, and many of them cured, by these pleasant chalybeates. I recollect at this moment a young lady who, in one season passed at Schwalbach, recovered her health, which no treatment in London had seemed likely to restore. My experience distinctly authorizes me at the same time to declare, that the worthy *inspecteur des eaux* has carried the list of ailments which the Schwalbach waters are said to cure, beyond even the limits of credulity. That list reminds one of the printed envelopes put around that celebrated cosmetic which owes its birth to the

filthiest and most offensively smelling city in Europe.

Bathing in the mineral waters has been much introduced here, and my means of obtaining information on this head have been considerable. Its efficacy in some disorders is undoubted. The present *Maison des bains*, which stands, conveniently at hand, near the *quellen*, is a new establishment, due to the liberality of the Duke of Nassau. It has two stories; the ground as well as the first story, being arranged on each side of the passage below, and landing-place at the top of the stairs, in long corridors, with several bath-rooms regularly numbered. The baths on the left of the first story are supplied with water from the *Paulinen*; those on the right with water from the *Stahlbrunnen*. Below these is the *Weinbrunnen* on the left, and the *Stahlbrunnen* on the right. A printed paper, containing the regulations of the establishment, hangs up at the entrance-door, where tickets of admission are bought as at a playhouse. Over the front arcade extends a saloon or covered promenade, for such as have bathed, of the same length and breadth as the arcade below.

The bath-rooms on the ground floor contain stone basins to receive the water, which are much stained with the iron, and corroded, as

at Wiesbaden. The price of the baths, here, is 48 kreutzers, or $\frac{4}{5}$ of a florin. Up-stairs the *Paulinen* baths are more economical. The rooms are divided into an inner chamber, with sofa, &c., and an anterior one, in which the bath or basin, lined with lead, of a neat form, and two feet deep, is placed. There are on this floor, as well as below it, double bath-rooms, or *bains de famille*, the charge for which is one florin.

The great covered gallery alluded to, or "Salon de Promenade," is very neat, and 136 feet long. At one end is placed a table, covered with German and French newspapers, for the convenience of the bathers, and for the reading of which nothing is paid. The aspect of this apartment is south-east, and the numerous windows of the front have been ingeniously multiplied, by placing opposite to each a long mirror, so as to reflect the image of the houses and hills opposite, which constitute the modern part of the village. In very cold or rainy weather this saloon is warmed by steam.

In addition to water and vapour bathing, and the *douches* as usual, they have been trying of late to introduce the gaz and mud baths. About these I need not waste a word. The position of the building being at the lowest point of the level of the upper valley, the water

from the three mineral sources is easily conveyed by pipes to the baths, and to certain reservoirs as well, from which latter, a portion of the water goes to supply the caldrons that are kept constantly heated, for the purpose of raising the temperature of the cold mineral water already in the baths to 26° of Reaumur, agreeably to Dr. Fenner's instruction. Here the same objection obtains, which I make against all such processes for heating gaseous chalybeate waters. By that operation, the gas is driven off, and much of the iron precipitated, and thus the natural water is stripped of much of its virtues.

Bathing is generally recommended to take place simultaneously with the drinking of either of the springs: but a few of the invalids confine themselves to one only of those operations.

Hitherto I had gone my rounds accompanied by my guide, Dr. Fenner. At last I found him either unwilling to impart knowledge, or fearful of doing it, or possessing none to impart. Sharp, short, and laconic, he strove to save himself the trouble of showing that the French language was not very familiar to him; so I presently took my humble leave of him, to pursue, unassisted, my own inquiries, and sketch down my own descriptions.

I stated that the *Post-Hof* was the hotel I se-

lected. It is quite new, and the best-looking in the place ;—and its interior is answerable in every respect. The master of the house is a very civil person, and the appurtenances of the establishment are highly creditable. Following the same side of the village, we find, halfway down it, two houses very recently erected, away from the long street of the village, and by the side of the old-established *Hotel de la Promenade*.

These edifices, which are of solid stone, are built in the style of the best modern houses in Stuttgardt or Munich,—a style that may be now called “the continental style of architecture,” so generally does it prevail in all new and important private buildings of the several capitals, from St. Petersburg to Munich. Both the buildings in question are intended to be let in chambers, or lodgings. The situation of one of them, which belongs to the master of the *Allée Hotel*, is very well managed. While the front balcony over the large gate commands the view of the upper valley, which is all smiles and verdure, the windows at the back look down upon the old, or, as it will ere long be called by the inhabitants themselves, the *Unter Schwalbach*, sunk deep amid dark and barren hills. The contrast thus offered to the spectator,

through a mere turn of the head, is both pleasing and striking, owing to the great dissimilarity in the two views. The apartments, which I visited *de haut en bas*, are simply fitted up—without ostentation, and with some taste. The rooms are well-proportioned, and airy. The rent for a suite of rooms in this house will be from six to eight florins per day, in the height of the season. These hotel-keepers, *aux eaux*, make rapid fortunes: not so the doctors, I suspect.

While standing on the balcony in front of this very house, so beautifully situated between *Ober* and *Unter* Schwalbach,—as the Germans will soon call the two halves of the village,—with the back windows open at the same time, so that, at one glance, I could embrace the whole valley, I looked for the two-pronged fork of Sir Francis; but this utensil, since his visit, has apparently been tinkered into a different shape. The “old man” would find, were he to stand where I stood, that from the old monastic church, now under repair, to the old chateau of Hesse, “the long handle of the fork” has now but one prong projecting from it, as far as the last house on the *chaussée* to Wiesbaden, beyond the *Weinbrunnen*. If there be any

more prongs, they are merely the fragments of two others,—the one passing before the *Indien Hof*, now prolonged upwards as far as the *Parisien Hof* and *Stahlbrunnen*, where it terminates, — the other coming up from Lower Schwalbach between the said chateau of Hesse and the Catholic church, crossing the *chaussée* to Ems. There it joins the carriage-road, which leads to the Berg promenade, and to the wood along the right side of the valley, ascending; so that the two-prong fork has now become one of three prongs, two of which are shorter than the third.

Besides the hotels I have mentioned, and the *Goldenen Brunnen*, the *Kaiser-saal*, the *Russischer-kaiser*, and the never-to-be-forgotten *Goldene Kette*, there are other Gast-houses and Gast-hofs without end; and thus no well-grounded fear can exist that accommodation for the visiter, will at any time be wanting.

The number of these houses is greatly on the increase. According to the report of the master of the *Post-Hof*, and postmaster to boot, who has inhabited Schwalbach for forty years, it would appear that the English have only been known to frequent this Spa since 1832. That individual attributes this beneficial influx to

“ Captain Head,” and blesses him for it. Before the appearance of that work, French families without number, as well as Germans from all parts of the country, used to visit Schwalbach. At present, however, of the French nation hardly one individual shows his face at the Spa during the season ; while very few of the Germans make their appearance in it. *A quoi cela tient*, mine host could not make out.

The general visitors of last year amounted to about two thousand four hundred. As yet this Spa has not been sufficiently aristocraticized. It will take long, very long, before it becomes what Toeplitz, Carlsbad, or Marienbad, have long been in that respect.

The amusements at Schwalbach are of the same routine description which one meets at all the other Spas where gambling is permitted. The accommodations for any public amusements are scanty. There is an ALLEE-SAAL, so called because it is near an avenue or range of trees planted upon a raised terrace, which serves as a sheltered promenade during the hours of noon-tide ; and there is a table d’hôte in the *Allée-Saal* for a florin a head, as well as a number of *petites diners à la carte* at all hours of the day (a recent innovation), at which eating and drinking are

both on very reasonable terms. Sometimes dancing takes place in the *Saal* ; but the latter is an oldfashioned building, very low, and *mesquin* to a degree in its interior. The building does not belong to that class of splendid edifices which we have hitherto had occasion to notice in our tour through the principal Spas of Germany.

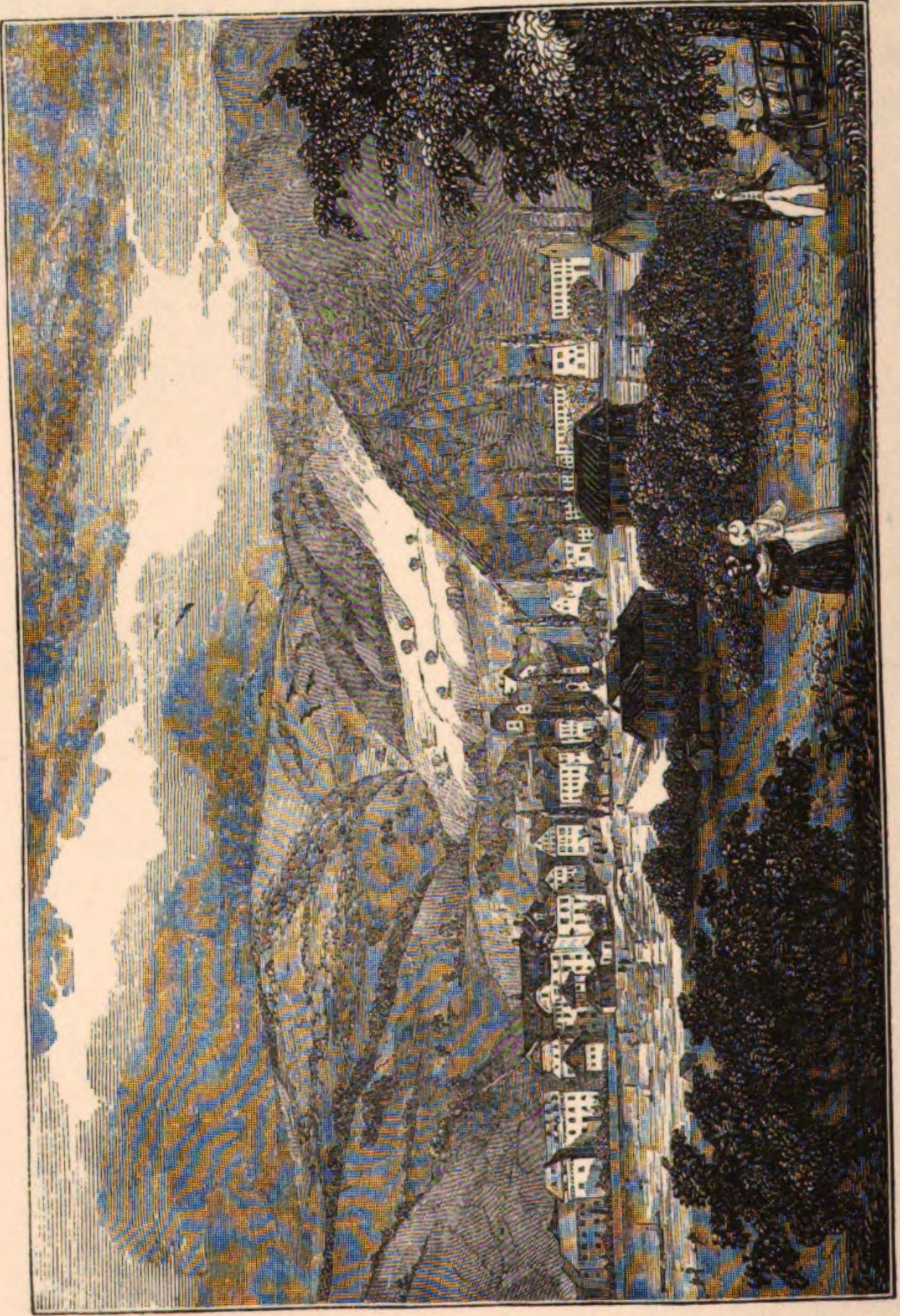
The environs of Schwalbach offer, in one or two directions besides the Wiesbaden and Ems *chaussées*, some interesting excursions. But these I shall not stop to describe ; although I deemed it my duty to visit the *Adolphseck*, the *Eisenhammer*, and *Hohenstein*, as well as the schistous quarries among the hills which I found nearest to the old part of the village, on my way back.

The climate of Schwalbach is rather trying, and the air keen, sharp, and apt to vary in the day. There is excellent water : most of the ordinary articles of diet, including bread, are good also, and wine is very cheap.

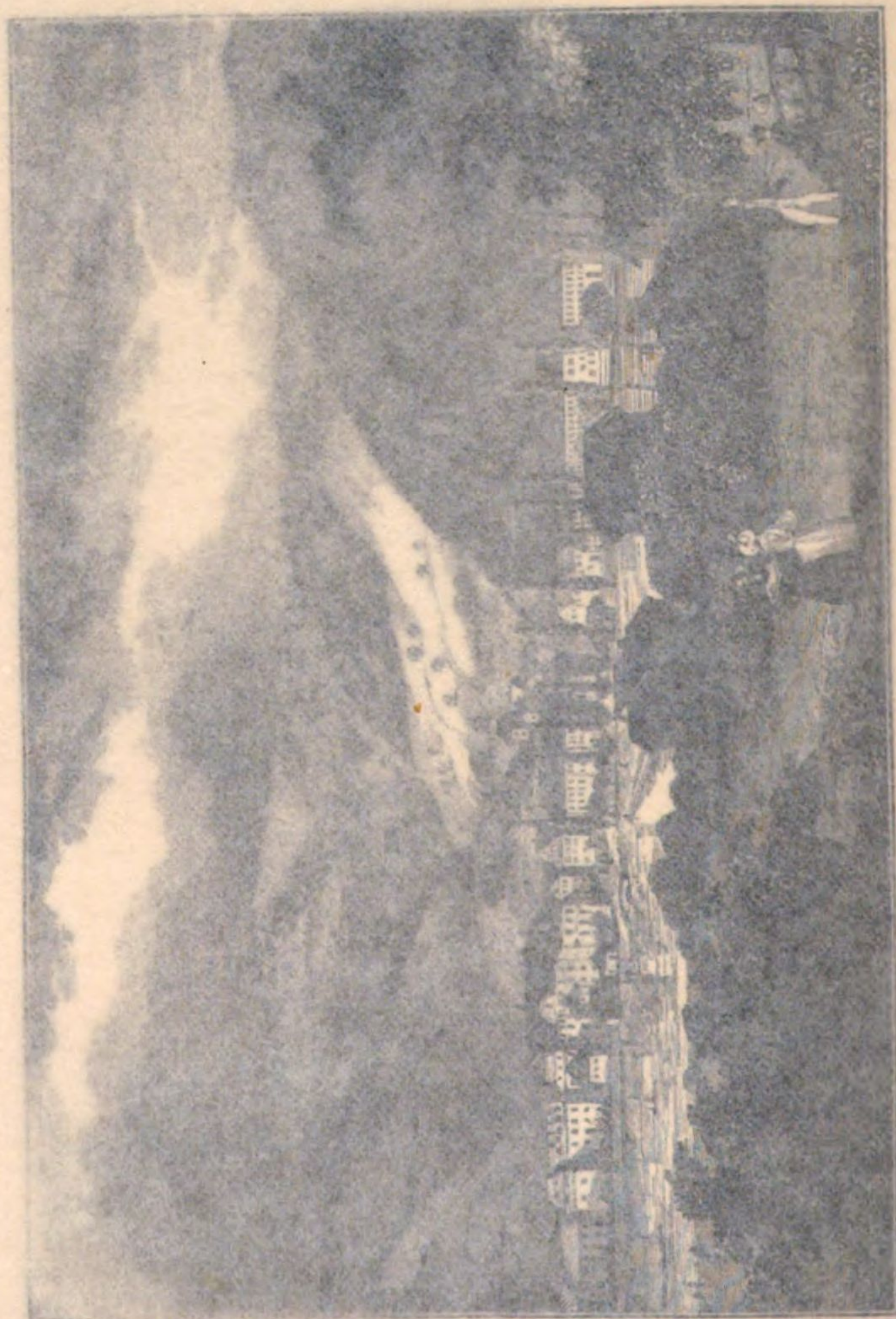
In a place like Schwalbach, which during three months of the year receives from a thousand to twelve hundred persons from England, it is a pleasing fact to know, that they can have the satisfaction of attending church service on Sundays. By permission, the Protestant or

reformed church near the school serves for that purpose; the prayers being read in it, either by a Dutch or an English clergyman, whichever happens to be among the visitors at the Spa.

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CHAPTER VIII.

EMS, OR BAD-EMS.

Loose notions—Renewal of acquaintance—Farewell view to Schwalbach—The “old man asleep”—Road to Nassau—The berg, the suspension-bridge, and the town—Arrival at Ems—Locality of the town—Number of Springs at Ems—Quantity of water supplied—Inferior to Wiesbaden—Dr. VOEGLER—A pedestrian and domiciliary inquisition—General view of Ems—Its extent—The BAUS—The Landbau—Marmorbad—Beautiful suite of rooms—The Mittelbau—*Source des garçons*—What will Miss Martineau say?—The *Fürstenbäder*—The Neu-bau—The Orange-bau—The KUR-HAUS—The Flugel-bau—The RONDEL—Baths and lodging-houses—Charges—*Salle à manger*, and *Salle de Récréation*, in the Kur-haus—Ems behind every other Spa—Drinking springs—The KRAENCHEN-BRUNNEN; and the KESSEL-BRUNNEN—Their temperature, taste, characters, and composition—Effects of the Ems baths—Medical properties of the Ems waters—Diseases cured—Physic-loving nation—General opinion of the author, of the Ems waters—Cases in which they disagree—HOTELS, living, and prices—A *calb-côtelette*—Markets—EXCURSIONS—A word on Nassau donkeys—Evening AMUSEMENTS—Ems in the wrong position—Superior mineral springs on the left bank of the river—Important suggestion—NEU-EMS—Old Ems on the decline—Reasons and proofs—A word to the wise—Re-edification of Ems—CONCLUSION.

IF there be a Spa in Germany, the name of which is more familiar to English ears than any other, it is Ems; although it would puzzle more than one of my readers and their medical friends to explain the reason of so much po-

pularity. I may state it freely, and at once, before I proceed further, that two-thirds of those who go, or are sent hence, every year, to that Spa, to drink the waters, or to bathe in them, do so because the other third of the total number had gone before them, and for no better reason. I have asked many: Why do you go to Ems? and the answer has been, "To drink the waters."—"But which, and with what expectation?"—"As to the which, I have not been told; and as to the expectation, why, to get well to be sure." And I declare that with this and no more information, a great many individuals have even ascended the Rhine to reach Bad-Ems, on the banks of the Lahn.

With Ems I have long been personally acquainted. I have had more than one occasion to study its locality, the nature, and above all, the origin and course of its mineral sources, and the effect of the water, used either internally or externally, in cases of disease. I have had many and serious conversations respecting all these points, with physicians in foreign parts, the best acquainted with those particulars. Lastly, I took the opportunity, in the course of my very recent visit to the same Spa, to examine more minutely than I had done before, the distribution of the springs, and of

the baths, in order to see if any new arrangements or improvements had been made during the last few years ;—and the result is that I have come to certain conclusions, which differ in many respects from those of the physicians who reside and practise at Ems.

The highly-wrought eulogiums which those learned persons bestow on the paradise they inhabit, and the panacea they wield, have been the cause of that general, yet undefined opinion by which people have often been led to undertake a pilgrimage to Ems. It is of no mean importance, therefore, that we should have the plain and unvarnished truth before us ; that we should see “ things as they are,” and should judge from positive evidence of the nature and efficacy of Ems in all its bearings, instead of being led away by the testimony of interested persons, or the humorous imaginings of some gay layman and tourist.

I always thought, and I think so still (the more I see of the place), that Ems, as a Spa, is in the wrong position. It is so as a place of residence during the summer ; and it is so as regards the true point at which the mineral sources ought to have been converted to use. These are startling assertions, no doubt ; but ere I have concluded

my chapter on Ems, I trust that I shall have made their truth and accuracy fully apparent.

When we drove from the Post-hof at Schwalbach to gain the high road to Ems, we found ourselves ascending, at a very slow pace, to a summit of considerable elevation on the opposite side of the valley, after having crossed the village. From the height we had gained, a full view of Schwalbach opened before us, and we perceived, at once, how truly the epithet of *Langhen* had been tacked to it. The *chaussée* to Wiesbaden, ascending along the hills on the side of the valley we had left, and losing itself in the woods above the *Neu-quelle*; and the carriage promenade to the same wood over the mountain which, beginning at the Bad-haus, passes behind the house of Mons. de Grand-pierre, on the side of the valley we were now upon; distinctly marked the two opposite limits of the upper end of the village. The Reformed Church, which stood precisely facing us (as our heads were turned for a moment to study this panorama), with the old monastery on the left, and the Catholic Church on the right, pointed to the centre of the Spa. Beyond it, and farther still, a double and lengthened line of miserable-looking houses, terminated by a green plot of ground, which seemed to be imprisoned within

an ugly, undulating, dull-looking line of schistous hills, proclaimed the farthest confines and termination of Schwalbach.

The "old man of the brunnen" must have been asleep when, having reached, on his way from Ems, this very summit ere he descended into the village, he could not perceive any part of the extended view I have just detailed, until "the magnetical dip of the German driver's whip had pointed perpendicularly downwards into a ravine, from which peeped up a couple of church steeples." The very first indication of the village, from the point of the *chaussée* in question (and I studied the effect on purpose), is the sudden appearance of all the modern buildings which surround the great centre of attraction, namely, the springs; nor can the old church, or the older part of Schwalbach—that is the east end of it—deeply buried in the lowest part of the valley, be seen, until the entire amphitheatre of those green and flesh-coloured edifices have been some minutes, at least, in sight of a wakeful traveller. The description of such a view as this would have been equally worthy of the graphic pen of the "old man," and would, moreover, have been true. It is impossible to catch a glimpse of the "couple of steeples," without long before perceiving the best part of the vil-

lage, which presents the appearance of town-like bustle, and nothing very picturesque. Was this the reason why the "old man" rejected it as a subject for his own description?

It is beyond doubt that the most favourable approach to Schwalbach is by the *chaussée* from Wiesbaden and Schlangenbad. Arriving from Ems you have nothing to greet you first but the barren schistous rocks which close the valley at its eastern termination; whereas coming from Wiesbaden, as I before observed, you descend through the only captivating part of the neighbourhood of Schwalbach, and salute the springs and new village, ere the old and little-inviting congregation of miserable huts appear in view.

The readers who may feel tempted to visit the southern and western Spas of Nassau, as a tour of pleasure, may rest assured, that the most attractive and picturesque line of direction is precisely the reverse of that which is described in lively colours by the author of "the bubbles." Instead of beginning at Ems and ending at Wiesbaden, they should begin at Wiesbaden and end at Ems. By the former direction (as they must have noticed in reading the amusing pages of that writer) they march away from what is truly exquisite in point of natural beauties, to a formal spot which borrows from art all its

attractions. By the second they march *de beauté en beauté*, until they reach the region of Nassau, Dausenau, and Bad-Ems, where nothing is attractive but what Nature has spread around her with a lavishing hand.

Some persons will feel inclined to think that I bestow too much importance on these distinctions in travelling; but to such I answer thus: An invalid who is in search of health while travelling, will find it his interest, always to select (when a choice of directions, or more than one road, exists) that which offers the largest amount of gratification, in the way of lovely and picturesque scenery, striking elevations, progressive improvement in the surrounding landscape, and a cheering aspect of the country through which he is recommended to travel. *Experte crede.*

Returning now to the spot which led to this digression, we found that the road, after quitting it, ascends all the way to Kemel; a small, miserable village, placed on an eminence, from which the *Wisperbach*, an insignificant brook, takes its source. After receiving several tributary streams from the hills near Schwalbach, and swelling into a river, the Wisperbach throws itself into the Rhine, between the hill on which the ruins of Sonneck stand, and Lorch.

At every step new and striking features of the

Taunus map unfold themselves ; but the forests are all of small growth, and far from being majestic. They serve to dot, pleasingly enough, a vast extent of territory within the circle of vision ; but they fail to inspire the spectators with that awe and feeling of solemnity which the almost impenetrable and soaring forests of Thuringia and the Schwartzwald excite. Every thing is *en petit* ; and I should call this region of Germany, a miniature epitome of almost all the grandest features, so bountifully and largely scattered over the broad surface of that empire.

From Kemel to Holzhausen, the *chaussée*, always excellent, traverses a wood, formed here again of stunted trees of the pine tribe ; and no hills appeared to rise around us, from the level on which we were travelling. It seemed, indeed, as if we had attained the highest region, and were skipping from peak to peak, descending and ascending, but slightly, and then only in the softest undulating manner possible, from one to the other. At Holzhausen, a village consisting of four or five houses only, the postilion halted to give his tired cattle a little black bread, which the poor animals devoured greedily. Even in this lonely and deserted spot, an "Hôtel de Russie" displayed its golden letters inscribed on azure ground. The temptation to visit such an establishment, and in such a place, must be, I

presume, the extensive view of the country, or vast plateau of the western Taunus, which may be enjoyed from it.

From hence, the road descends by gentle undulations all the way to Sing-hofer, the post station,—to reach which we had employed upwards of two hours and a half from the time of leaving Schwalbach, although the distance is only three German miles. “*Das ist Sing-hofer?*” demanded I of the drowsy driver, as I noticed a small village in a hollow, upon the clearing of a transitory, but smart, shower after a storm. “*Ja wohl,*” answered the fellow, very complacently,—as if he had performed wonders in approaching it in so *short* a space of time; mentally looking, no doubt, for a remunerating *trinkgeld*. As the clouds passed away, peeps in the landscape, of various degrees of beauty, were caught here and there, and a freshness in the breeze swept over them, which made us look upon our journey and descent into the lower level, where Sing-hofer lay stretched before us, as the conclusion of a pleasant airing, rather than as the termination of a long stage over mountain land.

From this station the road traverses an enchanting country. The valley and the hills assume a larger and more important aspect.

Nature is every where more grand, vegetation luxuriant, and the rocks are more imposing in their form and character than in that part of the Taunus we had just left. The eye wanders from one magnificent view and striking point to another. The forest has a nobler aspect, the trees are denser, and the early autumnal tints that played on their tops seemed to invest nature around us with a variegated clothing, which was general, except where interrupted by the colour of the descending road. The latter, not yet fully constructed, bent its course so as to gain, by easy spirals, the hollow of a vast valley, through the upper region of which a gentle breeze, even then, was driving before it the last airy vestige of the recent storm.

The exquisitely beautiful little valley of the Mühlbach, which appeared before us at a depth of some hundred feet from where we rode down a steep descent, offered, in graceful winding strips, a rich carpet of vegetation and culture, which soon expanded into a magnificent and gigantic, but garden-like lawn. By the side of it is Berg-Nassau, with the schistous hill towering above it and in front of us—we being then level with its ruined castle. No words can paint this delicious spot, particularly when viewed from the highest eminence upon our road, ere we gained the

level of its little burgh,—the interior of which, by the bye, destroys all illusion. But we went quickly through it, as if the driver himself had been anxious to prevent our feelings of admiration from being damped, by the dark and lowering aspect of a miserable village; and the placid Lahn, with its single-spanned iron suspension-bridge, and the unassuming town of Nassau, on the other side of that river, soon broke on our enchanted eyes. The bridge is suspended from four square solid pyramids of red sandstone; it is simple in its structure, about one hundred feet long, and paved with cross timber. The clock-tower chimed two of the afternoon as we entered the little capital, between the church and the public school—thus completing three hours and a half travelling since we had left Schwalbach.

Soon after quitting NASSAU, the road, taking a westerly direction, follows the tortuous meanderings of the Lahn, ascending the hills which, before we had reached Nassau, had stood before us beyond that river. The direction of the passage through this chain of wooded hills is marked by the course of the Lahn, which makes its way between them, in order to reach Bad-Ems. In many parts this valley resembles that of La Mourg, of several points of which we were strongly reminded. On the right we found the

dwarf vine creeping out of the schistous soil, while the opposite shore was densely covered with short but tufted trees, which concealed among them some important quarries of slate. These latter are worked in some parts, and the slates piled by the road-side, where we saw them ready to be embarked for the Rhine. The road is level afterwards, and passes through Dausenau, where the public school is again the most prominent building. An edifice of the same description exists, at present, in every little town in Nassau, and, indeed, almost every where in Germany,—where the education of *all* the inferior classes is made compulsory. This universality in the system of imparting knowledge in Germany, must materially influence its institutions, and, in the course of twenty years, may change the constitution of the country.

At the end of a pleasant drive, after quitting Dausenau, and still following the margin of the Lahn and its stream, now made green by the reflected colours of the lofty wooded hills which accompany it on both banks throughout its course,—the long range of buildings, looking like the extended quay of a large city, appeared in view, and we presently hailed BAD-EMS—sweeping cheerily into the wide gateway of the Russische-Hof, at which we purposed to take our mittag repast.

The situation of this hotel differs little from that of the rest. They are all placed in a row, with one or two exceptions. They are all backed by either a naked rock or vine-clad hills, which in many cases come close home to the back windows of the house. They have all the noiseless and canal-looking Lahn before them, and they are fronted by the sloping sides of several hills on the opposite side of that river. These, and the few other dwelling-houses, which are either let out in lodgings or occupied by the principal inhabitants, and intervene between the hotels, resembling a long line of buildings erected on a great quay, are thus boxed up, as it were, between two hilly ranges, in many points very lofty. The quay, like the river of which it forms the right bank, runs, east to west, towards the *embouchure* of the Lahn into the Rhine. A shaded promenade is before the Hôtel de Russie, and from its windows the eye, turned to the south-east, descries the entrance into the town, and enjoys a view of the upper or eastern valley, which expands into a region better cultivated, more fertile, and more extensive, than that which lies immediately before the house, in the narrow part of the valley.

I can easily understand how lovely, for a brief period at least, during the sultry months of July and August, such a position must appear to the

beholder. The exposure of all the principal buildings to a south sun during those two months, may be inconvenient at noon; but it may be stated, in extenuation of that circumstance, that the glaring and uncomfortable effect of a bright sun, elsewhere so injurious, is here considerably neutralized by the general and very intense verdant colour that prevails in every direction.

Two effects I should, however, expect from this peculiarity in the position of Bad-Ems,—which is unique among the most frequented mineral springs of Germany,—a perpetual agitation in the nervous system, and a feeling of constantly wanting a more elastic atmosphere.

We will now, agreeably to the plan I have hitherto followed, look methodically; first, to the mineral springs of this place and every circumstance connected with them; secondly, to their virtues and effects in disease; and, lastly, to the accommodation offered by Ems to invalids.

Ems is “a place of many springs.” It boasts indeed, of not less than fifteen, all of which are found within an area of 109,680 square feet; and they yield, in the course of twenty-four hours, twelve thousand four hundred cubic feet of water, at a temperature varying (according to each particular source) from 19° to 44° of Reaumur. I have not met with these statistical

particulars in the works I have had the means of consulting upon Ems, but I deduce and calculate them from the inspection of an old and accurate ground-plan of the sources and their distributions, dimensions and produce, entitled *Grundriss der Quellen, Vasserleitungen, und Baeder zu Bad-Ems*, which my old correspondent and brother practitioner, Dr. Voegler, was kind enough to present to me, although it is now become a scarce print.

In point of quantity, the supply of hot mineral water yielded by nature at Ems is very inferior to that obtained in the same period of time at Wiesbaden, where eighty-four thousand and ninety cubic feet of thermal water are obtained every four-and-twenty hours, from all the sources together.

In regard to temperature, also, the water at Ems is much inferior to that of Wiesbaden. Taking even the highest degree of heat known at Ems, namely, 44° of Reaumur, which is that of the water of the twelfth source, called *die quelle bey dem Rondel*, we find a difference, between it and the highest temperature of the springs at Wiesbaden, of not less than 14° of Reaumur.

Dr. VOEGLER, whose name I have just introduced to the notice of my readers, is the oldest and principal physician in the place, residing in

it all the year round, and occupying a house within two or three doors of our hotel, where he accommodates patients with board and lodging during the season. With Dr. Voegler I have been in the habit of frequently corresponding, on account of the several patients whom I had either sent to Ems, or who chose to go thither, "because they had heard from Mrs. Thomas or Lady Betty that Ems had done them so much good, and that their doctor had said it was the best place in the world for the recovery of health." In the course of the last few years several such patients had gone to Ems, the bearer of letters from me to Dr. Voegler; and I was happy of the opportunity of meeting him personally, to talk over those cases; hoping at the same time to gain as much local information as he could give me, and to visit all the bathing-establishments and the principal springs, in his company.

In the latter expectation I was not disappointed. My *confrère*, whom I found in his little study, six feet by two, having just deposited his postmittag pipe to dress and go out, received me with every demonstration of good will and cordiality, and sallied forth with me, without hesitation, to range along the several establishments I wished to examine. The simple narrative of this pedestrian and domiciliary inquisition, as I noted it in my travelling diary on the spot,

and in the presence of my patient guide (according to my wonted custom), I shall transfer to this and the following pages, for the benefit of such of my readers as possess no information respecting Ems, either medical or otherwise, and may be desirous to obtain it.

In the general view I have given of Ems at the head of this chapter, the range of buildings embraced by the following narrative is fully sketched, as it naturally stands on the bank of the Lahn. There are omitted in it a few dwelling-houses, at the entrance of the town, on the right, and a once far-famed edifice called *les quatre tours*, which occupies a situation too far to the west, and away from the rest of the town, to be included in my design. Of that building and its destination I shall have occasion to say a few words before I conclude.

The space of ground to which I have alluded, and in which are found the fifteen springs, is occupied by a series of large and small buildings, some a little more modern than others, but all of them presenting a grotesque Dutch-like appearance, rather than a modernized architectural aspect. These buildings, one or two of which (the *Steinerne Haus*, or stone building, for instance) were formerly private property, belong now wholly to the Duke of Nassau, he having

acquired them by purchase. They bear a generic name of "Bau" (building), with an epithet prefixed, indicative either of their locality, date, or origin.

Thus, beginning at the west end, we have the LAHN-BAU, a large and oldfashioned building, one hundred and forty-five feet long, beginning close and parallel to the margin of the Lahn. This Bau contains thirteen baths on the *Rez-de-Chaussée*, out of the eighty-one principal baths, situated on that level, to be found collectively in all the "Baus" at Ems,—besides a great many more placed at higher levels, in the same buildings. One of those thirteen baths is the "Marmorbad," placed in the centre of a large room, beautifully fitted up. This and the apartments adjoining to it, looking to the river, and forming the angle of the building, are furnished in a style of magnificence and comfort that would satisfy the most fastidious *richard*, no matter from what country. They possess the advantage of an *escalier dérobé* leading from the bed-chamber to the bath-rooms. A small garden, situated between the Lahn-bau and the river, from which it is separated by a handrail, belongs to this house, and is for the use of the lodgers. In all the "Baus" there are what are called cheap bath-rooms, which are situated in the

lowest and almost cellar-like story—gloomy, narrow, unfurnished, with no other decoration but walls whitewashed. The Lahn-bau has them also.

Behind this building, placed at an acute angle with it, stretches the MITTEL-BAU, in a slanting direction to the north-east. It communicates with the Lahn-bau, by an arch thrown over the High-street, or *Strasse nach Coblenz*. This building extends eighty feet in front, and contains those celebrated baths, six in number, which I shall only venture to designate by the local name of *Bubenquellebäder*, lest the fair authoress of the *preventive* system (who has just returned from America) should visit me with her wrath, for proclaiming more palpably the existence of a mineral source which is said to produce results so different from those, the necessity of which she has strongly inculcated in her political economy. Besides these curious baths there are two principal baths in the same Bau, called from their size and appurtenances, *Fürstenbäder*. These two classes of baths in the Mittel-bau, are supplied with water from sources peculiarly their own; one of which, that of the *Fürstenbäder*, has a temperature of 28° to 30° of R., and that of the *Bubenquellebäder* a temperature of 38°. The latter source sup-

plies the water also to the baths in the Lahn-bau ; but whether or not the water retains its *objectionable* faculty when it gets there, I am unable to decipher.

The NEUER-BAU follows next, and is connected, at an obtuse angle, with the preceding Bau, measuring in extent of frontage 120 feet. Here we have eight baths, called the *Kraenchensbäder*, and in a low, angular, cellar-looking place, fitted up with fluted muslin, is found one of the special springs which gives character to Ems as a drinking Spa, and which is called the *Kraenchensbrunnen*.

Proceeding onwards we come to the ORANGE-BAU, extending 150 feet in front, which is reached through a low and long arcade from the last "Bau," and contains within itself all the attractions of Ems : the Kur-haus, the Obers-kur-haus, the Neu-bäder, various sources peculiar to this situation, several reservoirs, and, lastly, the famous *Kesselbrunnen*. This spring is placed in the centre of the semi-oval part of a low and dark vestibule, supported by square columns, which resembles very much the vestibule of some of the old-fashioned theatres in Italy. Close to the *Kesselbrunnen* there is a spring, which I examined particularly, whence a large escape of carbonic gas takes place, without any water.

The termination of the Orange-bau will be connected almost immediately, by order of the Duke, with the Steine-haus, which he has bought; and, with another, and the last building of the range, called the FLUGEL-BAU. This latter edifice, which contains a great number of baths, is placed at right angles to the river, towards which it advances, and from which it is separated by the *Strasse nach Nassau*. All these "Baus" in succession form a sort of irregular square or open space facing the Lahn; the Kur-haus occupying nearly the centre.

In front of the Orange-bau, or in other words, the Oberes-kur-haus, there is a deep source, which springs from a crevice in a solid rock, and is covered over and all round by a polygonal building, called the *Rondel*. The temperature of the water is 44° R., and its vapour is sufficiently powerful to move a machine, by which the water of the spring is raised to the necessary level of the baths belonging to the building.

On the first floor of the Kur-haus there are twelve superior bathing-rooms, fitted up like Turkish tents. The baths are lined with a volcanic rock, called *Strass*, and have an oval shape, and two steps to reach them. These are supplied with one sort of water only, at a

fixed temperature. The baths on the Rez-de-Chaussée, are, as is the case in all the other Baus, very gloomy, damp, and disagreeable. Of these there are six, which serve for four or five sets of bathers every day: the price of them is 36 kreutzers; that of the baths on the first story is a florin (or 1*s.* 10*d.*). The same prices are asked at almost all the other baths, with the exception of the "Marmorbad," and a few more, which are charged somewhat higher.

At all these "Baus," lodgings or apartments, large and small, may be engaged by the week or for the season. There is a vast difference amongst them. Generally speaking, house-room is dear at Ems; although the charge for lodgings in those establishments is fixed by a tarif. The Kur-haus can accommodate upwards of 150 visitors on its different floors, and in different parts, and when the Steine-hof shall be united to it, 268 visitors will find apartments in the building. On each room-door the price is marked from one florin and twenty kreutzers, to two florins a day. There is here an exceedingly pretty and sumptuously-furnished suite of rooms on the first floor, which resemble the interior of some of the best houses in Paris, at twenty florins a day, with a private bath adjoining. On the same floor are several apartments

at two florins a day, very well furnished for the season.

The OBERES-KUR-HAUS, under which, as I have already stated, there is a vestibule or covered gallery, communicating with the arcade leading to the drinking source of the *Kraenchenbrunnen*—and in which there are a few shops, to attract the attention and amuse the *kurgäste* when they drink the water—has a *bel-étage*, which is divided into an oblong “*salle à manger*,” and a long covered gallery parallel to it, fronting the building, and lighted by a great range of windows. Outside this building, a great terrace, over which an awning is spread during the summer months, affords to those who parade up and down the long gallery, or to those who have dined in the great *saal*, the opportunity of breathing a little fresh air.

The “*Salle à manger*” is capable of accommodating about two hundred and sixty guests at the table d’hôte. It is an oblong room, with a bow in the centre. The ceiling is low, and the ornaments and furniture are truly insignificant, after the appearance of the celebrated buildings of Baden, Wiesbaden, Bruckenaue, and other Spas. But the worst feature of the room is its near contiguity to the lofty rock which rises immediately at the back of the house. It is not easy to conceive how it can be possible to eat and breathe in

such a locality during the dog-days,—that being the period usually chosen by invalids for visiting Ems. The Kur-garten lies in front of the Orange-bau ; but, like every other public establishment of this Spa it is small and indifferent, and can serve but little to *égayer* the invalids who are allowed to promenade in it.

In fact, I may state it at once and openly, that Ems is half a century behind every one of the Spas of the first class that I have seen in Germany and described in the present volumes. There is a great talk of improvements ; and a few of the younger and more rakish inhabitants, who affect to be “in the movement,” and to belong to *la jeune Allemagne*, are loud in their complaints, that such a Gothic watering-place has not long ago been made to feel the benefit of reform. Without listening to their remonstrances, it is to be presumed that the duke, having an eye to his own interest, will deem it necessary to lay out some of the funds he so amply collects, through his agents, as the landlord-general of Ems ; else he may rest assured that his Spa will dwindle into insignificance. But the improvements required at Ems are of a class and importance, far different, as I shall show presently, from such as have been hinted at to me.

I have said that the drinking springs are the

KRAENCHENBRUNNEN and the KESSELBRUNNEN, and I have described their locality. The first of these has a temperature of 24° of Reaumur, and yields but a small quantity of water; not more than seventy-two cubic feet in twenty-four hours. In consequence of this deficiency, no bath is allowed to be supplied with water from this source; yet the duke contrives to bottle and export in the course of the year (waiting till the season is over to begin that operation) one hundred and ten thousand cruches, each holding about three pints of it. The water is clear, and has no smell. A considerable quantity of gas escapes on taking up the water with a glass. According to Struve, a pint of sixteen ounces contains fifteen and a half cubic inches of free carbonic acid. The taste, which is gently sub-acid, and milk-warm at first, is succeeded in the mouth by one of an alkaline and soapy nature, which arises from a large proportion of carbonate of soda being left behind, quite insulated, by the evaporation of the gas. The place in which the water is drunk is not calculated to inspire the patients with any cheering thought of future recovery. It is, moreover, so confined that no more than three or four persons can approach it at the same time conveniently.

Passing under the vaulted arcade into the

great vestibule, or enclosed portico, of the Orange-bau, and approaching the *Kurbrunnen* or, as it is also called, the KESSELBRUNNEN, we find a source of clear water, yielding a much larger supply than the former, giving out more carbonic acid, and having a temperature which is quoted at 118° of Fahrenheit, as I have stated in my analytical table, but which my thermometer, repeatedly immersed into the spring by Dr. Voegler and myself, marked only at 117° of Fahrenheit. The taste is sub-acid, like that of the former source. Of the other two or three distinct sources found under the arcade, the taste is much more pleasant, and resembles tepid weak milk and water, slightly sweetened with sugar. I am inclined to think, that were the gas source to which I have before alluded, and which is found in this same locality, to be effectually closed, the gas, now lost and wasted, would find its way to the *Kesselbrunnen*, and add much to the power of that spring, by increasing the quantity of its free carbonic acid gas. The *Kesselbrunnen* yields four thousand three hundred and fifty-six cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours, and supplies the baths in the Flügel-bau, the Felzenbäder, the six Neuer-bäder; as well as the handsome Porcellan-bad on the principal story.

The attendance of the water-bibbers every

morning at both the *Kesselbrunnen* and the *Kraenchenbrunnen*, is very great, particularly at the latter,—and for a very good reason, I dare say, namely, that there is but little water, and that little can only be procured with difficulty: every body therefore desires to have it. The doctors at Ems, however, who are knowing ones, take care never to order more than one or two beakers of this water. What a contrast with the recommendation of the physicians at Carlsbad! The *Kesselbrunnen*, however, is also very generally drunk, and in much larger quantities.

I must refer my readers once more, and for the last time, to the analytical table at the end of the present volume, for an account of the chemical composition of these two springs. There is a discrepancy between the analysis inserted in that table, and that published by some other authors. I obtained mine from Dr. Voegler, who transcribed it for me in my presence, from the copy communicated to him by the government,—by whom Kastner, who had recently re-analyzed the water, had been employed. It is not yet published, and it differs from that given by Struve himself, and still more so from that which Mr. Lee has given in his volumes as being that of Struve. By the latter analysis, it would appear as if the German chemist had assigned a total amount of 19.6194 grains of

solid ingredients to a pint of 16 ounces of the Kraenchenbrunnen; whereas I find that, in the only analysis of the Ems waters published by Struve himself, the solid ingredients in the pint, avoirdupois, amounts to not less than 21.400 grains.

I have observed, elsewhere, that the water from the two drinking springs had no sensible smell. It is not so with regard to the large body of hot mineral water, which is kept in reservoirs for use (a practice universally adopted in all the Baus), or which is transmitted at once to the baths themselves. There it emits a smell faintly sulphureous, or, rather, one resembling that of slacking lime,—as we noticed in the thermal water of Wiesbaden.

The first sensible effects of the bath at Ems, used at a temperature of from 90° to 96° of Fahrenheit, are, a feeling of lassitude, and a disposition to fall asleep in the water. The next effect is a relaxation of the pores of the skin, so as to make the patient very liable to catch cold. Then there comes on, generally, a species of red efflorescence, accompanied by itching — produced, unquestionably, by the quantity of carbonate of soda deposited and remaining on the skin after the bath. Here they have given to this eruption the name of the *bath-itch*; but if any person were to bathe or wash their body in strong alkaline, or

common soap and water, and not rinse the surface of the body in clear tepid water afterwards, itching, and a red eruption over the whole surface, but especially over the limbs, would inevitably ensue. There has been at all times, at the several Spas both at home and abroad, I am sorry to admit, too great a disposition to mystify and complicate the action of the mineral waters on the human constitution. In order to obviate the sleepy feelings, it becomes necessary to keep moving the body in the water; after which the patient is recommended generally to lie down for an hour before breakfast, but not to read while so doing.

The regulations as to hours of bathing, duration of the baths, and precautions to be taken before and after, are exactly here what they are at other thermal springs already described.

The water of the *Kesselbrunnen*, which is mostly recommended to be taken internally, at the same time with the baths, may be drunk in quantities of from one to four, five, or six beakers, of four ounces each, taking the usual walking exercise between the glasses. The stomach, at first, resents both the one and the other of the two drinking-waters at Ems, and some people never get accustomed to them; but, in general, after a few days, they appear to digest readily.

The Ems waters, taken internally, do not act very sensibly as aperients; on the contrary, it is generally found necessary to adopt some additional means to obviate constipation. The Spa doctors, and Dr. Voegler among them, recommend, on such occasions, such inept doses, that very few of the patients they may have from this country will attend to their counsels, but fly at once to calomel, or something analogous. "We are a commercial nation," answered in my hearing an Englishman, who was asked by one of the German physicians why, like all his countrymen, he kept tormenting his poor inside with calomel and a whole catalogue of patent pills to remove constipation? "We are a commercial nation; we must be *quick* in all operations, and cannot afford to wait for your *médecine expectante*."

This habit of taking aperient medicines so prevalent among English people, astonishes all foreigners on the continent, who are still more astonished when they visit England, and see, or are told of, the basketsful of drugs which enter, almost daily, a gentleman's house in London. One of these foreign visitors asked me one day the reason of such a practice, and of the difference which existed in that respect between the English and continental nations. In answer I pointed, as we were walking along, to the juicy barons

of beef on the butcher's shambles ; to the white square loaves of the bakers, with alum and lime in them ; to the scantiness and high prices of the *legumes* in the markets ; to the fiery port and sherry proclaimed at the door of wine vaults ; to the XXX and Burton ales ; to the Whitbread entire and Guinness stout ; in fine, to the smoke and atmosphere of London : adding, that the fashion of pills and draughts' taking in England, after all, was of the upper and better classes of society only ; and by no means to be observed among the multitude.

Dr. Kreysig, who is a great authority in regard to the Ems waters, states that they have effected remarkable cures ; first, in cases of pulmonary complaints ; secondly, in general or partial debility of the nerves ; thirdly, in certain complaints peculiar to the other sex. I may add, fourthly, that of late years they have been considered as valuable remedial agents in the treatment of indigestion.

When used in complaints of the chest, it is usual to mix them with a fourth or a third part of fresh milk. The treatment generally lasts six weeks, and the season of the year in which the waters appear to be most effectual, are the months of July and August.

It would require another volume were I to enter at all into the consideration of the many disorders—such as gout, rheumatism, scrofula,

glandular obstruction, indigestion, sexual disturbances, sterility, &c.—for which the Ems waters have been recommended; or were I even to limit myself to the citation of a few of the many cases that have been treated with those waters under my directions; neither is the present a work which would admit of such dilatation. I will, however, state it as my general opinion of the Ems waters—an opinion founded upon considerable experience (and I might appeal at once to many who will probably read this passage, and who will admit the truth of what I am about to say, and have said to them when they were proceeding to that Spa) that, taken internally, they are what I call “disturbing waters”—not in the way of purgatives, but in the way of *alteratives*, to a degree which is scarcely producible by means of ordinary medicine, and which, although very beneficial to some, is injurious to many, and requires, under any circumstances, great circumspection in the lengthened use of them. So great is the disturbance produced in the system while the waters are drunk, that I am acquainted with very few patients who have got well of their complaints during the treatment, or before they came away from Ems. Of the rest who recovered, long after they had left the Spa, the major part had judiciously enough been prevailed upon to

go and finish their cure at some other place—generally a *cold* Spa.

The nervous system is the first and the most seriously disturbed by these waters ; and I attribute the fact in a great measure, first, to the large quantities of carbonate of soda taken daily into the system along with them (nine beakers of the *Kesselbrunnen*, of six ounces each, for example, holding in solution sixty grains of that alkaline salt); and secondly, to the additional bad influence which the air of a narrow confined valley, and the contiguity of the lofty hilly ranges of silicious grauwake slate, produce on individuals already prone to nervous agitation, or irritability. Hence Ems can never suit an hypochondriac, no matter from what functional disorder his unhappy state may arise. It never can suit persons labouring under any modification whatever of disease of the heart, whether structural or merely functional. It never can suit such females as have been suffering from repeated losses, have become blanched, weak, and shaky, and whose head feels heavy yet light, confused yet empty, always on the *qui vive* yet oppressed ;—an anomalous condition, inexplicable on any known physiological principle, yet nevertheless too true—as those who have exercised for twenty years the particular branch of the profession I exercised in

London, until within the last four years, can readily testify.

Having disposed of the professional part of my subject, we will now proceed to the consideration of some of the auxiliaries. The hotels are plentiful at Ems; most of them excellent; and as extravagant as they are excellent. The Hôtel de Russie, formerly kept by Herr Ph. Düringer, I found delightful in every respect, as to accommodation, rooms, furniture, &c.; but a charge of five florins for a dinner for two, with a *bouteille de Bordeaux*, was more than double what I had paid in the very *ne plus* of the Spa-hotels in Germany, for the same repast. Compared to the rest of them, the Spa of Ems stands aloof and alone; as much I think in consequence of its having become an almost English colony, as from any other circumstance whatever. Most assuredly, neither the French, the Dutch, nor the German visitors would countenance the high charges made at the hotels on the banks of the Lahn, and they would soon bring the hof-keepers to their senses.

The table d'hôte at the Hôtel de Russie may be taken as a specimen of those at the other houses. It begins at one o'clock, costs one florin, and consists in a very scanty and ill-dressed series of dishes, which, before they reach a poor hungry guest at the bottom of the table,

are cold, torn to pieces, messed, and by no means delectable. Such a dinner in Bavaria or Bohemia, would cost just two-thirds of the money, and be ten times nicer. I have seen the notebook of more than one patient who has resided in this and other hotels of Ems—straightforward persons and without any fuss, with ample knowledge of the world, and well acquainted with its ways,—in which I uniformly found the same complaints. At the Englische-hof the price of the table d'hôte dinner at one o'clock is forty-eight kreutzers; at the Kur-haus the one o'clock dinner is one florin and twelve kreutzers, and that at four o'clock, one florin and forty-five kreutzers,—an extravagant price truly for what one gets, independently of being annoyed by swarms of flies. A private dinner at each of these places will cost at least one-third more.

Whenever I find myself between the Scylla and Charybdis of German manducation—between such table d'hôte dinners as those at Ems are represented on all hands to be, and a private dinner not much better, yet much dearer—I betake myself to a hearty breakfast, decorated with one, two, or three *calb-côtelettes*, and taste no other food until tea-time. We talk sneeringly of German cookery; but let one of those delicious *côtelettes* be put hissing

on your plate, with a cup of fragrant coffee in the morning, a new laid egg, and a couple of warm *brioche*s without butter, after a walk of an hour and a half,—and let us see who of the most fastidious “Athenæists,” “Travellers,” or “Carltonians,” would quarrel with such a breakfast,—provided he has previously drenched his stomach with six large goblets of the *Kesselbrunnen* or any other brunnen, and has been on his legs ever since half-past five o’clock in the morning. Commend me, I say—(though I am no *friand* except for my readers’ sake)—commend me to such a cutlet. It is tender, it melts in one’s mouth, it is just *pannée* enough to conceal the texture of the meat (a great secret in cookery), and just moist enough not to make you grumble that it is too greasy. In no part of the world can one get such an exquisite *morceau* but in Germany. A *calb-côtelette* is to Germany what an inn-cooked beefsteak is to England—a national and characteristic *bonne bouche*. But this dietetic difference exists between them; that, whereas the most delicate stomach, particularly at a Spa, can digest the former,—it is only such stomachs as have got out of the clutches of my old friends, Dr. Paris, and Dr. James Johnson, that can hope to dispose of the latter without an indigestion.

I ought just to state that the hotels at Ems, besides the two first mentioned, and the one kept at the Kur-haus, are La Nouvelle Poste, La Vieille Poste, L'Hôtel de Prusse, L'Hôtel de Nassau, L'Hôtel du Duc de Nassau, L'Hôtel des Quatre Saisons, and, lastly, La Maisons des Quatre Tours—which, as I before observed, stands away to the farthest end of the town, and is said to possess some hot mineral springs of its own, discovered not long ago.

From the evidence, which seems to me a very unbiassed one, of some of the invalids to whom I have just alluded, in speaking of table d'hôtes,—I also collect that the best mode of living at Ems *en famille*, is to secure apartments in some private house, which may be had for twenty-five or thirty florins a week, consisting of six bedrooms, two salons, and a sitting-room. The lodgers may contract for the several meals they wish to have supplied by the landlord (taking care to enumerate and specify what is expected for the money); or they may secure a kitchen, engage a sort of German factotum domestic, who will do the rooms, go to market, cook, wait at table, and be satisfied with moderate wages.

Dr. Voegel, whose house is too large for his economical habits, generally receives boarders under his roof on moderate terms during the

season ; or will receive them as lodgers only, and allow them to *faire la cuisine* on their own account. His establishment is particularly clean.

The markets and shops, at Ems, are but indifferently supplied with materials, except the bakers, who sell capital white wheaten bread and delightful milk-rolls. Whenever something of a better description of *mangeaille*, or other article, is required, it is usual to send to Coblenz for it. Trusty women carriers go early every morning, and return before midday, performing their commission faithfully (a walk of 15 miles) at a charge of about tenpence for the carriage. Sometimes the neighbouring peasants call at the private lodgings with game, butter, fruit, vegetables, and meat for sale.

Provisions are not the only commodities that come from Coblenz ; for I learn that a physician, also, a Dr. Sorez, comes over weekly to Ems, to be consulted by such patients as place not the firmest reliance in any of the three physicians usually resident at that Spa. Those good-natured persons, I take it, do not benefit much in the way of fees. My correspondent, Dr. Voegler, for example, quite simpers with satisfaction if he gets from Mr. ——— three *Fredericks d'or*, at the end of a four weeks' season ; and even as little as two dollars only, for the same period of

attendance on Sir — — will not make him stare. This is very different from the learned Irish judge's treatment of De Carro at Carlsbad. When, for the honour of the cloth, I took upon myself to remonstrate with the former of the two gentlemen I have just alluded to, on so very *mesquine* a pay for a physician, the exclamation in reply was, "Oh, it's as much as the advice is worth!"

It is now nearly fifteen years since I paid a former visit to Ems, and the amusements, which the place then offered to the assembled visitors were, I find, precisely the same that now occupy their leisure hours. Walking exercise is adopted generally. Excursions, either to Coblenz and the great fortress opposite; or to Nassau, Geilnau, and Fackingen, in a carriage, on horseback, or on foot, are of almost daily occurrence. There are very few of the invalids, however, who can explore the neighbourhood on foot, owing to the peculiar character of the country. That useful animal, the donkey, therefore, is pressed into their service, and of these, there are several for hire every day. They are all numbered, and being, like most other things in this world, good, bad, and indifferent, a stranger should get "a character" from a former master,

(i.e. rider) before he engages any particular number in his permanent, or even temporary, service.

Whatever you do, when a good number has been recommended to you, never, by any chance, attempt to go yourself to the donkey-shed, but send for the animal; else you will be assailed, and tossed to and fro for an hour, by the red-capped, blue-bloused attendant, pushed and jostled, and stunned with their exclamations and attempts to address you in English, until a police officer comes to your rescue, recommends a particular animal, and away you go—having previously made a bargain to pay, either by the hour or according to distance. The tax for an hour is forty kreutzers, with ten more as a *trinkgeld* to the attendant.

The donkeys at Ems are of a kind, one would imagine, peculiar to Nassau, as respects their moral qualities. Some people may think them egregious asses for having resigned, to all appearance, every will of their own,—the very contrary practice being that in which a donkey generally excels. No kicking here, rearing, biting, backing, stopping short, head down, heels up; no, none of these peccadilloes. Once mounted the “*allez*” or “*fahrtzu*,” and two merciless thumps *a tergo*, are the steam power that

puts them and you in motion, *nach Coblenz*, or *nach Nassau*, or any *nach*, and, at the rate of German posting, viz., four or five miles an hour. No fear, during this double-quick-time sort of a walk, of the jument falling either on its knees, or down a precipice. The beast is too surefooted for any thing of that sort. At the smallest relaxation of its pace, whack, whack, goes the stick, and away goes the donkey ; but, as to stopping it when you desire to enjoy any particular view, that is quite another thing. The poor hard-mouthed quadruped, the despised of the creation, does not choose to comprehend your desires or your love of the beautiful, and you might as well attempt to haul, single-handed, at the anchor of a first-rate man-of-war, as try to make your *carrier* halt, by pulling at the rein. You have engaged it for the purpose of taking air and *exercise*, and not air alone ; and so the beast, who knows its master's bargain, takes care that you shall stick to it. In this manner some hundreds of the invalids, especially ladies, enjoy the two last-mentioned requisites at Ems.

As to indoor amusements, there is the eternal gambling *roulette*, and so on all day and all night ; there is the *bal paré*, and the *bal prié* ; there are the concerts, or the *soirées musicales* of

some stray “*artiste de premier bord* ;” there are, in fine, the Bohemian or Tyrolean minstrels, the trickers, and tossers, the ventriloquists, and the funambulists, together with many etceteras. There is, in fact, no lack of amusement at Ems ; yet time hangs sadly, and heavily on hand, and not one invalid or visiter but is very, very glad to depart from Ems when his turn comes ; the reason of which lies in the single circumstance to which I referred in the outset of the present chapter, viz., that Ems is in the wrong position.

Ems *ought* to be on the left instead of the right bank of the Lahn ; and the houses should stand in the open and green valley which stretches aslant, on that side, exactly opposite the Hôtel de Russie, and the other hotels, between two cheerful lines of verdant hills. They should not lie in a row as they now are, with a hot south aspect, but in every direction, and upon some of the little eminences, ledges, or hillocks, wherever an exposure to the most favourable aspects, and protection from particular winds, can be secured. But in such an arrangement, the greatest improvement would be the existence of a sufficient expanse, or circle of unencumbered ground, for the dwellers to breathe in ; an operation this which can scarcely

be performed at present on the right bank, and in the long or little cross-streets of Ems.

So much for the dwellings of NEW-EMS,—as I should then call the place; and now for the springs. The reader who has been so much accustomed to hear of this brunnen, and that brunnen at *Old* Ems,—in the Kur-haus, and out of the Kur-haus,—will be surprised to learn that there are better springs, physically and professionally speaking, on the left bank of the river. After Dr. Voegler had favoured me with a view of the groundplan of the various springs described in this chapter, and which I have followed as a guide in my descriptions, it occurred to me, that as the level of the valley, on the other side of the river, was lower than that of the area on which all the springs at Ems had either been bored or discovered accidentally,—and as the Lahn is a shallow river,—the thermal sources would probably be found on that side as well. On questioning the doctor, he admitted their existence, and forthwith offered to accompany me to the spot, to prove the fact.

We crossed, in consequence, the narrow river, on the low bridge of boats, which serves to keep up the communication between the two sides of the Lahn, and on the shingly shore of its left bank, in all directions, and close to the

very edge of the cold river-stream, I found mineral water surging at a temperature of upwards of 100 degrees of F., which formed pools of various sizes. Many of these I examined, and put my hands deep into them, through the shingle, until I reached a lower stratum of soft sand, where the heat felt genial and delightful. That this is the same water which flows from the sources higher up, on the opposite side of the river, I have no doubt; and that it has lost, in its further trajet under the river, a few degrees of temperature, I think both a natural and a fortunate circumstance. It is here, therefore,—over these natural baths of thermal mineral-water, rising from the lowest rock through sand, as at Wildbad,—that Bad-houses, such as exist there, should be erected, and arranged in a line, each having the supply direct from the source itself, formed into basins of various dimensions, and each getting rid of its superfluous or refuse water, as often as it has served for a bath, by some easy contrivance, into the river.

What nature has placed at their very door the Embsians have overlooked. So have many other people who possess naturally hot springs. They pervert nature into art, and so spoil all, instead of merely shaping or accommodating nature to the wants of the invalids. What

could be more delightful — supposing that a neat *bad-haus* had been raised over the largest of the pools of clear and limpid water, at 100° Fahrenheit, found on the left margin of the Lahn, and that you bathed in it—than to know that you were lying on the very sand through which the salutary hot stream found its way, unpolluted, undisguised, unobstructed by hydraulic contrivances of every kind, pipes, pumps, fly-wheels, &c., and that the supply was constantly renewed ! Would not such an arrangement be tenfold more useful and delectable than to descend, enveloped in your dressing-robcs, from a smart bedroom into a dark, damp, whitewashed cave, there to deposit your body in a stained metallic tub, or a corroded stone one, in which the mineral water is probably either too hot or too cold, in which no renewal of the water can take place while you are bathing in it, and in which, in fine, every thing becomes of necessity artificial ? To do all these things, where no other means of availing yourself of a thermal spring exist, owing to the peculiar character of the situation, is excusable ; but where, as at Ems, the springs are situated so very *à propos*, —to overlook or neglect the circumstance, is unpardonable.

I have already stated that Ems is not an im-

proving place. With the exception of a few new private buildings, or an hotel or two, the town is as it was fifteen years ago, and, for ought I know, as it was a century ago. There is some, but very little, movement onwards. The air of antiquity of the Kur-haus, with its motley assembly of four or five different "Baus;" the labyrinth-like disposition of their interior, with the twenty different levels, recesses innumerable, dark corners, and little staircases, that lead to still darker and more gloomy corridors, on each side of which the bath-rooms are ranged in files; the difficulty of finding your way through such incongruous masses of wood and stone work; all these are circumstances ill suited to the grand and modern style of the present age, in regard to watering-places on the continent.

His Royal Highness of Nassau must do much to the place, and hasten to do it too, if he wishes to keep up the ancient renown of this, the second best, of the valuable water *mines* in his dominions. The reputation of Ems will else escape from his hand, and be transferred to those watering-places, or Spas, further into the interior of Germany, where every effort is continually being made to raise them to the highest grade of perfection. It would be a pity (and none would grieve at the circumstance more than the

humble individual who endites these lines) to witness the decadence of Ems in the estimation of the world. One has so long been accustomed to look upon Old Ems as the parent of almost all the German baths, with which a thousand recollections are interwoven, that it would be impossible, without pain, to see it dwindle into that state, when the inquiring traveller might be told, "This was, at one time, and for many years, a celebrated bathing and watering-place!"

That such is not an improbable occurrence, every circumstance tends to show, and none more than the very small number of invalids who visit Ems compared to Wiesbaden. Last year, for example, while the latter boasted of having had nearly ten thousand visitors, Ems could not reckon in its list many more than three thousand. But several other grounds may be enumerated, for apprehending the fatal issue I anticipate. The peculiar position of the present town; the want of space to breathe in without going far off into the wild scenery of the neighbourhood; the confined space behind the principal houses, where in some parts the solid rock has actually been cut away to admit daylight through the windows; the want of gardens, public promenades, a grand Kur-saal and other modern public build-

ings, for the convenience of visitors ; the very shabby appearance of the springs themselves, and the rooms in which their contents are drunk ; the objectionable vicinity of a prairie-river without a rocky bed, which emits dampness in the evening, and attracts moisture from around ; the exposure of the principal front of all the houses to a south and scorching sun, while scarcely a ray of it ever enters the back openings of those dwellings ; the absence of that uniform and inviting arrangement for the baths which exists in all the principal modern Spas of Germany,—as at Schwalbach, for instance, without going farther ; and, lastly, the unsightly and ill-kept condition of the opposite shore of the river—the very shore which is even now and has always been pregnant with blessings to infirm humanity, and which offers the means of resuscitating Ems : all these objections to the place as it now stands, are as many grounds of apprehension that they will act (now that movement has been imparted to so many other analogous places), as agents of gradual decline, and that Ems will fall.

A great change is loudly demanded. The accomplishment of it presents no insurmountable difficulties, and the very locality now neglected, but which I have commended, seems to point out where the change should begin. Let but

the duke erect an uniform line of bath-houses, in the situation I have described, over the temperate hot sandsprings on the left bank of the Lahn—let him erect, with a western or north-western aspect, as magnificent a Kur-saal as the King of Bavaria has built at Bruckenuau; as grand a colonnade as the same sovereign is now erecting at Kissingen; as handsome a ball-room as Wiesbaden possesses;—and let all these edifices be situated at convenient distances, in the fine open space south-east and at the foot of the *Winterberg* and *Kirchkeimersborn*; and his royal highness will then have established so powerful and so novel a centre of attraction—possessed, too, of far superior merit in respect to the eligibility and efficacy of the springs—that not only will speculators and proprietors hasten to purchase land and build houses around it, but an increasing number of visitors to Ems will testify to the necessity, the prudence, and the propriety, of a re-edification of that “Gothic Spa.”

I here take leave of my readers, who, after having followed me through the great tour of “the Spas of Germany” (a tour which I should recommend to all idlers as a summer diversion, instead of broiling at double the ex-

pense at Brighton), from west to east, and from south to north, must now be abruptly quitted at Ems. Other occupations point my way down the Rhine and Meuse, on board the *Agrippina Damp-schiffe* as far as Rotterdam, (after visiting Aix-la-Chapelle); and thence by canal and carriage-way, by boating, railroad, and posting, to La Hague, Leyden, and Haarlem; Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Dodrecht; Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris; and, lastly, to dear home once again;—although bereft, during my absence, of one of my best sources of happiness there, through the awful visitation of Him who has vouchsafed to preserve me through my own toils.

Perhaps the delightful tour through Holland, just sketched out, with an account of the Prussian Spas of Aix-la-Chapelle and Burtschied, and of the Westphalian Spas of Pyrmont and Driburg—together with a description of the Elf-region of the Hartz—may tempt me, at some future period, to appear again before the public, should their kindness be extended to the present volumes.

TABLE OF EQUIVALENTS OF DISTANCE IN

German Postes.		German Miles.		English Miles.	
A Stunde, or $\frac{1}{4}$		$\frac{1}{2}$		2.30	
$\frac{1}{2}$		1		4 60	
$\frac{3}{4}$		$1\frac{1}{2}$		6.90	
1		2		9.20	
$1\frac{1}{4}$		$2\frac{1}{2}$		11.50	
$1\frac{1}{2}$		3		13.80	
$1\frac{3}{4}$		$3\frac{1}{2}$		16.10	
2		4		18.40	
$2\frac{1}{4}$		$4\frac{1}{2}$		20.70	
$2\frac{1}{2}$		5		23.00	
$2\frac{3}{4}$		$5\frac{1}{2}$		25.30	
3		6		27.60	
G. M.	E. M.	G. M.	E. M.	G. M.	E. M.
7	32.20	26	119.60	45	207
8	36.80	27	124.20	46	211.60
9	41.40	28	128.80	47	216.20
10	46	29	133.40	48	220.80
11	50.60	30	138	49	225.40
12	55.20	31	142.60	50	230
13	59.80	32	147.20	51	234.60
14	64.40	33	151.80	52	239.20
15	69	34	156.40	53	243.80
16	73.60	35	161	54	248.40
17	78.20	36	165.60	55	253
18	82.80	37	170.20	56	257.60
19	87.40	38	174.80	57	262.20
20	92	39	179.40	58	266.80
21	96.60	40	184	59	271.40
22	101.20	41	188.60	60	276
23	105.80	42	193.20	61	280.60
24	110.40	43	197.80	62	285.20
25	115	44	202.40	63	289.80

N.B.—A *Stunde* is considered as equivalent to an hour's walk, and is used as a travelling measure of distance in the South of Germany.

Strictly speaking, the German mile is not exactly of the same length in every part of Germany, but has been assumed to be uniform in this table, for the sake of convenience in calculating the corresponding length in English-miles; for the difference is but trifling.

TABLE OF CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN THE REAUMUR AND FAHRENHEIT THERMOMETERS.

R	F	R	F	R	F	R	F
+0.88	34	18.66	74	36.44	114	54.22	154
1.33	35	19.11	75	36.88	115	54.66	155
1.77	36	19.55	76	37.33	116	55.11	156
2.22	37	20.00	77	37.77	117	55.55	157
2.66	38	20.44	78	38.22	118	56.00	158
3.11	39	20.88	79	38.66	119	56.44	159
3.55	40	21.33	80	39.11	120	56.88	160
4.00	41	21.77	81	39.55	121	57.33	161
4.44	42	22.22	82	40.00	122	57.77	162
4.88	43	22.66	83	40.44	123	58.22	163
5.33	44	23.11	84	40.88	124	58.66	164
5.77	45	23.55	85	41.33	125	59.11	165
6.22	46	24.00	86	41.77	126	59.55	166
6.66	47	24.44	87	42.22	127	60.0	167
7.11	48	24.88	88	42.66	128	60.44	168
7.55	49	25.33	89	43.11	129	60.88	169
8.00	50	25.77	90	43.55	130	61.33	170
8.44	51	26.22	91	44.00	131	61.77	171
8.88	52	26.66	92	44.44	132	62.22	172
9.33	53	27.11	93	44.88	133	62.66	173
9.77	54	27.55	94	45.33	134	62.11	174
10.22	55	28.00	95	45.77	135	63.55	175
10.66	56	28.44	96	46.22	136	64.00	176
11.11	57	28.88	97	46.66	137	N.B. The corresponding Scales begin above the freezing point, and are made to terminate just above the highest degree of heat found in the mineral Springs mentioned in the volumes.	
11.55	58	29.33	98	47.11	138		
12.00	59	29.77	99	47.55	139		
12.44	60	30.22	100	48.00	140		
12.88	61	30.66	101	48.44	141		
13.33	62	31.31	102	48.88	142		
13.77	63	31.55	103	49.33	143		
14.22	64	32.00	104	49.77	144		
14.66	65	32.44	105	50.22	145		
15.11	66	32.88	106	50.66	146		
15.55	67	33.33	107	51.11	147		
16.00	68	33.77	108	51.55	148		
16.44	69	34.22	109	52.00	149		
16.88	70	34.66	110	52.44	150		
17.33	71	35.11	111	52.88	151		
17.77	72	35.55	112	53.33	152		
18.22	73	36.00	113	53.77	153		
R	F	R	F	R	F	R	F

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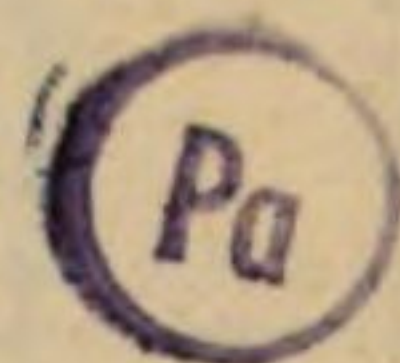
OTHER PUBLICATIONS

By DR. GRANVILLE.

1. AN ACCOUNT of the Life and Writings of Baron Guyton de Morveau, F.R.S., Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. &c.; founded on the Papers and Documents committed to the care of the Author by the late Baroness de Morveau. 8vo. London, 1817.
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6. THE FORTY-SIXTH AND FORTY-SEVENTH Volumes of the London Medical and Physical Journal, edited by the Author, in which are inserted many New and Original Essays by himself. 8vo. 1821, 1822.
7. AN ESSAY on Egyptian Mummies, with Observations on the Art of Embalming among the Egyptians. 4to. London, 1825. Six Plates, one coloured. (Phil. Trans., and separately.)

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 12. REFORM IN SCIENCE; or Science without a head, &c. &c. By one of the 687 F.R.S. 8vo. 130 pp. London, 1830.
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- *.* The author was engaged seven years on this work, which was published by subscription to the extent of 500 copies, and the plates were afterwards destroyed. It had cost the Author 400*l*.
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